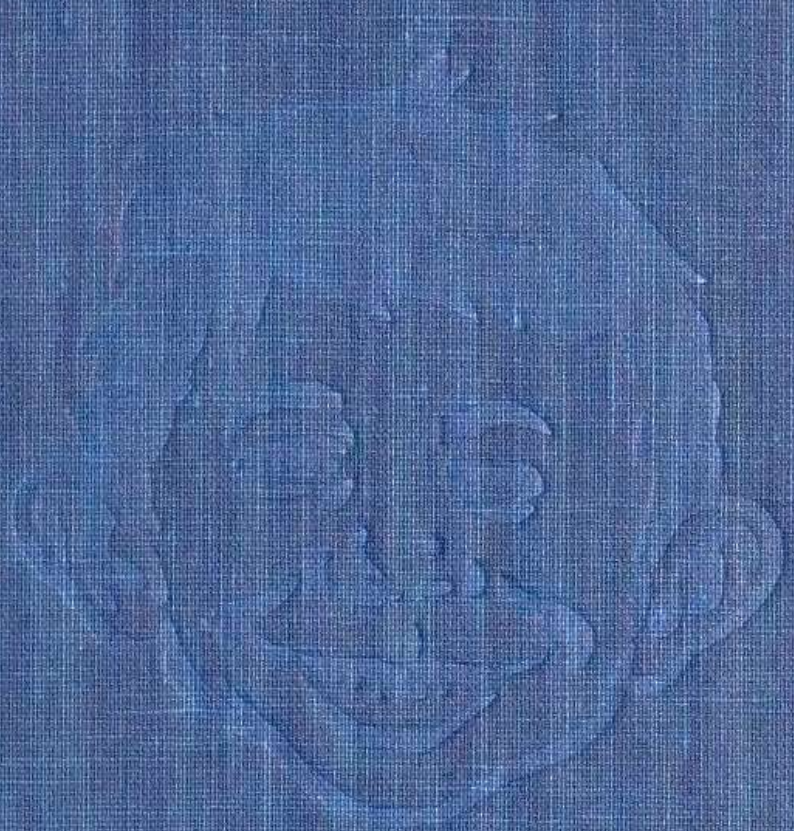

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Edited by
Albert B. Feldstein
and
William M. Gaines

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THE RIDICULOUSLY EXPENSIVE MAD

A COLLECTION OF THE WORST FROM 17 YEARS OF MAD

whose staff consists of:
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The Usual Gang Of Idiots

The World Publishing Company
New York and Cleveland

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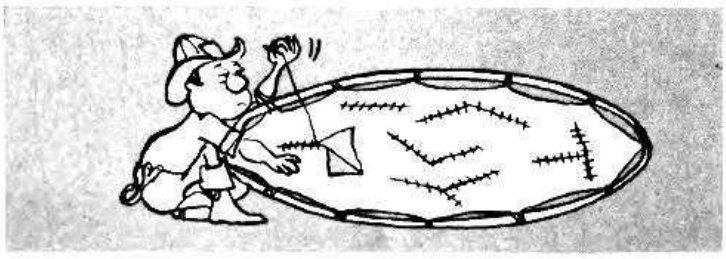

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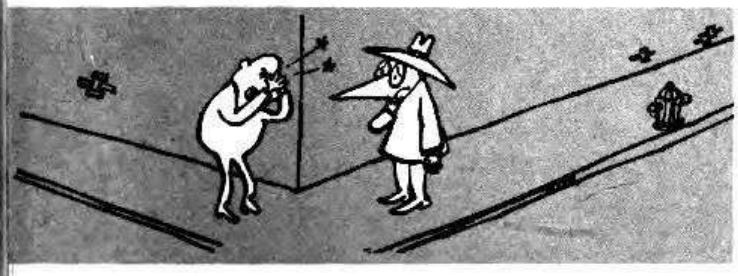

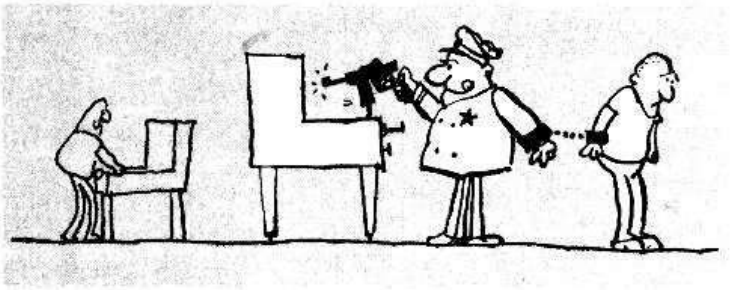

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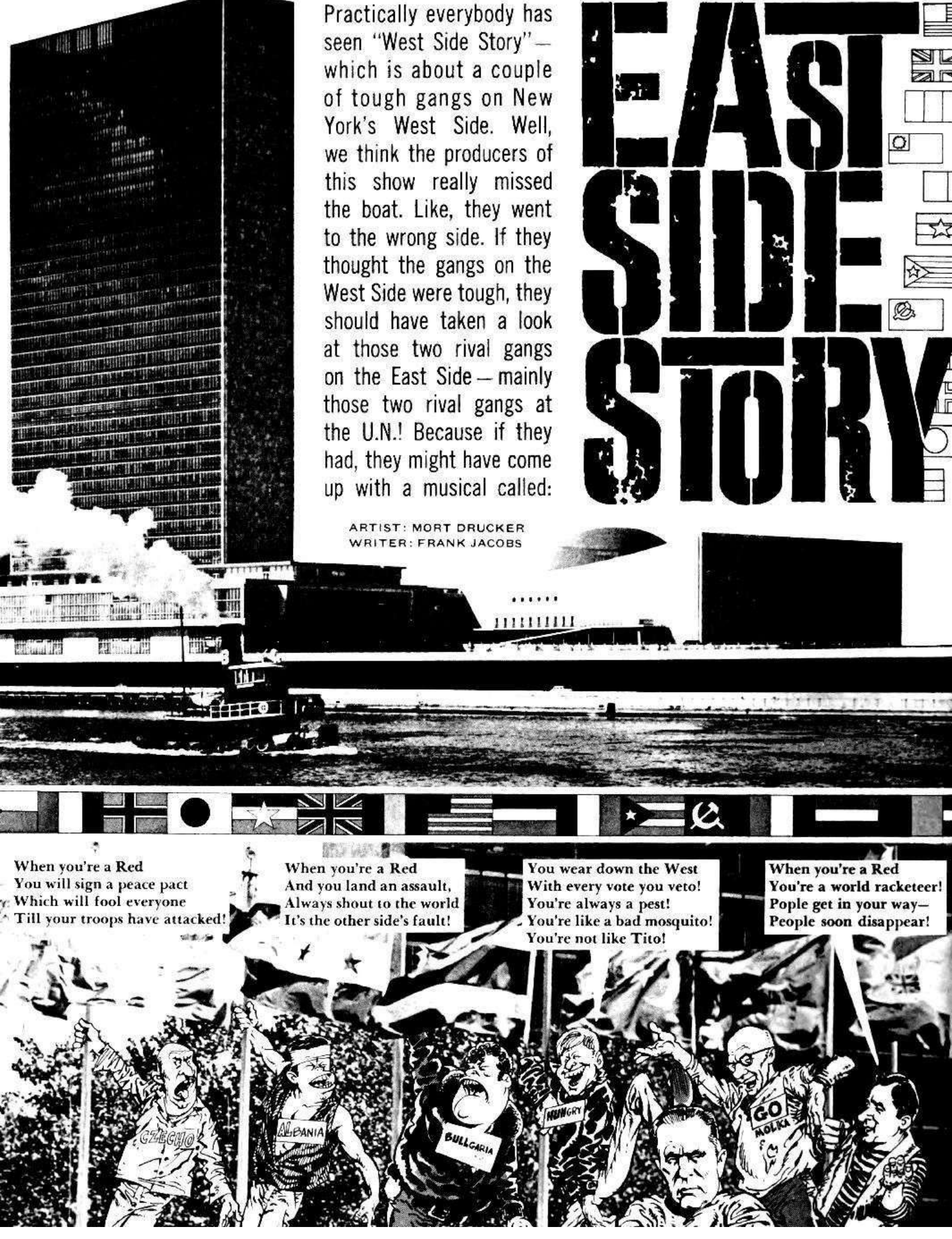
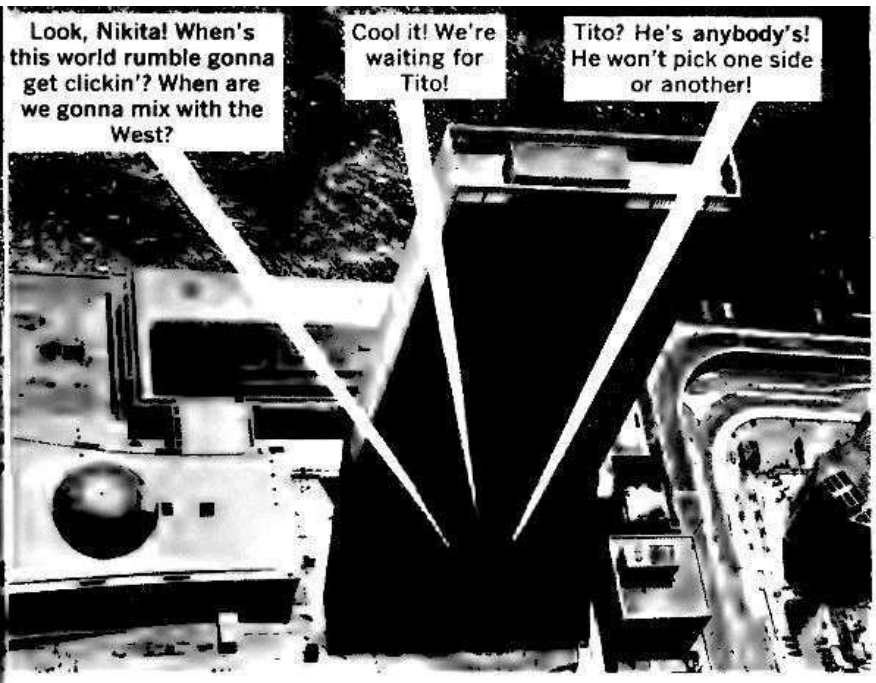
**Various Places Around the Book

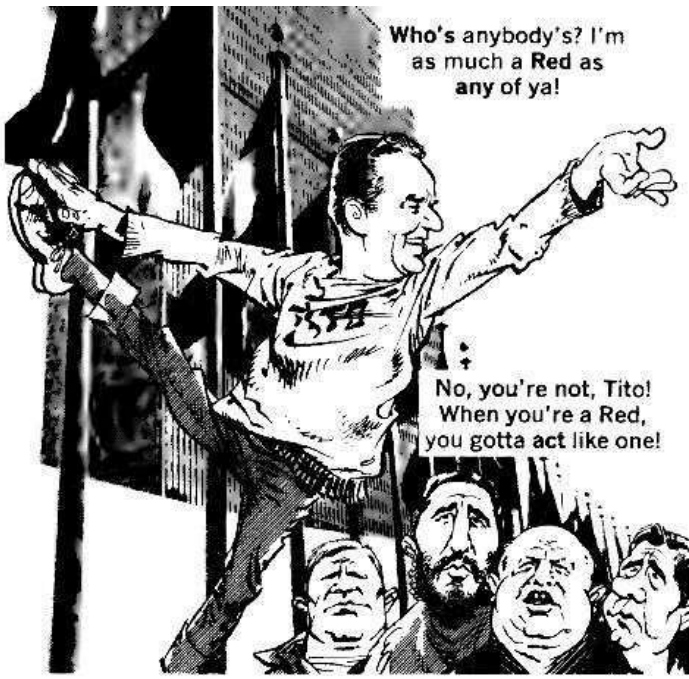
EAST SIDE STORY

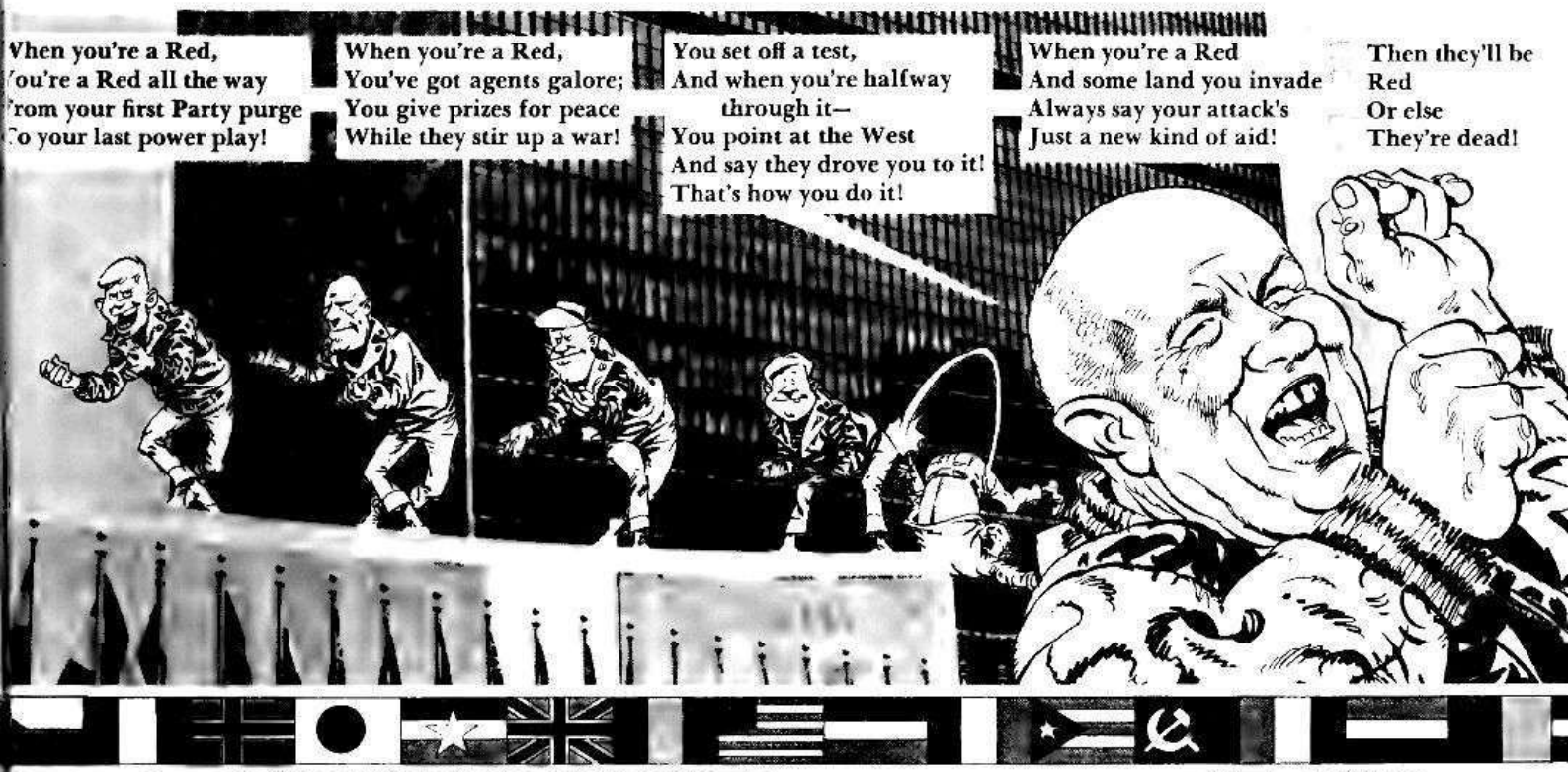
Practically everybody has seen "West Side Story"—which is about a couple of tough gangs on New York's West Side. Well, we think the producers of this show really missed the boat. Like, they went to the wrong side. If they thought the gangs on the West Side were tough, they should have taken a look at those two rival gangs on the East Side—mainly those two rival gangs at the U.N.! Because if they had, they might have come up with a musical called:

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS



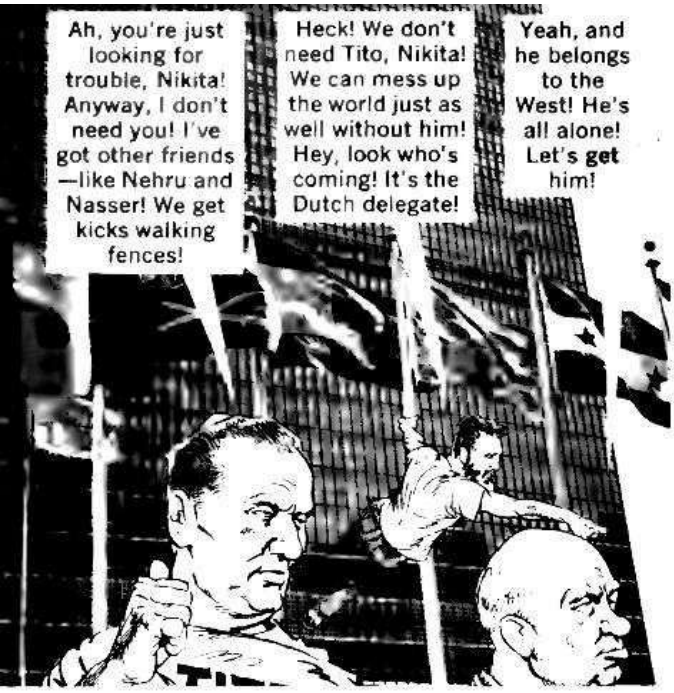

Look, Nikita! When's this world rumble gonna get clickin'? When are we gonna mix with the West?
Cool it! We're waiting for Tito!
Tito? He's anybody's! He won't pick one side or another!


Who's anybody's? I'm as much a Red as any of ya!
No, you're not, Tito! When you're a Red, you gotta act like one!


When you're a Red, You're a Red all the way From your first Party purge To your last power play!
When you're a Red, You've got agents galore; You give prizes for peace While they stir up a war!
You set off a test, And when you're halfway through it— You point at the West And say they drove you to it! That's how you do it!
When you're a Red And some land you invade Always say your attack's Just a new kind of aid!
Then they'll be Red Or else They're dead!

When you're a Red And some land you oppress, Always say you're protecting it From the U.S.!
You claim you're a friend Of every brand-new nation! The spies that you send Inflame the population! That's infiltration!

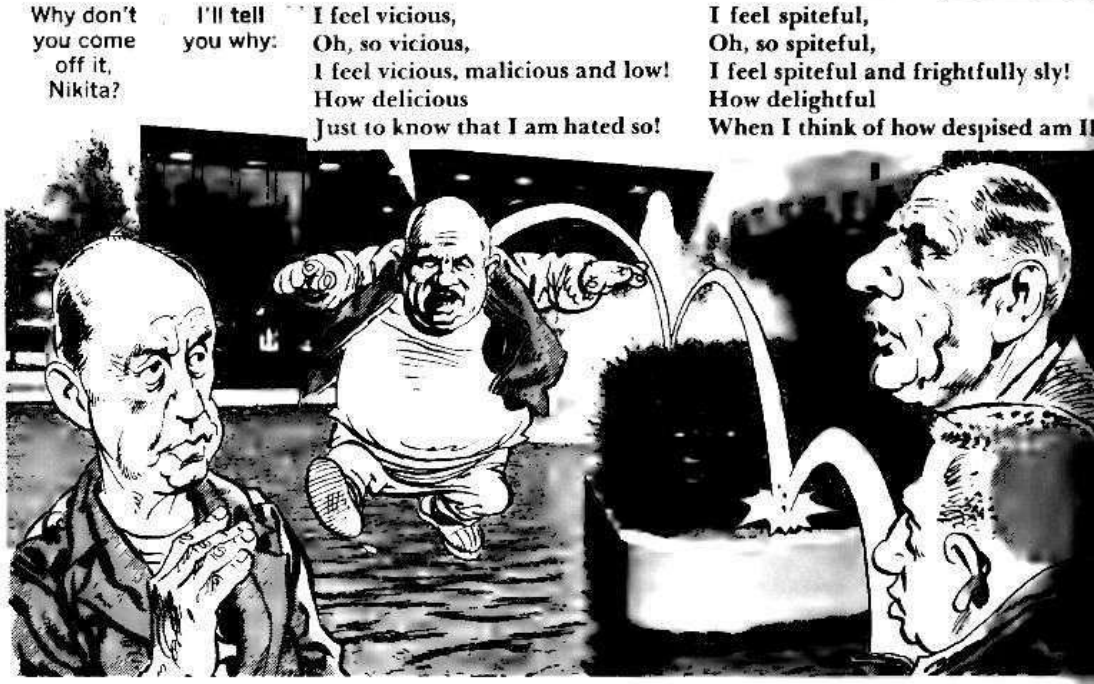
We are the Reds . . . With a punch in the face . . . Which we're aiming today . . . At the whole human race . . . At the whole—! Ever—! Trusting—! Human—! Race!

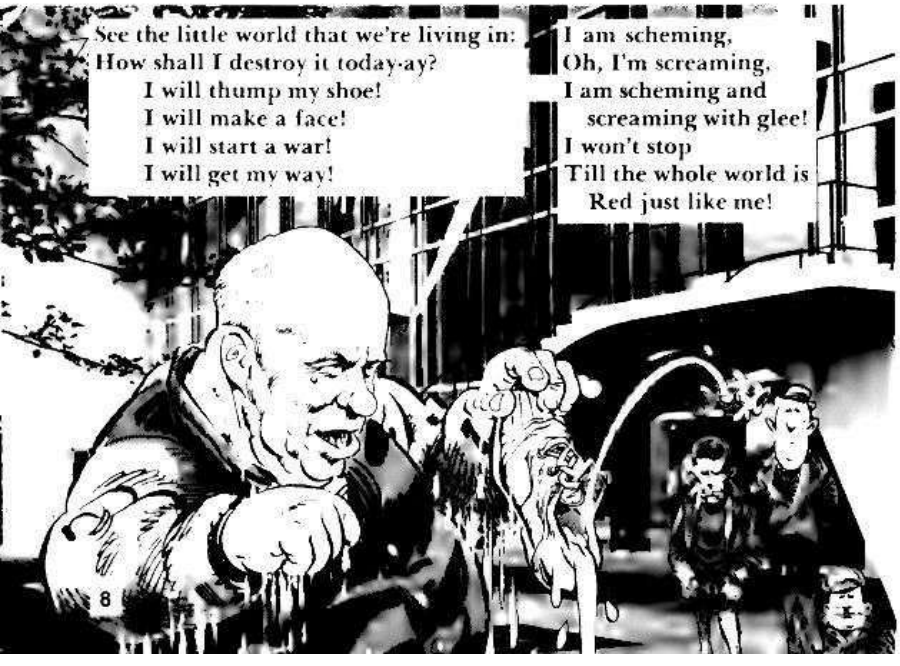

Ah, you're just looking for trouble, Nikita! Anyway, I don't need you! I've got other friends —like Nehru and Nasser! We get kicks walking fences!
Heck! We don't need Tito, Nikita! We can mess up the world just as well without him! Hey, look who's coming! It's the Dutch delegate!
Yeah, and he belongs to the West! He's all alone! Let's get him!

Well, if it isn't the great big important Dutch delegate!
He don't look very big and important, does he, fellas?

How d'ya feel now that you've lost all your colonies?
Ya lousy two-bit, crummy, decadent third-rate power!
Who's gonna help y now?

We're gonna help him, that's who!
Put him down, Nikita!
You don't own this turf!


Why don't you come off it, Nikita?
I'll tell you why:
I feel vicious,
Oh, so vicious,
I feel vicious, malicious and low!
How delicious
Just to know that I am hated so!
I feel spiteful,
Oh, so spiteful,
I feel spiteful and frightfully sly!
How delightful
When I think of how despised am I!


See the little world that we're living in:
How shall I destroy it today-ay?
I will thump my shoe!
I will make a face!
I will start a war!
I will get my way!
I am scheming,
Oh, I'm screaming,
I am scheming and screaming with glee!
I won't stop
Till the whole world is Red just like me!

You're asking for it, Nikita! We'll see you later!
Where are you going? You haven't agreed on a rumble! You haven't set a time and a place! But what's worst, you haven't heard the second chorus of this song, which is my big solo number!
We'll have to kick it for now, Nikita, but we'll be back after we've talked with Jack!

Hi, guys! What's up with the Reds?

We'll tell you! Take the bass part, Mac! Chuck, you can sing baritone, and I'll carry the melody!

Nikita!
We've just seen a Red named Nikita!
He said we ought to know
The world would soon be So-Vi-et!

Nikita!
We've tried to talk sense with Nikita!
But things are pretty grim,
And all we get from him
Is "Nyet!"

Nikita!
Treat him rough and for war he's screaming!
Treat him soft and he's plotting and scheming!
Nikita!
We're getting nowhere with Nikita!

CANADA

No encore, fellas! You're a half-tone off, and I get the picture anyway! If Nikita wants a rumble, we'll give him one! Hey! What's going on in the garden? Somebody's crying and screaming out there!

Probably the Red Chinese trying to get into the UN. Once a year Mao tse-Tung comes here and sings the same old tune!

Make a place for us,
A little space for us!
Let us in and such joy you'll get—
Like we gave Tibet!

Please be sweet to us
And give a seat to us!
We'll be quiet and meek and calm—
Like our troops are . . . in North Vietnam!

That's right!
You bet!
We will observe law and order—
Like when we crossed India's border!

Make a spot for us,
A teeny slot for us!
We'll be friendly with all, by heck—
Like we're friendly with Chiang Kai-shek
That's right!
Oh, yes!
You, bet!

Funny thing! You listen to Mao, and an hour later it's like you never heard him at all . . . !

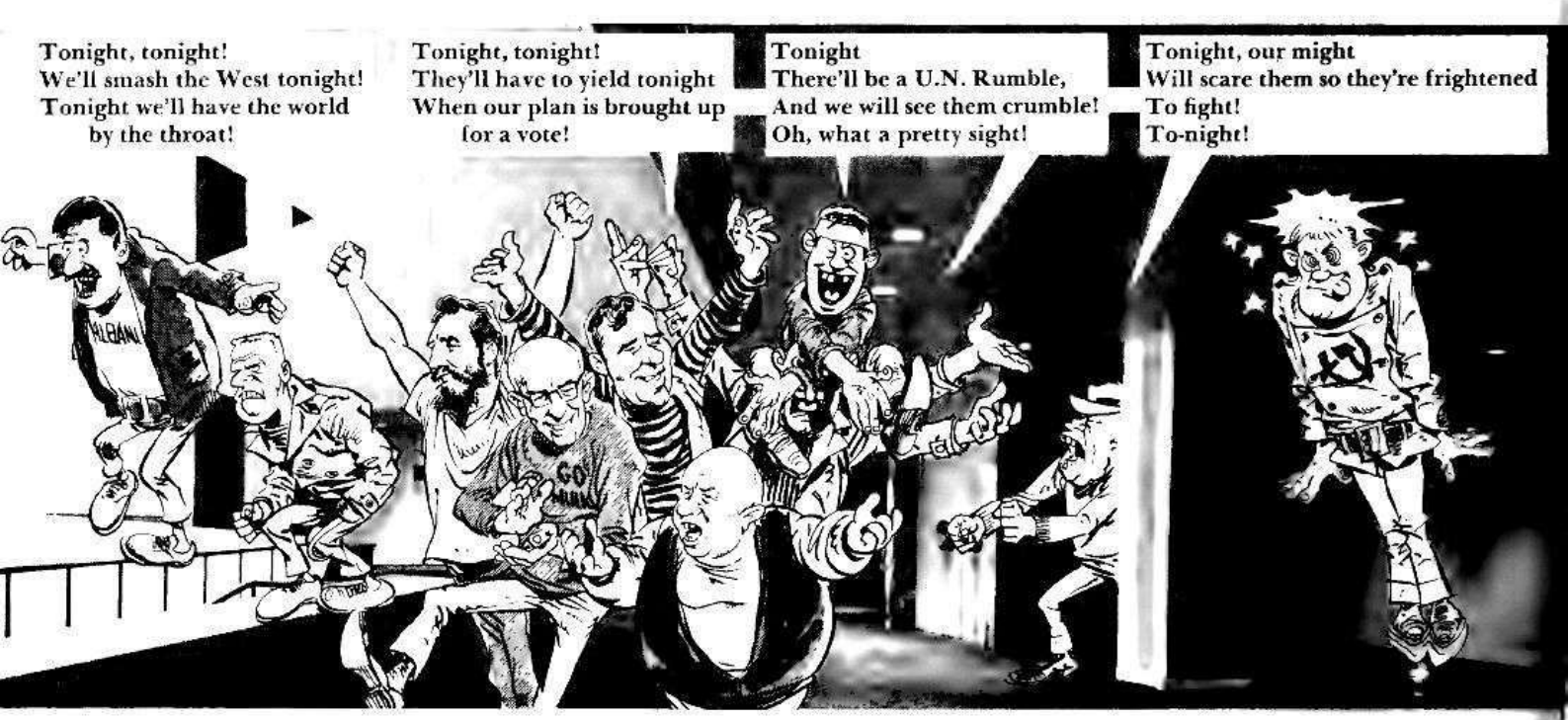
Well, I'll see you later! Mack, Chuck and I have to fix the terms for the rumble!

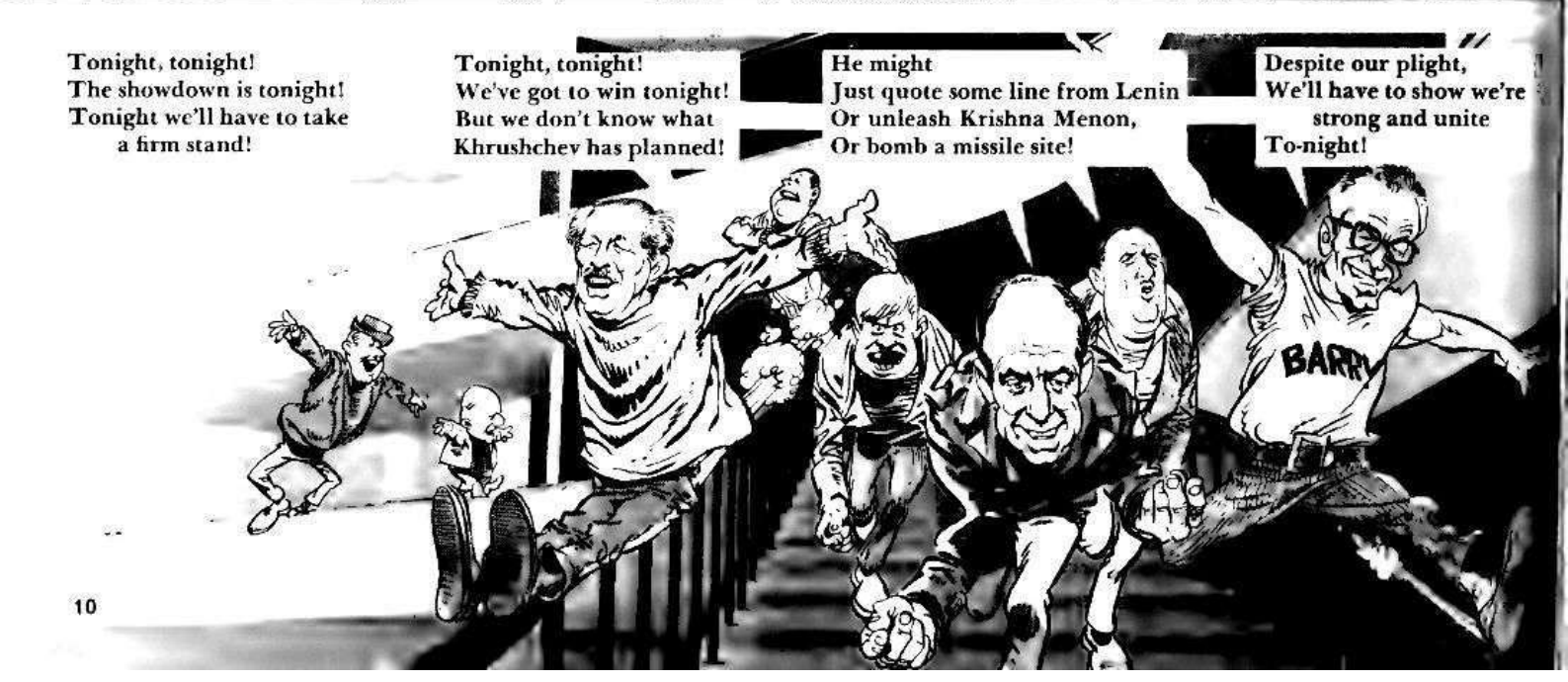
Go cool! It looks like Nikita is up to something big! I have to make a phone call which may save us a lot of trouble

Then it's all set! We rumble!
When?
Tonight!
Where?
At the General Assembly!
We accept! You started this trouble anyway!
We did not! Who built up NATO?
Who enslaved half of Europe?

Who built bases in Turkey?
Who built the Berlin Wall?
Who wouldn't let me see Disneyland?
Who jams the Voice of America?
Who set up the Baghdad Pact?
Who was that lady I saw you with last night?
That was no lady, that was my . . . NOW CUT THAT OUT!

Any more quips, Adlai, and I'll filibuster tonight for six hours!
Cut the big talk! Just be there!
The Reds will be there! Tonight!
So will the West! Tonight!


Tonight, tonight!
We'll smash the West tonight!
Tonight we'll have the world by the throat!
Tonight, tonight!
They'll have to yield tonight
When our plan is brought up for a vote!
Tonight
There'll be a U.N. Rumble,
And we will see them crumble!
Oh, what a pretty sight!
Tonight, our might
Will scare them so they're frightened
To fight!
To-night!


Tonight, tonight!
The showdown is tonight!
Tonight we'll have to take a firm stand!
Tonight, tonight!
We've got to win tonight!
But we don't know what Khrushchev has planned!
He might
Just quote some line from Lenin
Or unleash Krishna Menon,
Or bomb a missile site!
Despite our plight,
We'll have to show we're strong and unite
To-night!
BARRY

This is it, Jack! What do you think?

I think it's a darn good thing I made a certain phone call! Nikita looks rough tonight!

Us Reds don't go for any of this fancy diplomatic stuff—we get right to the point! Tonight I got two things to say to this Assembly! First of all, I hereby demand that the entire U.N. be taken away from New York and moved to Moscow!

Secondly, I oughta tell ya that if ya don't agree to this then we're gonna mess up the world like it's never been messed up! And I ain't kiddin'!

Move the U.N. to Moscow? **Nobody'll** buy that!

I know I won't! And I'm going to tell him **why!**

I like to be in America!
I like TV in America!
Watch "Laramie" in America!
No BBC in America!

You'll like the weather in Mos-cow!

If you like driving a snow plow!

People will greet you with great glee!

So will the agent who trails me!

One thing is clear in America!
Lots of good cheer in America!
Friends always near in America!
Mafia here in America!

People are chummy in Mos-cow!

We'll try to stop laughing somehow!

You'll find we Reds can be good friends!

If we're around when the purge ends!

ITALY

I wash with Zest in America!
Brush teeth with Crest in America!
Smoking is best in America!
Filter's recessed in America!

Eating's a pleasure in Mos-cow!

We wish you'd stop talking, right now!

Waiters will serve you with great care!

Microphones hidden in each chair!

I feel no pain in America!
Want to remain in America!
No can complain in America!
Chun King Chow Mein In America!

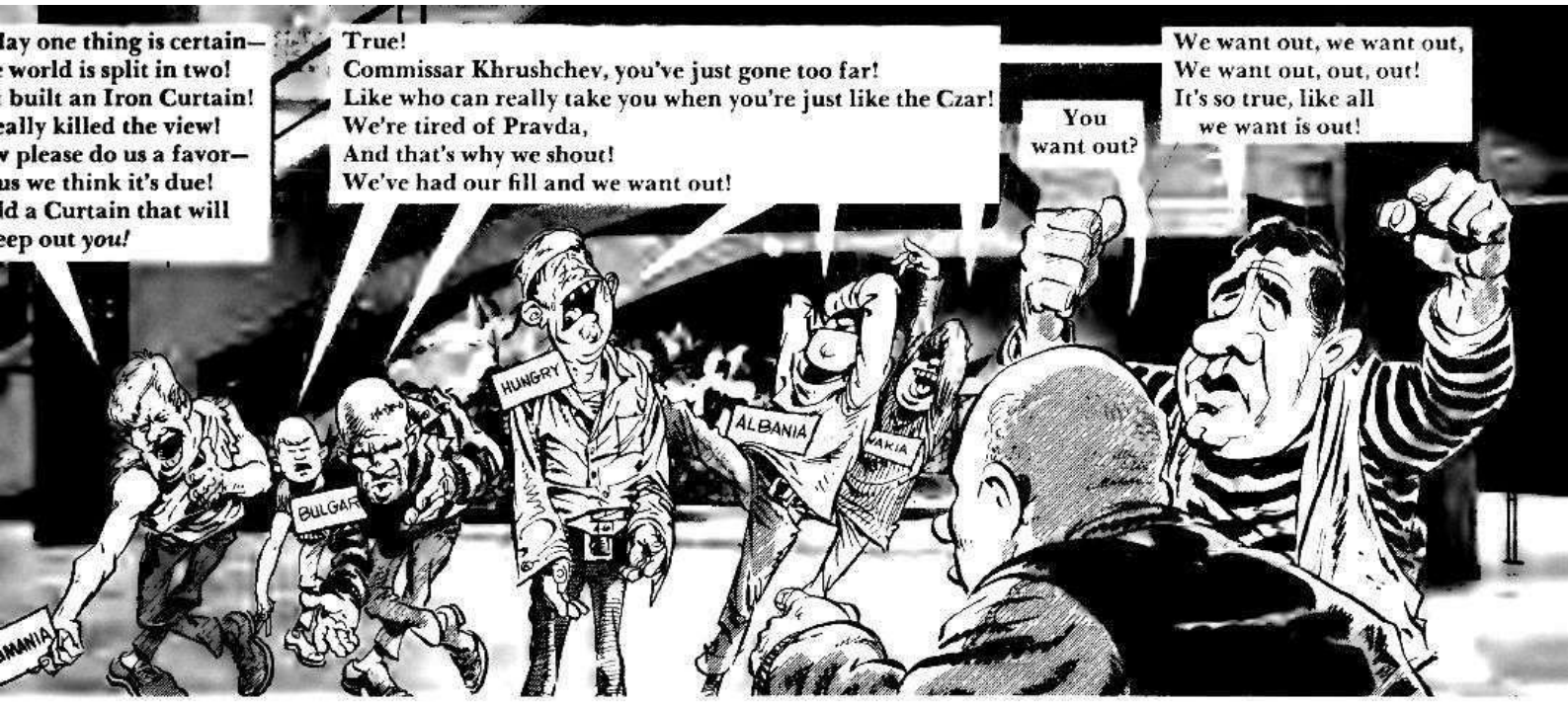
We're building hotels in Mos-cow!

All that you lack is the know-how!

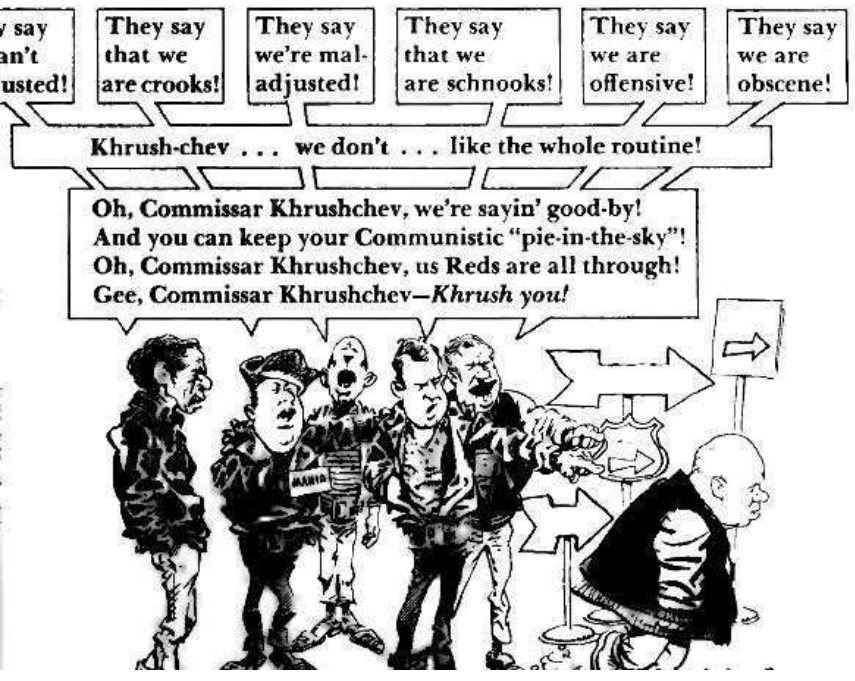
We build our bathrooms with great pride!

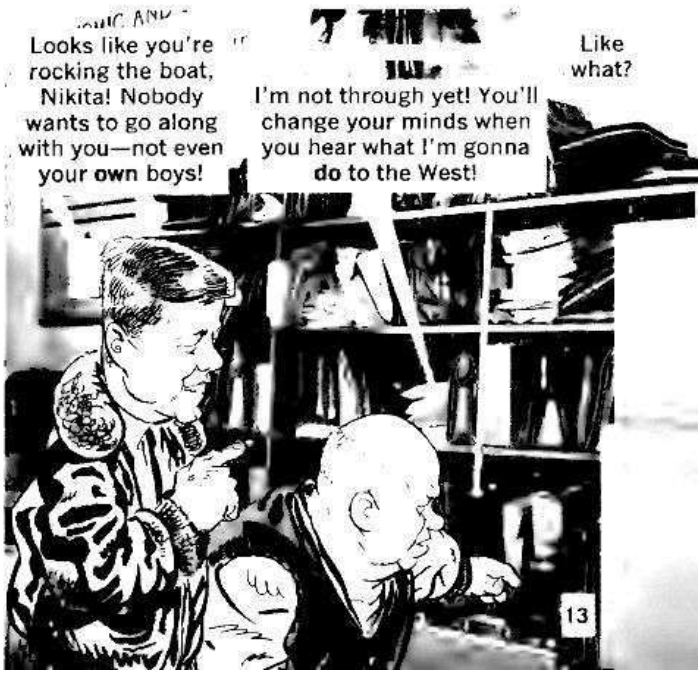
If you don't mind going outside!

Life is a whiz in America! Eddie met Liz in America! Thought she was his in America! Well, that's Show-Biz in America!
You'll like the shopping in Mos-cow!
Tell us about it, but not now!
Wonderful clothing is found there!
If you like shirts made of wolf-hair!
Good things I've got in America! I like my lot in America! Khrushchev is not in America! Else I'd be shot in America!
Thought you said we'd smash the West, Nikita!
But look what happened!
They hate us!
Everybody's against us!
And it's all your fault, Nikita!
Dear kindly Comrade Khrushchev— We've got some things to say! Like life would be much sweeter If you would go away! The delegates don't like us! They'd like to have our heads! Leap-in' Len-in! We're unhappy Reds!
Yeah! Commissar Khrushchev, you're flippin' your lid! Like all the time you're actin' like a real mixed-up kid! We've followed the program that you have advised, And now we find that we're despised!
You're despised?
We're despised, we're despised, We're so much despised, We're not liked because We are despised!
ROMANIA
HUNGARY
CZECH
GO MULKA
Remember when you made us Collectivize our farms! The farmers then repaid us; They mainly took up arms! We did just as you told us— We had the farmers shot! Creep-in' Krem-lin! Now see what we got!
Right! Commissar Khrushchev, you're just a schlemiel! You promised lots of bread and all we got was your heel! We don't have the patience to wait for the rest! We're tellin' you we feel oppressed!
You're oppressed?
We're oppressed, we're oppressed, We're the most oppressed! We're obsessed with how much we're oppressed!


lay one thing is certain—
world is split in two!
built an Iron Curtain!
eally killed the view!
v please do us a favor—
us we think it's due!
ld a Curtain that will
eep out *you!*
True!
Commissar Khrushchev, you've just gone too far!
Like who can really take you when you're just like the Czar!
We're tired of Pravda,
And that's why we shout!
We've had our fill and we want out!
You want out?
We want out, we want out,
We want out, out, out!
It's so true, like all
we want is out!
HUNGRY
ALBANIA
BULGAR

ay, "Shape up your nation!"
ot that it won't shape!
whole darn population
in' to escape!
houlda stood in Russia!
houlda stood in bed!
i-vos-tok! I'm a sorry Red!
Well!
Commissar Khrushchev, your life's a success!
You've gone and turned the world into one helluva mess!
The living is lousy; our countries are wrecked!
So we've decided to defect!
To defect?
We'll defect, we'll defect,
Yes, we'll all defect!
To the West we're going to defect!
HUNGRY


y say
an't
usted!
They say that we are crooks!
They say we're mal-adjusted!
They say that we are schnooks!
They say we are offensive!
They say we are obscene!
Khrush-chev . . . we don't . . . like the whole routine!
Oh, Commissar Khrushchev, we're sayin' good-by!
And you can keep your Communistic "pie-in-the-sky"!
Oh, Commissar Khrushchev, us Reds are all through!
Gee, Commissar Khrushchev—*Khrush you!*

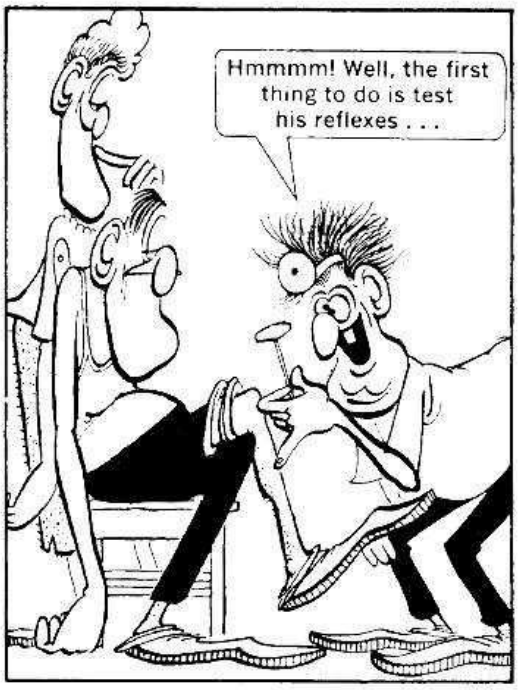

Looks like you're rocking the boat, Nikita! Nobody wants to go along with you—not even your **own** boys!
I'm not through yet! You'll change your minds when you hear what I'm gonna **do** to the West!
Like what?

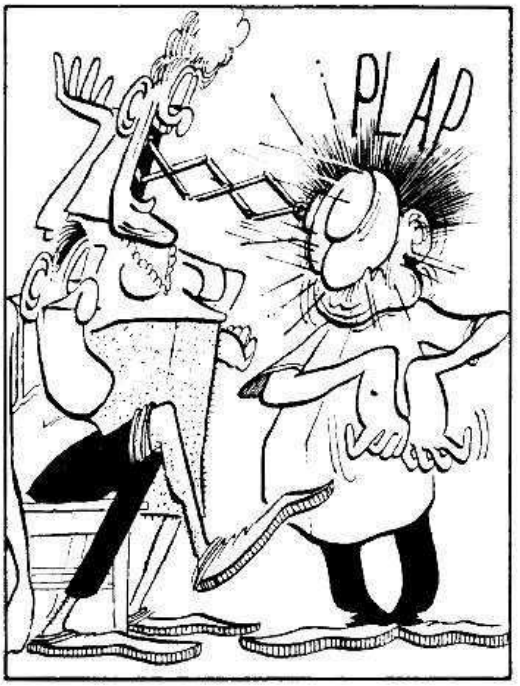
Like first I'm gonna write "Yankee Go Home" all over the Berlin Wall! And if that don't work, I'm gonna put Peter Lawford in orbit! And if that don't work, I'm gonna send up a rocket that'll paint my face on the moon so big you'll see it whenever you look up! And if that don't work, I'm gonna infiltrate Disneyland! And if that don't work . . .
So here you are! Acting like a street hoodlum again!
Why (gulp) hello, dear! What brings you here?
Somebody has to stop you from blowing up the world! I told you when you left the Kremlin yesterday that I didn't want you stirring up trouble! Imagine! A grown man like you behaving like a teen-age hooligan!
But, Nina . . .
Don't Nina me! If that nice Jack Kennedy hadn't called me, goodness knows what you might have done before I got here! You ought to be ashamed—with all your boasts and threats! And what's this I hear about moving the U.N. to Moscow? I have enough trouble entertaining as it is!
But I can explain . . .
You can do plenty of explaining when you get home! So get a move on or I'll put you in orbit!
I LEFT THE WATER RUNNIN' FOR YA IN THE SHOWER!
So much for Nikita, eh, Jack?
Right, Mac! Looks like tonight was a good night, after all!
Tonight, tonight! Nikita lost tonight! Tonight his gang was fin-al-ly skunked!
Tonight, tonight! They got it good tonight, And it means that the Reds are defunct!
Tonight Nikita made an error! His wife's a holy terror— A case of dynamite—
Tonight, we're quite Delighted that the Reds lost Their bite To-night!
14
McCr Draucker

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART I

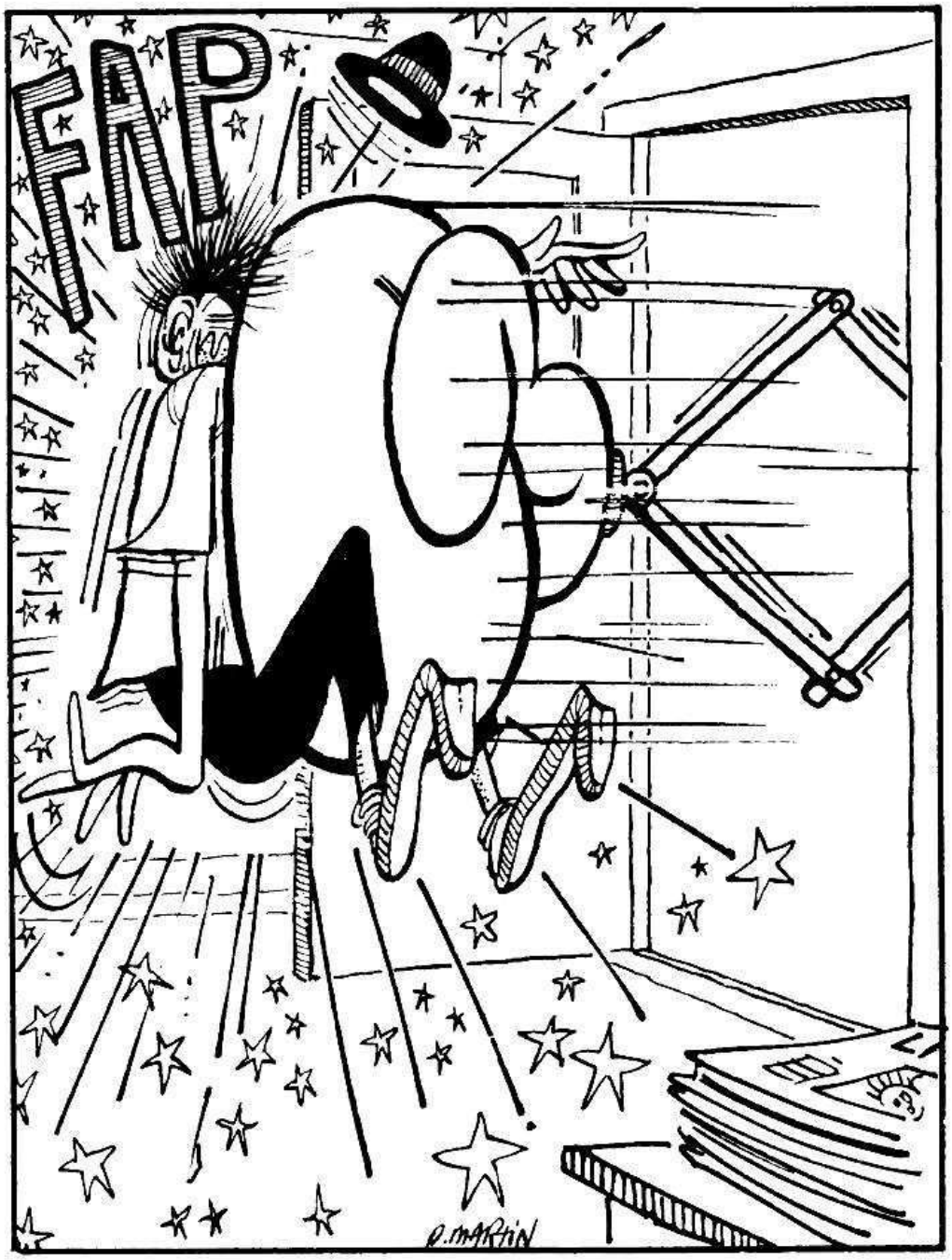
Here's MAD'S maddest artist, Don Martin, and his tongue-depressor-in-cheek version of what happened when he was—

IN A DOCTOR'S OFFICE

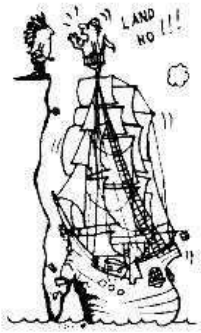




. . . if Bobby VAN had a sister, CARA . . .


FAP
P. MARTIN

ring happiness. For example: "Happiness is valking on the grass in your bare feet," Happiness is three friends in a sand box . . with no fighting," "Happiness is a read and butter sandwich folded over," etc. Which is all very well if you remember childhood being full of happiness. We at MAD have the distinct recollection of childhood being pretty miserable. So here is our version of how the rest of the comic strip kid-characters would show the other side of the coin in this MAD children's book called . . .



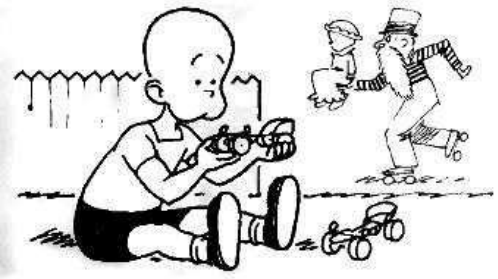
S A COLD HOT DOG

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

Misery is the skinny end of your tie sticking out.

Misery is a left-handed kid sitting next to you, whose paper is impossible to copy from, during a test.

Misery is eating a peanut butter sandwich with braces on your teeth.



Misery is no skate key.

Misery is finding your pet goldfish floating.

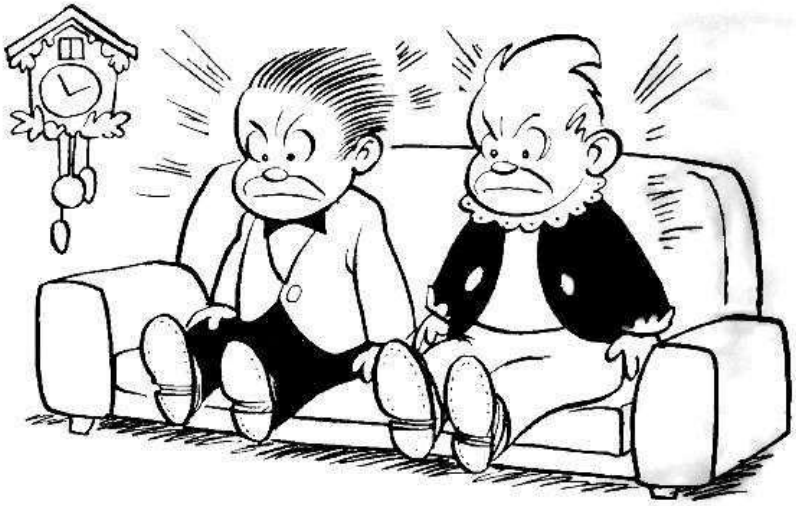
Misery is the first snowfall of Winter— and you have a cold.

Misery is getting lost at the beach.

Misery is a piece of birthday cake with no flower.

Misery is Milk of Magnesia.

Misery is having to change out of a wet bathing suit under a towel at the beach.

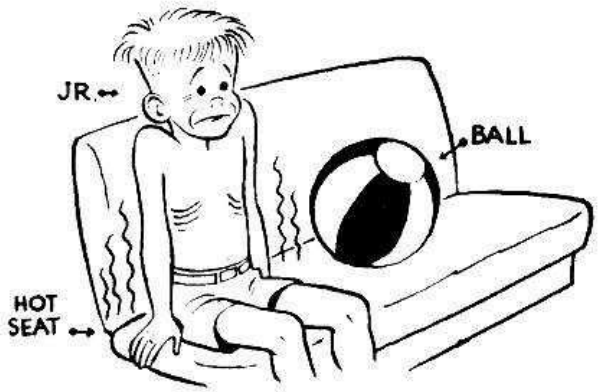


Misery is being dressed up and waiting an hour before the rest of the family is ready to go out.

Misery is getting clothes instead of toys for Christmas.

Misery is a wet kiss on the face by an aunt with a mustache.

Misery is having to eat the watery part of a loose soft-boiled egg.



Misery is coming home from the beach and sitting on hot plastic auto seat covers wearing nothing but swim trunks.

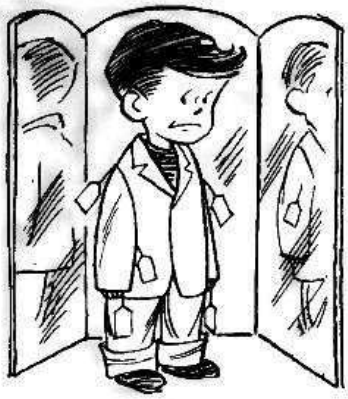
Misery is a tongue-depressor.

Misery is finding a squashed banana in your school lunch bag.

Misery is buying five baseball gum cards and getting five Marv Throneberrys of the New York Mets.

Misery is coming home with a rip in your best suit.

Misery is a roll of damp caps.

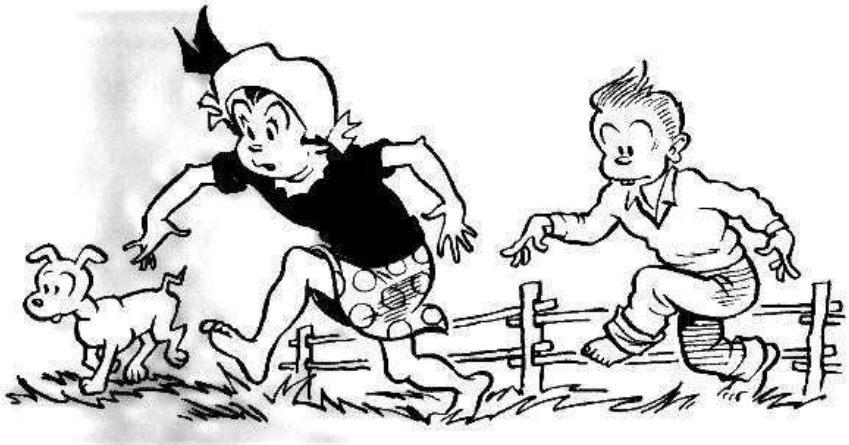


Misery is trying on clothes.

Misery is crayons left out in the sun.

Misery is a sun-burned back, and then not being able to reach the good spots when it starts peeling.

Misery is when your parents won't let you keep a kitten you found.

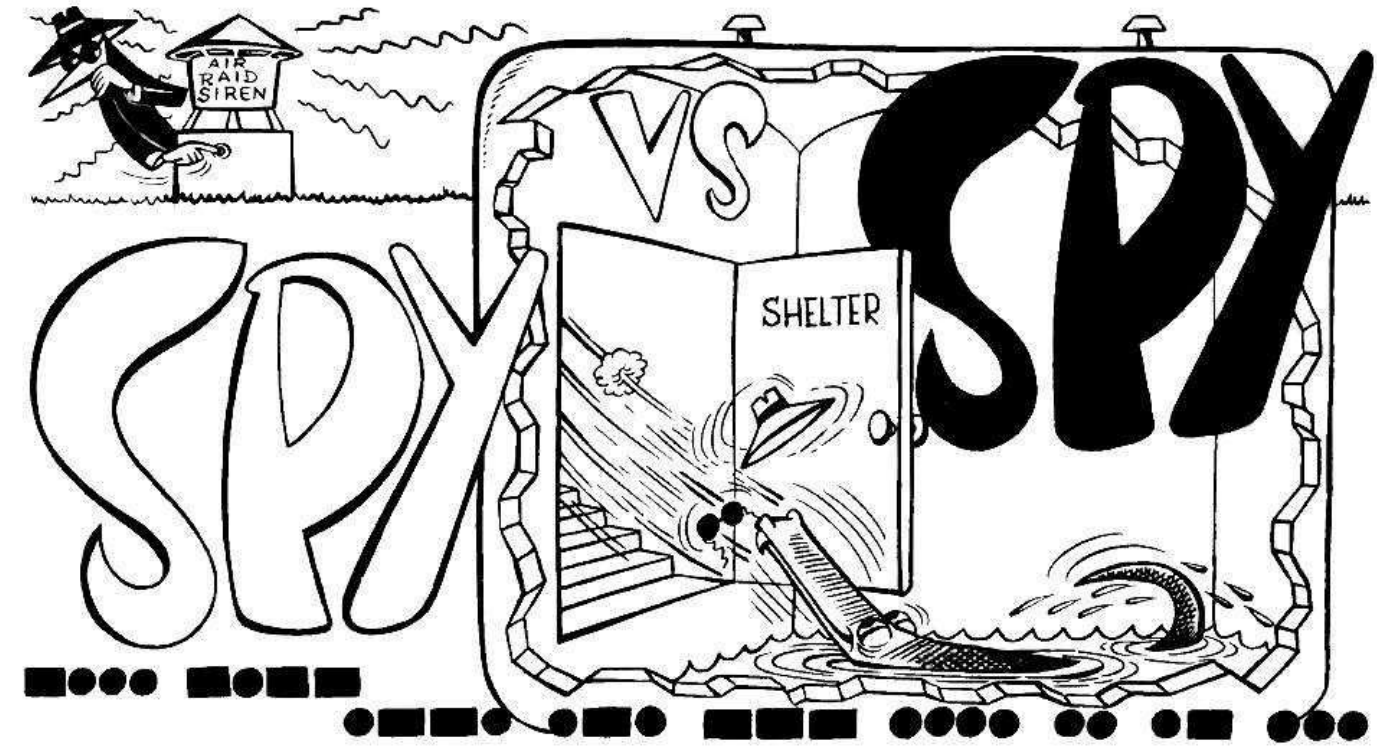


Misery is walking in the grass in your bare feet—and then discovering you're in a cow pasture.

Misery is a rectal thermometer.

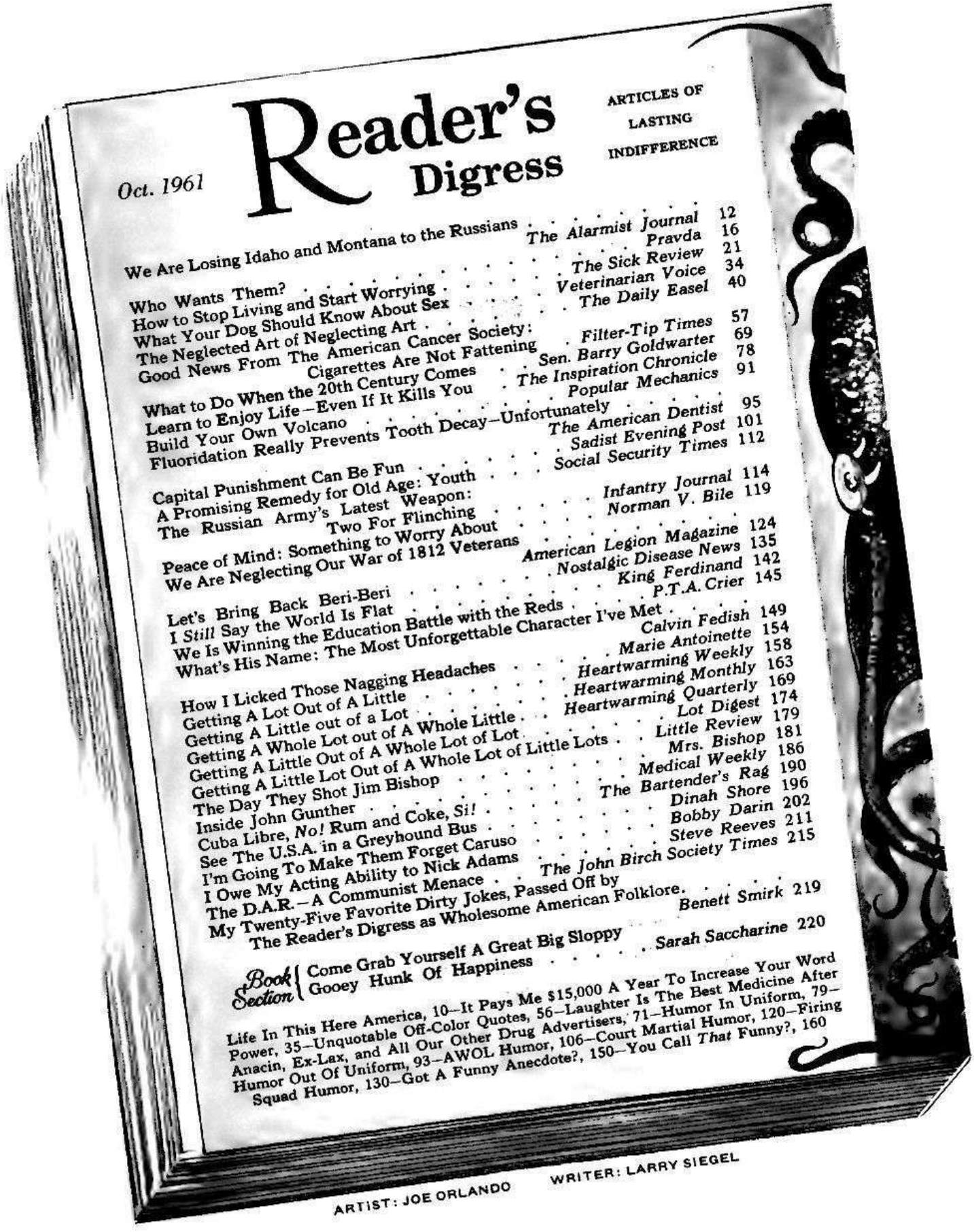
JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART I

When Fidel (the man with the sword) ordered Antonio Prohias (the man with the pen) arrested for his anti-Castro cartoons, the Cuban artist fled to the U.S., where he now graces MAD's pages with . . .



CONDENSED MILKING DEPT.

And now, MAD presents its version of the famous monthly magazine that once took pride in the fact that it did not accept advertising, only now it's filled with advertising . . . that once listed all its articles on the front cover, only now it lists them on its back cover . . . and once was a pretty corny magazine, only now it's even cornier . . .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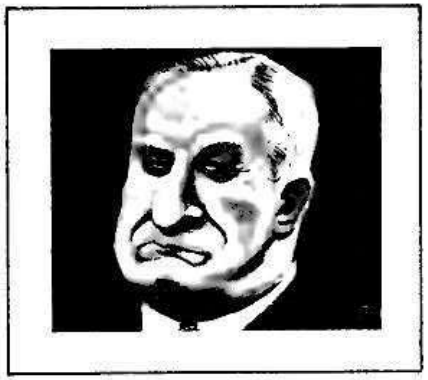
ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

The Echoes of Mankind



BY SELWIN R. ZABINDIN
President, Consolidated Money, Inc.

ONE DAY, A FAMOUS AUTHOR and lecturer was seated next to a slight, gray-haired old lady aboard a jet airliner. Leaning toward the woman, the author smiled and whispered, "The echoes of mankind are irrepressible."

Whereupon the sweet old lady's kindly eyes twinkled, and she replied, "Go fish a herring!"

What, you may ask, does a whimsical anecdote have to do with introducing an inside-front-cover endorsement for The Reader's Digress? I don't know! They all seem to start that way, so why should mine be any different?

Why am I an avid reader of the Digress?

Because the editors have an uncanny method of going through lengthy works, and reprinting those parts which they consider important—while ignoring those parts which they consider unimportant. This is inspired editing.

It is also crass censorship.

But being a busy, high-powered executive, I don't have the time to read things through, so I let the Digress tell me what *they* think I should read. This is the mark of a realistic, time-saving, knowledge-hungry citizen.

It is also the mark of a true ignoramus.

I can't tell you how delighted I am with this great publication. And how even more delighted I am to grab this page ahead of hundreds of other distinguished business executives, who are also anxious to plug their corporations here and save themselves thousands of dollars in advertising.

This cover endorsement, like everything else I do in and out of the business world, comes directly from my heart. And I couldn't feel more strongly and more sincere about it...even if I had written it myself.

Reader's Digress
Appears Reg. U.S. Nws. Stds. Marks Illiteracy

VOL. 78, NO. 472, October, 1961 ● Published each month simultaneously in the United States by The Reader's Digress Association, Inc., Pleasantlife, N. Y., and in Canada by its Canadian subsidiary, and in England by its English subsidiary, and in France by its French subsidiary, and in every other country in the world where we can pass off this tripe as interesting reading matter, and get several billion gullible people to pay 35 cents a copy, and $4.00 a year for it.

How I Ease My Everyday Tensions

All of us need to find refuge from the stresses, strains, demands, and jarring uncertainties of 20th Century living. One housewife offers an inspirational answer

Condensed from

Lamplighter Magazine

(Where it will appear next month, because we had it planted there in the first place)

FRANCIS KVOORTZ

LIKE MOST PEOPLE in this unpredictable Atomic Age, I, too, was filled with the usual nagging strains and tensions of life. They hounded and tortured me constantly through the day as I went about the task of caring for my home and family and goldfish and parakeet.

But one day, after long years of torment, I finally discovered how to cope with these tensions. And finding this heart-warming, wonderful remedy has meant a world of difference to me as a wife, a mother, a part-time veterinarian, and a human being.

Twice a day, during the busiest part of my house-work schedule, I stop all activity, remove my apron, and sit down on a couch. The first thing I do is meditate. I think about my past life, my present life, and what the future may hold in store for me. I think about my home, my husband, the children, and the life we have together. I think about the warm, richly-optimistic articles I've read in The Reader's Digress, which have reminded me about these blessings.

And then, suddenly, a warm feeling wells up inside me. It makes me forget everything else that has happened during the day. It makes me feel alive, conscious of my surroundings, determined in my direction. Soon, I feel as if a tremendous weight has been lifted from me. Refreshed, I am ready to come to grips with the world once more.

How do I ease my everyday tensions?

I throw up.

THE MOST MEMORABLE CHARACTER I'VE MET YET EVER TILL NOW

By Samuel Quintz

None of us in Sackinaw, Kentucky, will ever forget my eccentric old grandfather. What a memorable character that unpredictable, lovable old fellow was!

He was such an irresistible cut-up that we gave him a special nickname. We used to call him "Grandpa." Somehow, the name just fit the peculiar old codger. My grandmother, however, had her own pet name for him, which was no less descriptive. She used to call him "Harold," which always gave us a good laugh.

I'll never forget the first time Grandpa met my wife-to-be, Alice. "Well, how do you like her, Grandpa?" I asked him, bracing myself for his usual unpredictable answer.

"She seems rather nice, Sam," he said not batting an eye. I suppose I'd have been shocked had I not been so used to his unexpected gibes.

Any time he was hungry, Grandpa would walk into the kitchen and cause the wildest commotion with acid comments like "May I eat now, please?" And whenever he was ready to put on a pair of shoes, you could rest assured the eccentric old duck would first put on something insane, like a pair of socks.

The day before Grandpa's 84th birthday, Old Doc Barnes, who was visiting us, stopped by Grandpa's room to say hello. Imagine our surprise when he told us Grandpa had been dead for two years.

"No wonder he never touched the soup last Thanksgiving," said Grandma.

We buried Grandpa. He would have wanted it that way, character that he was.

Somehow, things just aren't the same these days in Grandma's house in Sackinaw.

But I forget why.

AN ABSOLUTELY HILARIOUS thing happened to me during World War II when I was stationed in the Philippines. One day, just before an important battle, I complained to my First Sergeant that I was homesick. He told me what to do about it, and I thanked him profusely. I packed my things, caught a plane back to the States, and went directly to Hollywood, California.

When I was picked up by the M.P.'s a month later, and brought back to my First Sergeant, he said, "What in #$%& happened to you?"

"Well, last month I *told* you I was homesick," I reminded him.

"Sure," he said, "and I told you to tell it to the Chaplain! You know—the *Army* Chaplain! It's a G.I. expression meaning 'Ain't that *too bad!*'"

"Oh, you meant the ARMY Chaplain?" I said, starting to giggle. "I thought you meant, tell it to CHARLIE Chaplin!"

Everyone laughed so hard at this that it took the firing squad a good half hour to compose themselves and aim their rifles at me properly.

—Pvt. Saul Fleeble (*Arlington Cemetery*)

IN JUNE, 1944, I was in a Basic Training Camp in Georgia, when a riotously funny incident took place. My first Sergeant, a huge fellow well over six feet tall and weighing 250 pounds, walked into our barracks, sobbing.

"I just got a 'Dear John' letter from my wife," he said, choking back the tears. "She sold my house, my car, all my belongings, took our five kids, and ran off with a black market operator to New Zealand."

Suddenly, I began to chuckle. Then my chuckle turned to laughter, and my laughter turned to uncontrolled roars of hysteria. I doubled up and rolled back and forth on the floor, nearly drowning in my tears of mirth.

He looked at me strangely, and said, "What's so funny about me getting a 'Dear John' letter from my wife?"

"That... that... that's one on her!" I said, gasping for breath. "YOUR name is *Murray!*"

When he walked out of the barracks a few moments later, I was still laughing. But I stopped momentarily to pick up 14 of my teeth.

—George "Gummy" Volbuzzi (*Gary, Ind.*)

IN JANUARY, 1945, our Infantry Division was ordered to take an important mountain peak in Italy. We attacked at dawn, advanced half-way up the slope, and then were forced to retreat because the shelling was so fierce. Casualties on both sides were quite heavy. Three hours later, we attacked again, and once more the shelling was fierce. But we managed to battle our way to the top and gain control of the mountain. Losses on both sides were very heavy.

On re-reading the preceding anecdote, I've decided that perhaps it isn't as humorous as others I've read in The Reader's Digress, but I'm sending it to the "Humor In Service" editor anyway.

After all, there are lots of ex-G.I.s who think war isn't so funny!

—Charlie Frank (*Augusta, Ga.*)

Life in This Here America

WHILE MOTORING through New Mexico last summer, my wife and I saw a teepee standing by the side of the road. Seated in front of the teepee was an authentic-looking Indian, gaudily painted and wearing a colorful tribal headdress.

We stopped the car and approached him. "Ask him in sign language if he sells souvenirs," my wife whispered.

Pointing my finger at him, I said, "You..." Then I held up a string of beads and dangled them before his eyes. Finally I took out some money and waved it in front of his face.

The Indian smiled faintly, looking first at me and then at my wife.

"Ugh!" he grunted.

As old Reader's Digress fans, we were stunned and shocked. Not only didn't this Indian speak perfect English, but we found out later that he didn't even come from Brooklyn.

—MARVIN ZULTZ *(Worcester, Mass.)*

I WAS VISITING New York City for the first time, and I decided to take my first subway ride. So I boarded a train at Times Square one weekday at 5:00 P.M. Needless to say, the train was jammed with people, all pushing and shoving and using dreadful language. However, off in a corner, I happened to notice a kindly-looking elderly man standing amid the crush with a warm smile on his face.

Squeezing through the mob of screaming, perspiring, cursing passengers, I managed to get near enough to the smiling old gentleman to say, "Pardon me, sir. I can't help noticing how good-naturedly you seem to be taking this dreadful subway ride. How is it that you can view the whole situation with a sly sense of humor, while all those around you are working themselves up into a frenzy of hate?"

The old man looked at me with twinkling eyes, then tapped his head gently with a forefinger, and said softly, "I'm sick!"

—MEL HANEY *(Cokeville, Wyo.)*

A FEW WEEKS AGO, at the Dayton, Ohio, Dog Pound, we received this letter, printed in a childish hand:

Dere Dog Ketchers,

My name is Joey Harris. I am seven yeers old. Every day, I see you ketch doggs and gass them dead.

I am lonesume, and I don't have no one to play with, and I don't have no dogg.

Instead of gassing one of the doggs, could you please give him to me. I will love him and take care of him and play with him, even if he is a skinny little mutt.

Your frennd,
Joey

There wasn't a dry eye in the whole Dog Pound as we composed the following answer to little Joey:

"No!"

—HERMAN BRUGGER *(Dayton, Ohio)*

I Licked Chapped Lips

A middle-aged man's courageous battle over one of mankind's most baffling medical enigmas

Condensed from
The American Medical Journal
BY EDWARD MOSH
as told to Dr. Morris Fishbein
who wouldn't listen

AS I BUTTONED my shirt in the doctor's office, an uncomfortable dryness clutched at my throat.

"Give it to me straight, Doc," I said.

"Mr. Mosh," he began quietly, "my tests prove conclusively that you are suffering from a severe case of chapped lips—upper right and lower left labial regions."

I leaned forward, gripping his desk so tight my knuckles turned white. "How...how long until it's all over?" I stammered.

He shrugged. "A week perhaps. A month. It could even go on all winter. And then, it may return in a year. We never know about these things. Try not to worry."

Try not to worry, indeed! In a stupor, I staggered home. As soon as my wife saw me, she *knew*. "Ed," she said stoutly, fighting back the tears, "you're going to *fight* this thing, and I'm going to *help* you."

"*You?*" I laughed bitterly. "What can *you* do? What can *anyone* do? Nobody licks chapped lips! It has to run its course! A week, a month, the whole winter! And then, there's always next year..."

"We can lick it with a little *help*," my wife said softly, gazing upward.

"You mean...?" I said, following her upward gaze.

"Yes," she said, continuing to look upward.

"You mean...?" I repeated, continuing to look upward too.

During the next few months, thanks to faith, hope, courage, and trust in our upstairs neighbor, Sadie Mueller, who lent me her "Chap-Stick," I LICKED CHAPPED LIPS!

And as dreadful as my experience was, if this article can give other unfortunate human beings the inspiration to conquer *their* afflictions, it was worth it.

It was also worth $2500.

NEXT MONTH: HOW I LICKED ATHLETE'S FEET

BOOK SECTION

GONE WITH THE WIND

BY MARGARET MITCHELL

The Reader's Digress one-page condensation of a 1,037 page classic, which is so detailed and complete, thanks to our superb Condensed Books Editing Staff, that reading the original would be an absolute waste of time

"IT LOOKS LIKE WAR, Miss Scarlett," said the Tarleton twins.

"Fiddle-dee-dee," said Scarlett O'Hara.

Boom!

"Thank God that bloody war is over," said Rhett Butler. "Will you marry me, Scarlett?"

"No."

"Well, if it's going to come to this constant bickering, let's forget it."

"Ashley," said Scarlett, "it's *you* I love!"

"But I'm married to Melanie," he answered. "Besides, we've got a war to win first."

"Don't be silly," said Scarlett. "The war ended right after 'Fiddle-dee-dee' and 'Boom'!"

"So you married Frank Kennedy, eh, Scarlett?" Rhett sneered.

"Yes, but he died," Scarlett pouted.

"Time flies," mused Rhett.

"I need you, Rhett."

"I'm sorry, Scarlett. Our marriage isn't working out. Besides, I've got a war to fight."

"Don't be silly. The Civil War ended just after 'Fiddle-dee-dee' and 'Boom'!"

"What kind Civil War?" barked Rhett. "We've been moving so fast, it's time for World War I already!"

It Pays to Decrease Your WORD POWER

By Wilfred Fink

IT'S A FACT that the most successful businessmen today are also the most illiterate. If you want to be successful, it's important to decrease your vocabulary. Check the word or phrase below that is *farthest in meaning* from the key word. Do this every issue—eventually it will become a *habit*—and you'll end up *stupid, but rich.*

Toward More Picturesque Talking, Like

JCAAAAAAAASH Clothes! (Irving, a traveling old clothes buyer, *in a Street*) . . . Hey, bananooooooos! Two pouns ferra quaarter! (Vito, a fruit vendor, *in the Same Street*) . . . Maaa! Trow me down money forda moom pitchers! (Seymour, *in a backyard*) . . . Come up first and drink your milk or I'll smash your head against a wall till you bleed! (Mother, *in a Backyard Window*) . . . Aaahhh, shaddup, the whole two of yuh! (Gus Poporski, *on a Fire Escape*) . . .

Heart-Warming Filler

ONE DAY, A FRECKLE-FACED LITTLE BOY, eating a wholesome piece of apple pie made by Mom, was walking with a friendly, but homeless dog named Spot. Suddenly, the boy and the dog caught sight of a little, kindly, gray-haired old lady with shining eyes . . . So far, this much alone is enough to make The Reader's Digress, so I believe I'll save my punch line for another anecdote.

—Arnold Lovelace, quoted by *Leonard Lyons*

Unquotable Quotes

A FRIEND in need is best considered an enemy.

—Ben Fulgarth, quoted in *The Selfish Eve. Post*

LOVE thy neighbor as you do thy wife.

—George Jessel, in *Boy's Life*

IT'S BETTER to have loved and lost; it's also cheaper.

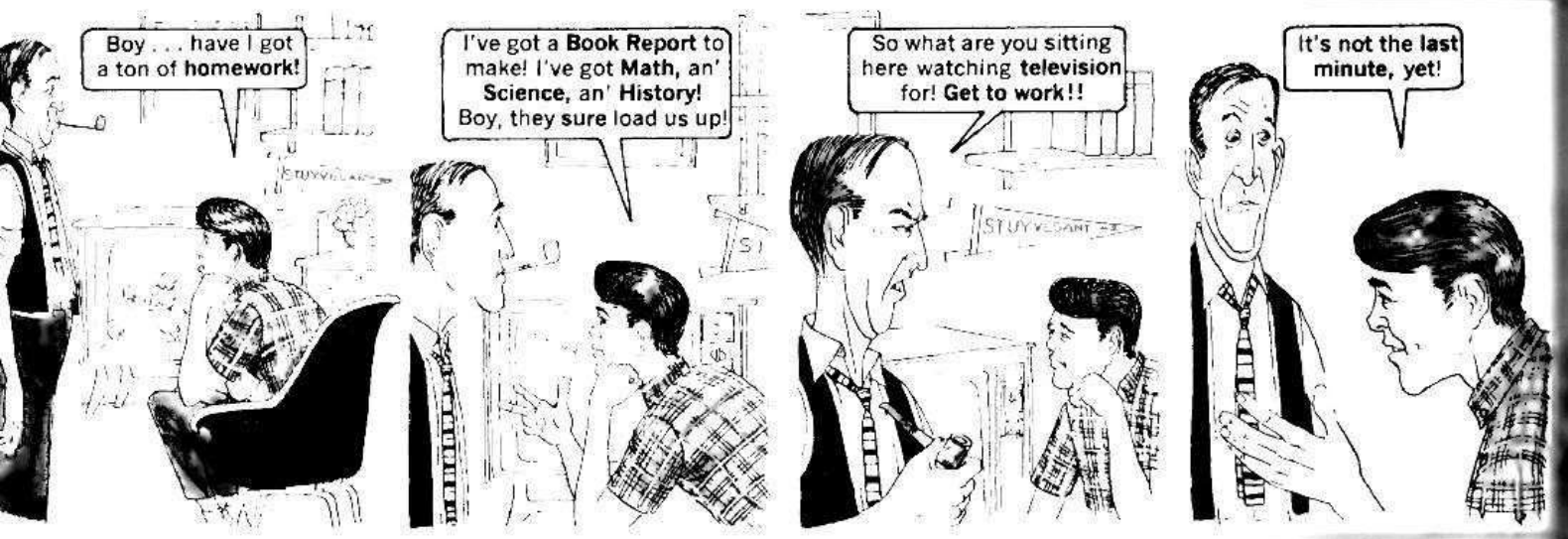
—Dick Foran, in *The Sears Roebuck Catalogue*

IN SPRING, an old man's stomach turns.

—Chester A. Arthur, in *Army Laffs*

BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART I

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... HIGH

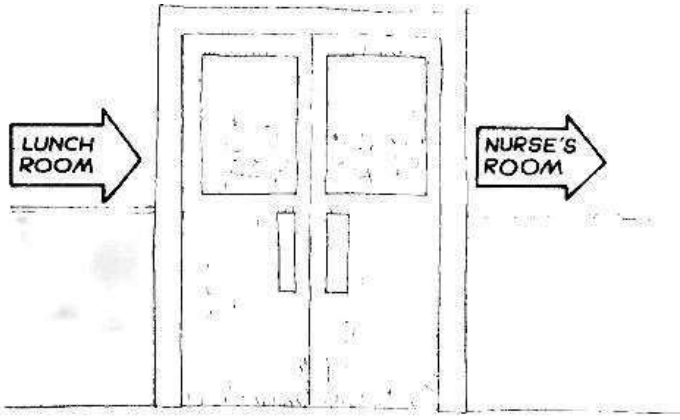

Boy . . . have I got a ton of **homework!**
I've got a **Book Report** to make! I've got **Math,** an' **Science,** an' **History!** Boy, they **sure** load us up!
So what are you sitting here watching **television** for! **Get to work!!**
It's **not the last minute,** yet!

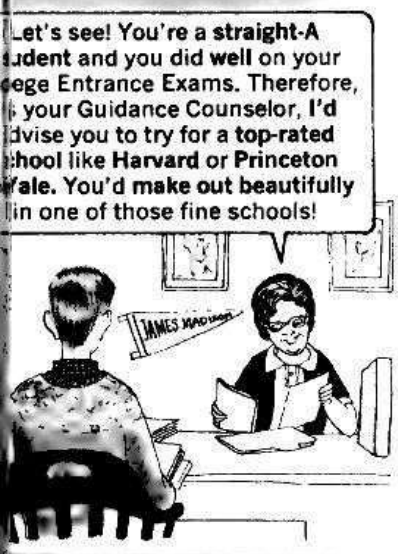
You know what I hate **most** about teachers? When they try to **act young** and make us kids think that they're **real swingers!**
Yeah!
Particularly that **Miss Boverly.** I hate the way she **touches up her gray hair,** and puts on **eye make-up,** and wears **tight skirts!** A teacher should **maintain her dignity** and **act her age!**
Yeah!
Who does she think she's **kidding** —getting out here and dancing with the kids at these School Dances just to show us she's a regular guy? Boy, I **hate** that!
Yeah!
Why doesn't she **accept the fact that she's a twenty-nine-year-old bag!?**

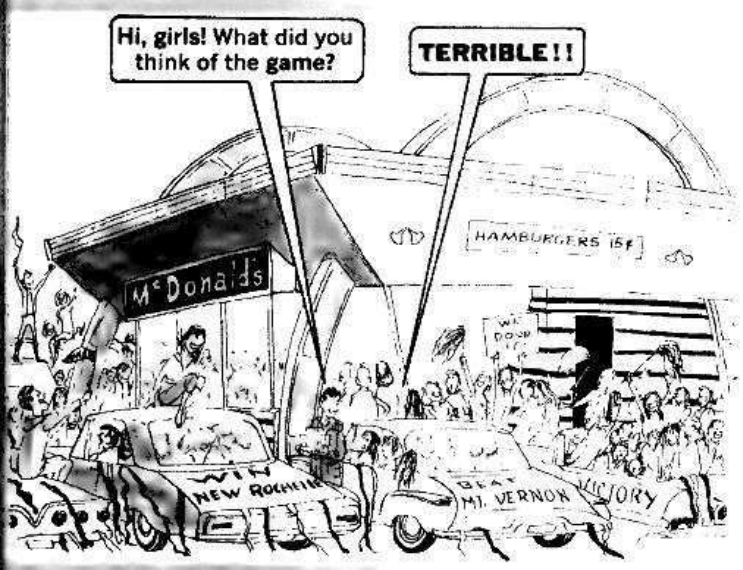
Sororities are absolutely **stupid!** They're nothing but **snobbish in-groups!** Right now, they're looking for prospective members in a **stupid ritual** called **"Rushing"!** It's **a terribly cruel blow** to the girls they **don't accept!**
Then there's **another stupid ritual** called **"Pledging"!** That's when they **mark up your face** and make you wear **ridiculous clothes** and force you to walk around the campus and in town, doing **idiotic things!**
Then there's **"Hell Night",** another **stupid ritual** where they make you suffer **further indignities** before they admit you as a full-fledged "Sister"! **No wonder** so many High Schools have **outlawed** Sororities!
RING

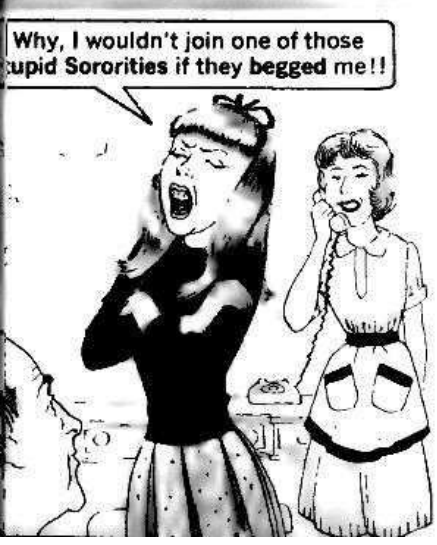
SCHOOL

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG




Let's see! You're a straight-A student and you did well on your college Entrance Exams. Therefore, I, your Guidance Counselor, I'd advise you to try for a top-rated school like Harvard or Princeton or Yale. You'd make out beautifully in one of those fine schools!
JAMES MADISON





See, Mother? That's what I've been telling you! Straight hair is "In" this year, and curly hair is "Out"...
That's why I have to do what I do! All of the other girls in school have such naturally lovely long straight hair . . . but I have to IRON my hair to make it straight!
And all because you hadda go and marry HIM!!
Beverly, darling! I've met him! Mr. Right! It was one of those magical things that happens only once in a lifetime, and it took place right in my own Homeroom! I'll never forget it if I live forever . . . even longer!!
We were passing out IBM cards and our hands touched. It was like electricity. We both knew instantly. Now, we're going steady, and it's all figured out. The day he graduates from college, we'll be married!
I know! I know! You told me all about this last week!
Last week?! Oh, that was Bob Green! I'm talking about Martin Drabb! That's this week!
I don't know why you're always hanging around with that Lillian Furd! She's from Dullsville!
You can't judge people from the surface!
Aw, c'mon! She's a real nothing!
Don't say that! Lillian has some wonderful assets!
Like what, f'rinstance?
Like she has a cute brother—and he's going to Med School!
I know it! I just know it! When I get up to get my diploma, I just know I'm gonna trip in front of everybody and make a fool of myself!
I can bet the minute they hand me my diploma, Mother is going to start crying! She always cries at the darndest times! I'm sure glad I don't—sniff—take after—sniff—her—sob . . .
When I get my diploma, I'll finally be able to go to college and fulfill my parents'—and also MY greatest dream—I'll meet a fella!!
When they hand me my diploma, I can just hear my kid brother saying, "Now that she's going off to college, I'll finally have the bathroom all to myself!"
For three years, I've worked like a son-of-a-gun to graduate! Now, in just a very short time, they're going to hand me the thing I've slaved for . . . the keys to the car my folks promised me!

Those darn teachers! All they can think of is Homework . . . Homework . . . Homework!! They never let us have any time for ourselves!
And each teacher thinks that his darn subject is the most important subject we've got, so he just keeps piling it on! Like, have a heart, already!!
Then there's our darn parents who keep telling us we gotta do our Homework so's we can get better marks so's we can get into college! Sure, it's easy for them to say it! But we have to do all the work!
Whew! Well, thank goodness I finally finished the homework!
Great! Now I gotta knock my brains out copying it!
Hey, Lion-in-a-Cage! What's with you? All evening long, you've been pacing up and down, up and down . . .
It's that exam I'm having tomorrow! I'm really worried about it!
If you spent as much time studying for it as you spend worrying about it, you'd be much better off!
Studying for it?! How can I study for it when I'm so upset?!
I just can't understand how you, my father, could have lived so long and yet know nothin'! That's what you know, you know! Nothin'!
In my lousy seventeen years, you know what I know? I know a heck of a lot more than you know! That's what I know!
How could you just sit there and take all that sass from a punk kid?
Because he's right! I don't know nothin'!
But it took me till now to find it out! And I was much smarter than he is when I was his age!
I was just thinking: Remember how, when the kids were young and they'd have a party down in the playroom, they'd get so noisy we'd have to yell, "HEY, YOU, DOWN THERE! CUT OUT THAT NOISE!"?
But now that they're older and going to High School, their parties are so nice and quiet . . .
NICE AND QUIET?!?
HEY, YOU, DOWN THERE! LET'S HEAR A LITTLE NOISE!!

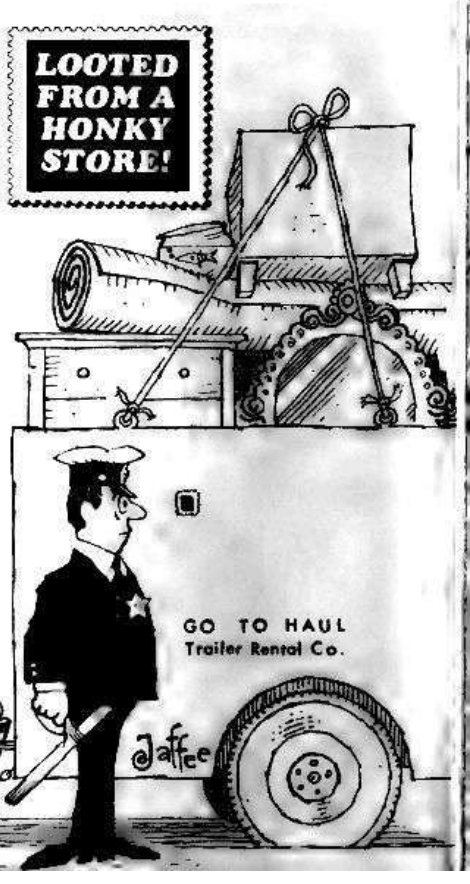
HERE IS YOUR FULL-COLOR FOLD-OUT

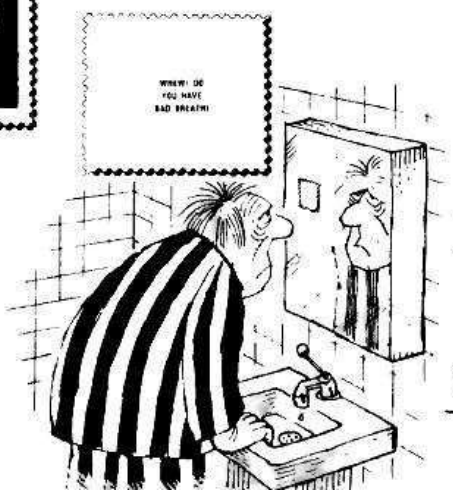
BONUS

Have you suffered indignities? Now you can take your revenge, or voice your angry protests, or tell 'em where to get off, or just have some fun—with—

MAD MISCHIEF STICKERS

PRE-GLUED AND PERFORATED FOR IMMEDIATE USE, MISUSE & ABUSE!





HOO-BOY!
YOU SHOULD SEE THE STICKER THIS ONE IS COVERING UP!

THIS WAY TO THE ORGY

Plant Trees Not Meters!

Frank Sinatra Is Alive And Living –But GOOD!

DANGER!
AN EXECUTIVE OF THIS BANK PLAYS THE HORSES!

LOOK BEFORE YOU FLUSH!
YOU MAY HAVE DROPPED YOUR WALLET!

DRAW

ME!

THIS MIRROR OUT OF ORDER

CAUTION!
The Driver Of This Car May Be A Hazard To Your Health!

KEEP OUR CITY CLEAN!
CURB YOUR THOUGHTS!

HELP!
I AM A PRISONER IN A MEDIOCRE SCHOOL!

WHERE IS KING KONG NOW THAT WE NEED HIM?

WARNING!
These Premises Patrolled By Giant Frogs!

COUNT YOUR CHANGE!
SOME OF OUR CHECK-OUT CLERKS ARE IN BUSINESS FOR THEMSELVES!

IF YOU READ THIS STICKER, YOU WIN!

COFFEE... TEA... OR CUBA?

DON'T BE IMPRESSED!
IT'S BORROWED!

THIS PARK BENCH RESERVED FOR PERVERTS!

DEATH KILLS!

This Is A Sickening Example Of BAD TASTE!

Paul Is A Pill-Pooper!

Ban Rectal Thermometers!

THIS IS A CRASHING BORE!

IN CASE OF FIRE THROW IN!

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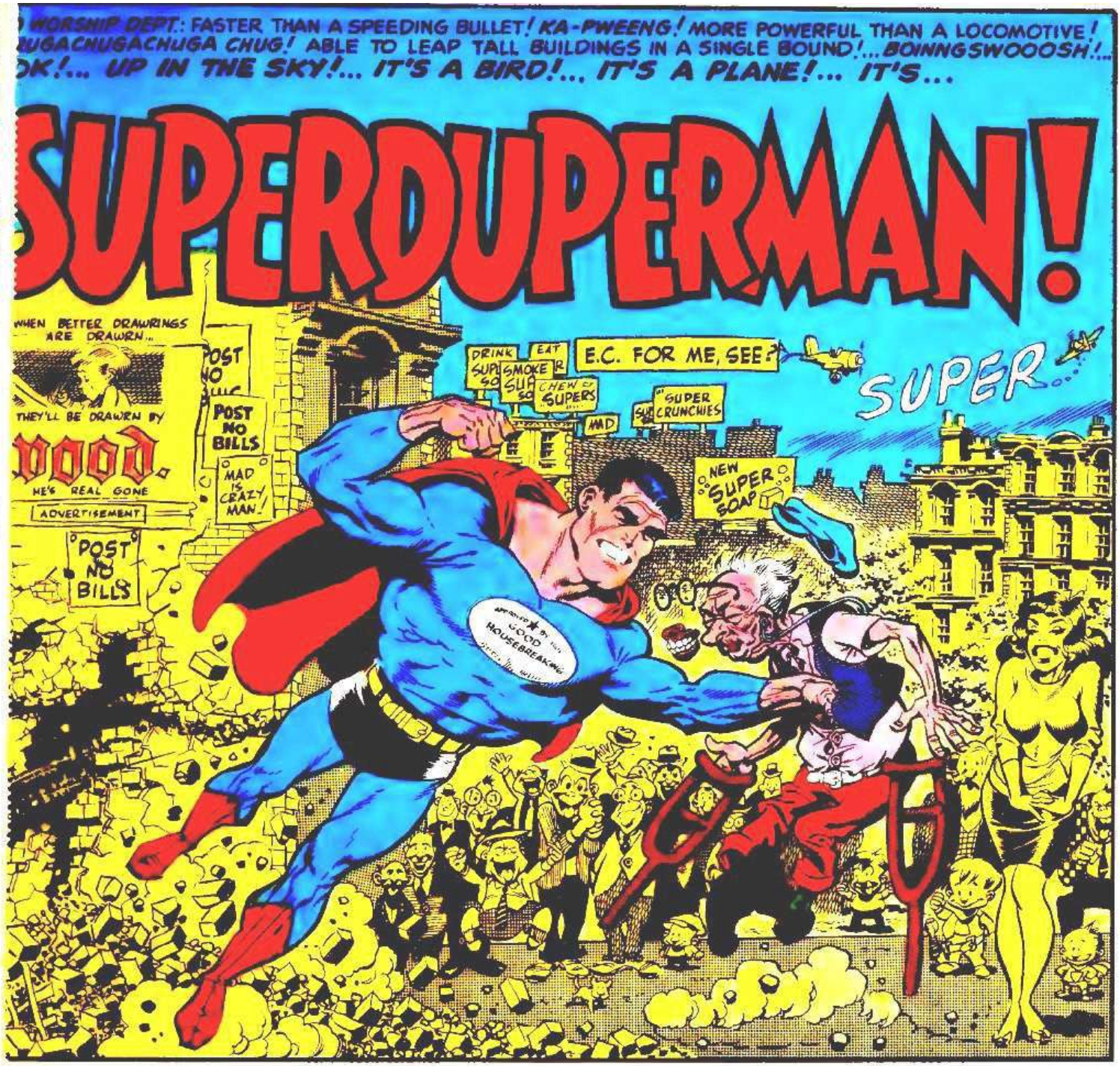


ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD

WRITER: HARVEY KURTZMAN

: STORY BEGINS HIGH UP IN OFFICES OF THAT FIGHTING SPAPER, 'THE DAILY DIRT'!

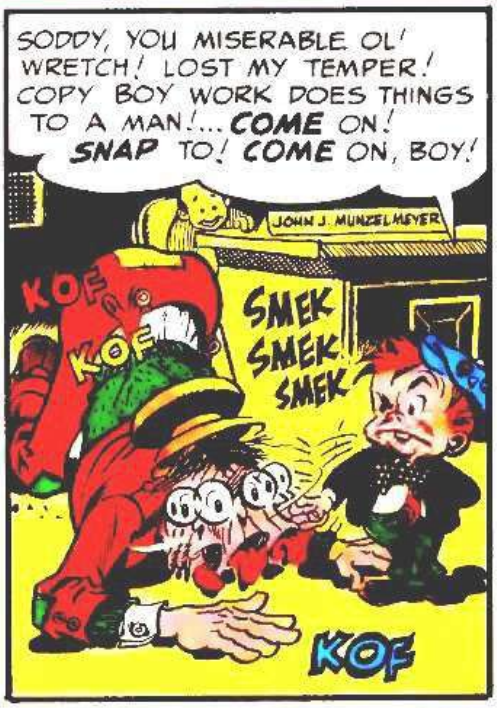
AN INCREDIBLY MISERABLE AND EMACIATED LOOKING FIGURE SHUFFLES FROM SPITOON TO SPITOON!

FOR THIS IS THE ASSISTANT TO THE COPY BOY... CLARK BENT, WHO IS IN REALITY, ***SUPERDUPERMAN!***

LITTLE DO THOSE LADIES IN THE POWDER ROOM ACROSS THE HALL KNOW THAT I AM IN REALITY SUPERDUPERMAN, FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET... KAPWEENG... WITH LI'L OL' X-RAY VISION!
ASSISTANT COPY BOY!
WESTBANK PIGLET

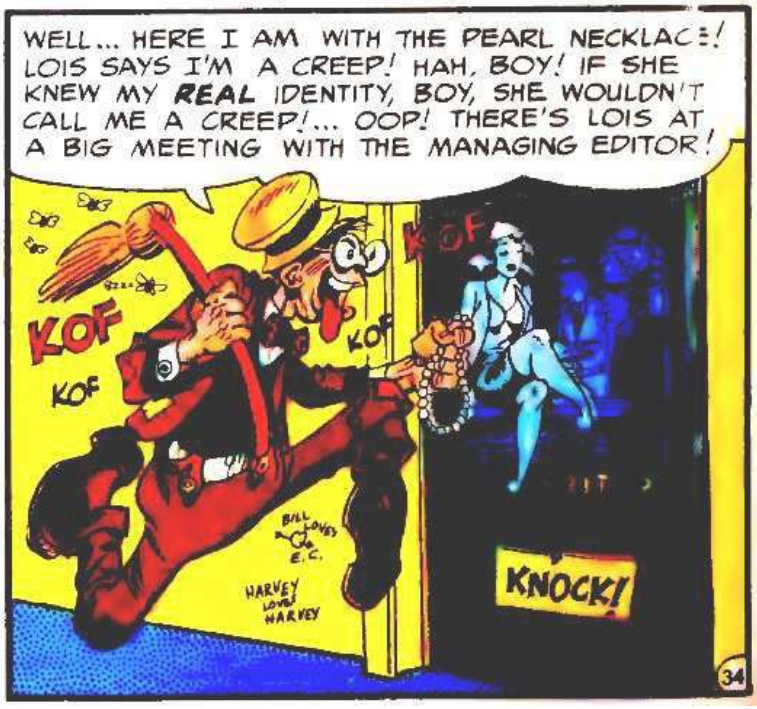
COMING, SIR! ON THE DOUBLE, SIR! CLARK BENT, ASSISTANT TO THE COPY BOY, ALL PRESENT AND ACCOUNTED FOR, SIR!
KOF
KOF
KOF

BLAST IT ALL, MAN! HOW MANY TIMES HAVE I TOLD YOU TO SALUTE WITH YOUR RIGHT HAND!
FLIK


SODDY, YOU MISERABLE OL' WRETCH! LOST MY TEMPER! COPY BOY WORK DOES THINGS TO A MAN!... COME ON! SNAP TO! COME ON, BOY!
JOHN J. MUNZELMEYER
SMEK SMEK! SMEK
KOF
KOF
KOF

I'LL TELL YOU WHY I CALLED YOU, OLD MAN! IT'S PAYROLL TIME! HERE ARE YOUR WEEK'S WAGES! SEVENTY-FIVE CENTS, AND A GOOD BUS TOKEN! SPEND IT WISELY! ... DISMISSED!
KOF
KOF
KOF
KOF GASP KOFF!

SEVENTY-FIVE WHOLE CENTS! AT LAST! AFTER SCRIMPING AND SAVING MY EARNINGS FOR 10 YEARS, I NOW HAVE A THOUSAND DOLLARS ... ENOUGH TO MAKE A DOWN PAYMENT ON THAT PEARL NECKLACE FOR LOIS PAIN, GIRL REPORTER!
IMPARTIAL EDITORIAL DEPT.
HELP WANTED
DIRT DEPT.
GOSSIP DEPT.
LIBEL LANE
KOF
KOF
KOF
KOF


WELL... HERE I AM WITH THE PEARL NECKLACE! LOIS SAYS I'M A CREEP! HAH, BOY! IF SHE KNEW MY REAL IDENTITY, BOY, SHE WOULDN'T CALL ME A CREEP!... OOP! THERE'S LOIS AT A BIG MEETING WITH THE MANAGING EDITOR!
KOF
KOF
KOF
BILL LOVES E.C.
HARVEY LOVES HARVEY
KNOCK!

LISTEN, GANG! A BIG STORY IS ABOUT TO BREAK! THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' HAS BEEN TERRORIZING COSMOPOLIS FOR MONTHS, AND THE POLICE ARE HELPLESS! THIS MORNING THE D.A. GOT A LETTER FROM THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER'!
W. TWITCHELL
TRASH
THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' HAS ANNOUNCED WHEN AND WHERE HE WILL STRIKE! THIS STORY IS HOT, BOY... HOT... HOT! I WANT YOU TO GO OUT THERE, GANG! I WANT YOU TO FIGHT, I WANT YOU TO DIE, FOR GOOD OL' DAILY DIRT, GANG! NOW GET THAT STORY, GANG!
PSST! LOIS!
WHATAYA WANT, YOU INCREDIBLY WRETCHED OL' CREEP!
PLEASE! PLEASE DON'T CHASE ME, PLEASE! I GOT A PRESENT FOR YOU! PLEASE!
PLEASE...
YAWN! ANOTHER PEARL NECKLACE! WAD DIT SET YOU BACK, CREEP?
PLEASE! PLEASE! I SPENT MY LIFE'S SAVINGS! PLEASE!
THANKS, CREEP! NOW GO AWAY, BOY! YOU BOTHER ME!
PLEASE! CAN I STAND HERE AND SMELL YOUR PERFUME FOR A MINUTE? PLEASE! PLEASE!
TWO SNIFFS IS ENOUGH! NOW GET OUT THE WAY, BOY! I'VE GOT TO GO AND GET A STORY ON THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' FOR GOOD OL' 'DAILY DIRT'!
PLEASE! PLEASE!
SPENCER THE CENSOR
PAIE
HEAR SUPER SNOOPER
WXYZ SPONSORED BY SUPER DUPER MUTUAL OF SUPERIOR
WAR IS PEACE
LOVE IS HATE
IF IT'S TRUE IT'S LIBEL
...CREEP!
KOF
35

HA, BOY! SHE SHOULD ONLY KNOW I'M MORE POWERFUL THAN A LOCOMOTIVE! CHUGA-CHUGACHUG!... HAH!
KOF
KOF
KOF
KOF
THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER', EH! THIS IS A JOB FOR SUPER-DUPERMAN!... I'LL JUST GO INTO THIS PHONE BOOTH...
BZZZ
...AND CHANGE INTO MY COSTUME...
EEK!
TELEPHONE
DRAT! FOOL PHONE BOOTH IS OCCUPIED! THIS ASSISTANT COPY BOY ROUTINE IS KILLING MY OL' X-RAY VISION!
OOO
EEEEE
TELEPHONE
HERE'S ANOTHER PHONE BOOTH! NOW, I'LL JUST TAKE OFF MY SHIRT... SWEATER... UNDERSHIRT... KNICKERS... T-SHIRT... VEST... SWIM TRUNKS... BRUSH MY TEETH ... WASH MY FEET... AND STAND REVEALED AS...
SUPERDUPERMAN!
BOINK!
BOINK!
BDOINK!
NOW... TO THE WINDOW... ON TO THE SILL... UP ...UP AND
AWAAAAAAAY
CRUNCH
CRASH!
CRUNCH

O.K., GANG! THERE'S THE SAFE THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER' SAID HE'S GOING TO ROB IN JUST FIVE MINUTES! I WANT YOU ALL TO STAY HERE AND GET THIS STORY WHILE I GO BACK AND WATCH THE NEWSPAPER OFFICE!
LOOK! UP THERE IN THE SKY!
IT'S A BIRD!
IT'S A PLANE!
IT'S A BIRD!
RELAX, BOYS! EVERYTHING IS GOING TO BE ALL RIGHT! SUPERDUPERMAN IS HYAR! YOU CAN ALL GO HOME NOW! YOU, TOO, LOIS HAH PAIN!
HEY! YOU! BILLY SPAFON, BOY REPORTER! DIDN'T YOU HEAR ME, BOY? YOU CAN GO HOME! AMSCRAY! AGITATE THE GRAVEL! HIT THE ROAD! STRIKE THE PAVEMENT!... GET IT?
SHAZOOM!
SHAZOOM? VAS IST DAS SHAZOOM?
STRENGTH
HEALTH
APTITUDE
ZEAL
OX, POWER OF
OX, POWER OF ANOTHER
MONEY!
ZIP!
PFUI!
ZZIT!
SNAP CRACKLE
POP!
WHAT HAPPENED TO BILLY SPAFON, BOY REPORTER?
HE HAS BEEN REPLACED BY ME, CAPTAIN MARBLES! I AM THE 'UNKNOWN MONSTER'!
YOU? CAPTAIN MARBLES? HAVE TURNED RENEGADE? TAKE THAT!
KLANK!
FOR RENT
PASTAFAZOOLA! I GAVE HIM A BLOW HARD ENOUGH TO SLAY A THOUSAND ELEPHANTS!
HO-HUM! DID YOU FEEL A BREEZE JUST THEN?... JUST REMEMBER, SUPER-DUPE OLD MAN, I AM AS INVINCIBLE AS THOU!
100% WOOL
37

WELL! LIVE AND LET LIVE, I ALWAYS SAY!... JUST DON'T PAY ANY ATTENTION TO ME, OL' MAN! ♪ LA-TE-TYA! ♫
LISTEN, SUPERDUPE! COME ON OFF YOUR HIGH HORSE!
LAA-TE-TEE ♫ I THINK I'LL LIFT THIS SAFE UP HERE... GOT TO KEEP IN SHAPE... ♪ LA DEEYOO ♫
TAKE A TIP FROM ME! I WAS LIKE YOU ONCE, KNOCKING MYSELF OUT TO FIGHT CRIME!
♫ LEELOO! JUST STAND RIGHT THERE... HUMM HUMM ♫ MY BUDDY ♫ MY BUDDY ♪...
HAH!
ONE DAY WHILE I WAS PUNCHING MY WAY THROUGH A MOUNTAIN...
BASH!
...PUNCHING MY WAY THROUGH THIS MOUNTAIN TO CAPTURE A GANG OF INTERNATIONAL JEWEL THIEVES! SUDDENLY IT HIT ME! WHY AM I PUNCHING MY WAY THROUGH THIS MOUNTAIN?
I GOT TALENT! NOT EVERYONE CAN PUNCH THEIR WAY THROUGH A MOUNTAIN! ESPECIALLY WITH THEIR HEAD!
♫ JUST KEEP STANDING RIGHT THERE... NO BUDDY QUITE SO TRO-O-O-O... ♪ ♫
...SO WHAT WAS I DOING PUNCHING MY WAY THROUGH A MOUNTAIN? DO I GET PAY?... TIME AND A HALF FOR OVER-TIME?... WHAT ABOUT EXPENSES FOR UNIFORMS... CLEANING AND PRESSING!... WHAT ABOUT BAND-AIDS?
VLA DA BALOWM!
...TO SAY NOTHING OF TAKING PEOPLE OUT TO LUNCHES! TO HECK WITH THIS CAPTAIN MARBLES GIMMICK! THE ONLY IMPORTANT THING IS THE GOOD OL' DO, RE, MI... LETTUCE... KALE... SHEKELS... GET IT? CASH!
IRON GINK
38

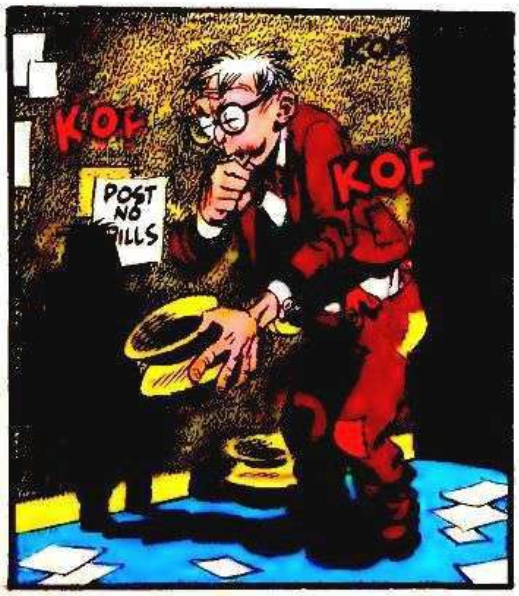
MARBLES! YOU'VE LOST YOUR MARBLES! ENOUGH OF YOUR DIRTY FIGHTING! LET'S HAVE THIS OUT THE CLEAN AMERICAN WAY! FISTICUFFS! AND NO HITTING BELOW THE BELT!
CMON
PUDDEM UP
CMON LET'S FIGHT
MFF! HMF!
MFF MFF!
CMON
CMON
HAVE AT YA
BOUND
BOUND
DUCK! WEAVE! PARRY! THRUST! HAH! GOOD TRY, OLD FELLOW!
KRUMF
CURB YOUR DO
NOW AN IMMELMAN TURN AND A LUF-BERRY CIRCLE...
...OOHOO, MARBLES! OVER HERE!
ZIP
KA-POW-WLENGGG
GOOD TRY, OLD MAN!
BOOM
ZIP
...NOW A WALTZ ...A MOMBO AND A HULA...
...OOHOO, MARBLES!
GOOD SHOT, OLD CHAP!
BA-ROOMPF!
THINK
CAPTAIN MARBLES HAS BEEN DESTROYED BY THE ONLY FORCE AS STRONG AS HE... HE!
HEE HEE HEE! WHEN HE SAID HE WAS KNOCKING HIMSELF OUT, HE DIDN'T KNOW THE HALF OF IT!
SUPERDUPER-MAN WINS AGAIN! KAPWEENG!
PRE SHRUNK
39

HOKAY, BOYS! THAT CARBON STEEL BLOCK WE'VE CAST CAPTAIN MARBLES IN OUGHT TO HOLD 'IM! NOW GET OUT THE WAY 'CAUSE I THINK I MIGHT LEAP A TALL BUILDING AT A SINGLE BOUND!

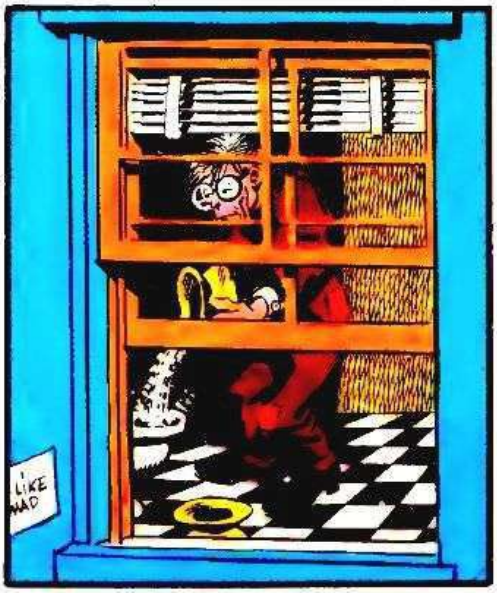
AND AS FOR YOU, HAH, LOIS PAIN, GIRL REPORTER... I JUST SO HAPPENS MY TRUE IDENTITY IS CLARK BENT... MAN ASSISTANT TO THE COPY BOY! WHATA BURNER ON YOU, HUH?

HAH! AND I SUPPOSEN'T NOW YOU'D GIVE YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR FOR ME TO SNIFF YOUR PERFUME I SUPPOSEN'T!
WHERE'ZAT OL' BOTTOM DOLLAR?
HANDS OFF!

UP IN THE FIGHTING NEWSPAPER OFFICE OF THE 'DAILY DIRT'.. GOING FROM SPITOON TO SPITOON...



...SHUFFLES AN INCREDIBLY WRETCHED AND MISERABLE LOOKING CREEP.. CLARK BENT, ASSISTANT COPY BOY..



WHO IS IN REALITY, SUPERDUPERMAN! SO WHAT DOES IT ALL PROVE? IT PROVES ONCE A CREEP, ALWAYS A CREEP

Photography by Irving "Sudsy" Schild

MAD's Great Moments In Advertising

THE DAY THEY SHOT THE "TEN-FOOT-TALL WASHING MACHINE" COMMERCIAL IN AN 8-FOOT HIGH BASEMENT

Photography by Irving Schild

If ever you're on the outskirts of Laredo,
Or any such town like that here in the West,
You'll see all the places we've planted young cowboys
Who died from those cigarette slugs in the chest!

Marble-Row Country

WE HANDLE EVERYTHING
from headstones to our famous "flip-top box"

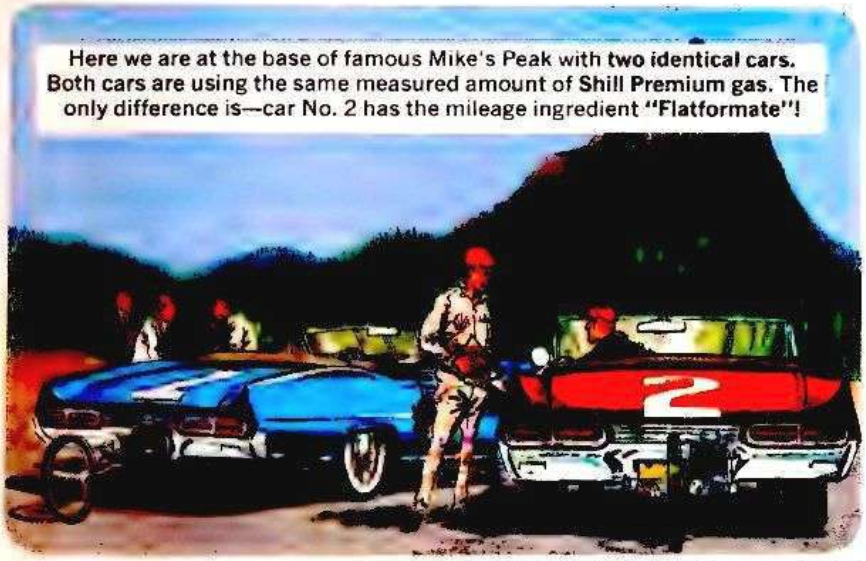
YOU GET A PLOT YOU LIKE

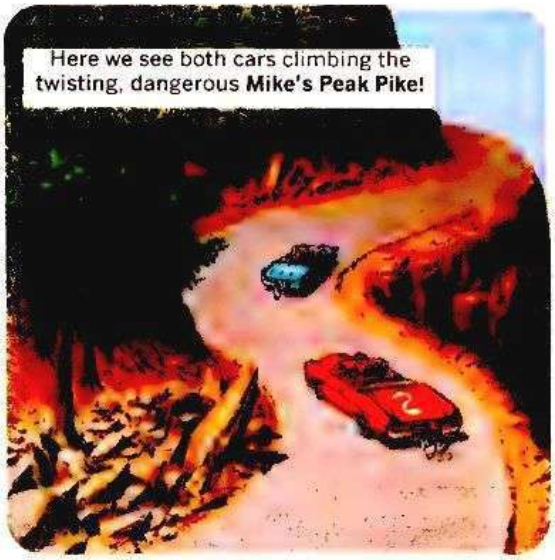
Marble-Row
FUNERAL DIRECTORS
"A Complete Burial Service"

Send for this free catalogue today!

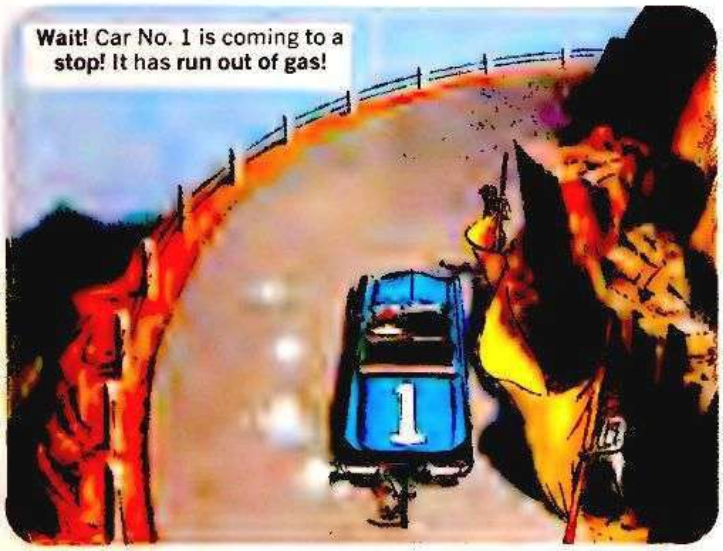
A TV AD WE'D LIKE TO SEE

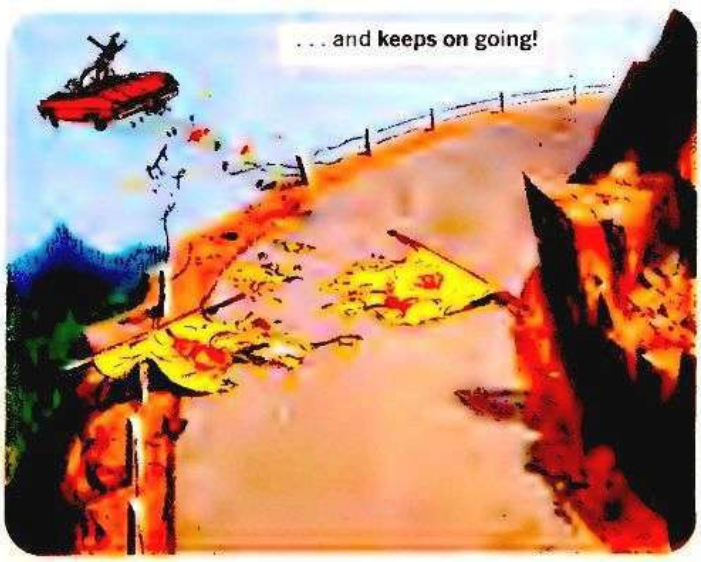
The Shill Gasoline Commercial


Here we are at the base of famous Mike's Peak with **two identical cars.** Both cars are using the same measured amount of **Shill Premium gas.** The only difference is—car No. 2 has the mileage ingredient **"Flatformate"!**
2



ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE





Make Beautiful Hair

BLECCH

THERE ARE THREE BLECCH SHAMPOOS FOR THREE DIFFERENT HAIR CONDITIONS

Are you a teenage boy with Beautiful Hair? Well no wonder the girls hardly notice you. Today, you've got to be a teenage boy with Blecch hair. Then the girls will scream with delight, roll on the floor and kick their feet when they see you. So why waste another minute? Shampoo your hair with Blecch tonight. Blecch comes in three special formulas:

• For dry hair—a special formula that takes neat crew-cut type hair and lays it down over your ears. • For oily hair —loosens up that slick-combing stuff so it spills down over your eyes. • For normal hair—gives it proper body so it mushrooms all over your head. Get the shampoo that's right for you, and make your hair "Blecch"! Yeah! Yeah! Yeah!

WHAT IS THE ONE THING MOST SCHOOL DROPOUTS ARE SURE TO BECOME?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Every year, a lot of kids drop out of school for one reason or another. What are a dropout's chances in the outside world? What will most of them become? To find out, fold in the page as shown.

A ▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

IT IS A KNOWN FACT THAT A SCHOOL DROPOUT CANNOT FIND A WELL-PAYING JOB WITH A FUTURE. ON THE CONTRARY, THE DROPOUT FACES STAYING FOREVER AT THE BOTTOM OF THE WAGE-SCALE LADDER

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A ▸ ◂ B

WHAT SORT OF MAN READS MAD?

SOPHISTICATED SOFT-SELL PHOTO BY LESTER KRAUSS

A young man with an open mind and a sharp sense of humor, the MAD reader has very little else to recommend him. He dresses atrociously, his tastes run to the ridiculous, and he's usually flat broke. If he does have any money, he spends it on idiotic things like the kookie car in the picture. (Incidentally, the young man beside the car isn't the MAD reader; the young man *underneath* the car is the MAD reader!) So actually, if you are an advertiser, it really wouldn't pay you to advertise in MAD. Facts: According to an obscure magazine survey, 97% of the 1,300,000 copies of MAD sold on newsstands each issue are purchased by clods. 87.3% of these clods have no visible means of support. And 79% wouldn't *believe* your advertising pitch anyway, because they've been thoroughly brainwashed by MAD articles and ad satires. So if you're looking for a magazine with a readership that seems to fall for the phony sophisticated soft sell, and has the money to do something about it, try PLAYBOY!

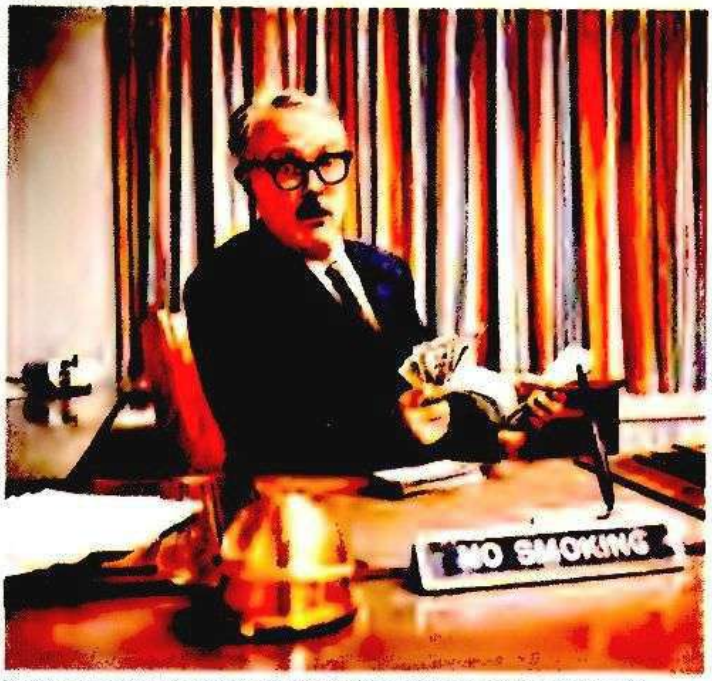
MAD ADVERTISING DEPARTMENT • Elevator Shaft #2 • 225 Lafayette Street, New York City , New York

LITHO IN U.S

Cigarette People:

They like their jobs, but none of them smoke. (They just want you to!)

Col. Kent "Lucky" Lark owns a Tobacco Plantation in Virginia



Winston Tareyton is President of a Tobacco Company in North Carolina

Paul Mall is a Cigarette Account Executive on Madison Avenue

Phil Morris is a Cigarette Wholesaler-Distributor in Illinois

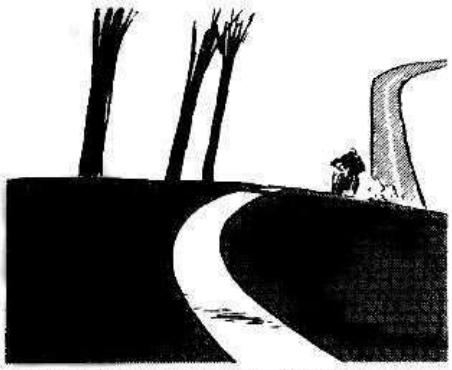
Photography by IRVING SCHILD

These people depend on cigarette-smoking for their livelihoods, and all those cancer reports haven't made their lives any easier. Although they've kicked the smoking habit themselves, they wouldn't dare tell you to try. They want you to keep doing as they say, not as they do. Then, they'll be satisfied!

CIGARETTE FINKS say "Smoke! Smoke—till you have no Chest to feel!"

SPECIAL ALFRED OF ARABIA ISSUE
MAD
IND
No. 86
April '64
OUR P
25
CHE
Norman Mingo

WHAT KIND O'TOOLE AM I? DEPT.



Here is MAD's version of the Academy Award-winning movie that opens with a wild motorcycle ride taken by one of the most mysterious and confusing personalities in world history . . .

This motorcycle rider had once been a rough-and-tumble soldier, despite the fact that he was well-educated, well-mannered, dressed immaculately, and spoke with perfect diction . . .

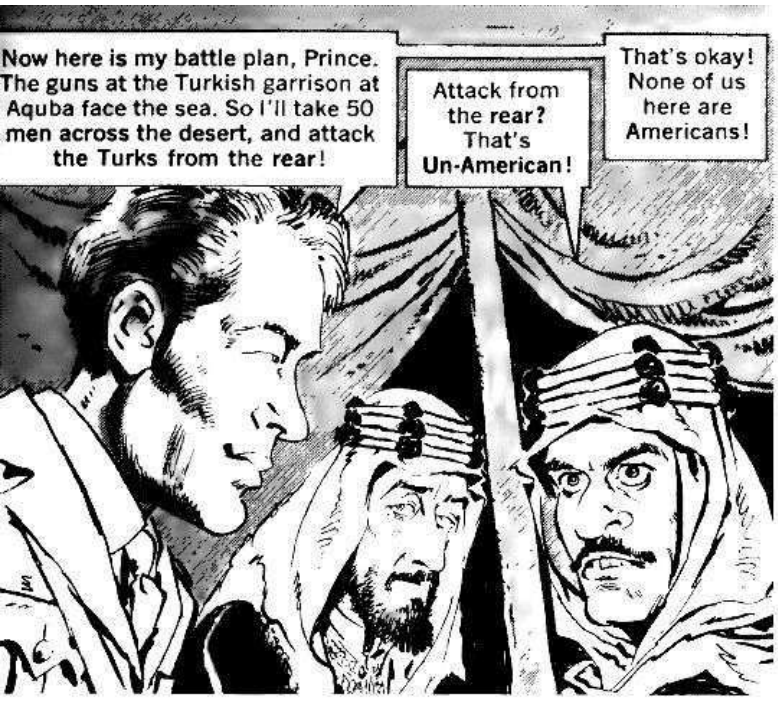
Ooops!—Wrong motorcycle rider! Hey, you guys up in the projection booth! That's Marlon Brando in the opening scene from "The Wild One!" That was a character we understood! Not like

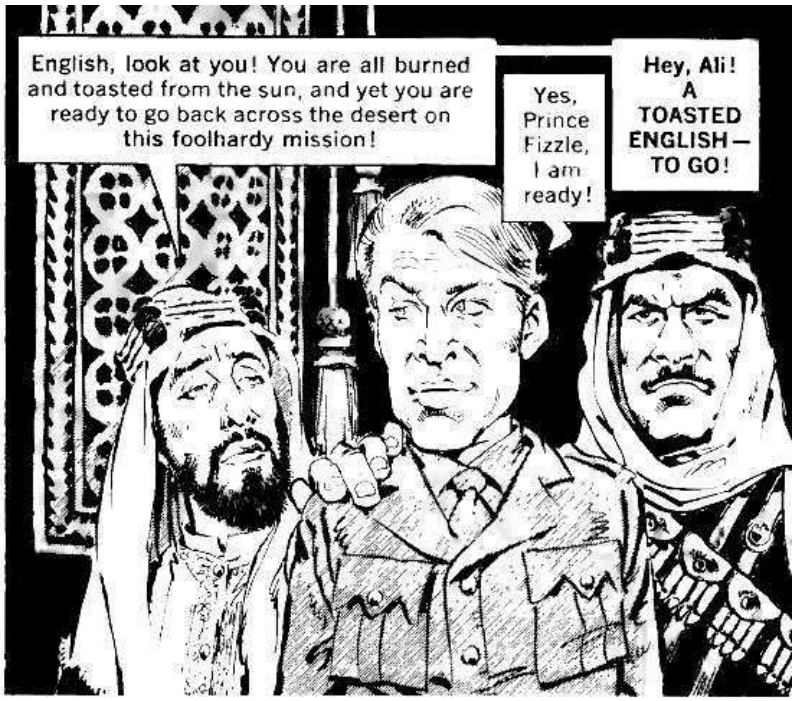
FLAWRENCE OF ARABIA

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

ve you heard? Flawrence of abia is dead! Tell me . . . what was he really like?
He was one of the greatest men in history!
He was a military genius!
He was beautiful, sweetie!
He led a charmed life! He was indestructible!
All right, already! So let's make with the flashbacks! Like to British H.Q.—Cairo, Egypt—1917!
He was a cad—a bounder—a fink!
He was a nut!
He was sick!
So how come he got killed in a motorcycle crash?
AND WHAT IS YOUR LAST NAME, MY DEAR? CHRISTINE---
DRUCKER

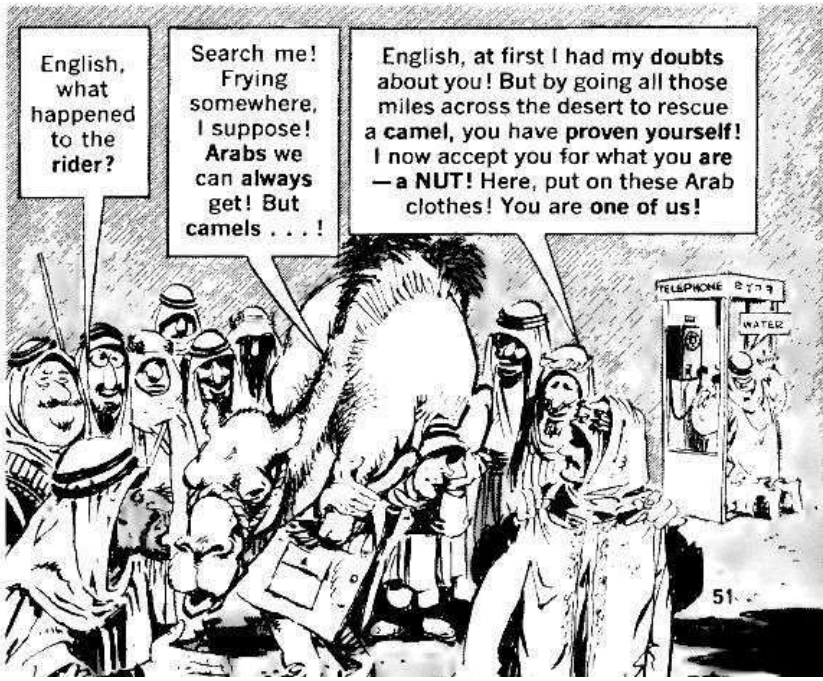
Lieutenant Flawrence, I understand you wish to go to Arabia to find Prince Fizzle and see how the Arab revolt against the Turks is going! I also understand that you are brilliant, stupid, gentle, vicious, humble, arrogant, compassionate, cold, happy, sad and farmisht!
I am also a bit **conceited**, sir!
He'll find Prince Fizzle, General! He's a genius, even though he's very confused!
There's something that bothers me, Drydune. The **real** Flawrence was 5'5" tall. This guy is over **6 feet**. The **real** Flawrence was ugly. This guy is handsome . . .
See, I told you he was confused!
Tell me, Lt. Flawrence! What do you think of all this breathtaking splendor?
Well, the **beach** is **great**, but it's a little **too far** to the **ocean**!
412 ULTRA-MODERN SPLIT-LEVEL HOMES
WILL BE ERECTED SHORTLY ON THIS CHOICE SITE
We Guarantee No Water In The Basement!
Arab G.I. Mortgages Available
Look! Turkish planes . . . attacking Prince Fizzle's troops!
I'll drive them off—but **without bloodshed**! I **hate** bloodshed! It's gruesome and gory and horrible! And I'll **slaughter** anybody who says different!
My people and I owe you a debt of gratitude, English. You are a military genius! How did you manage to drive off those planes?
Simple, Prince Fizzle! I told the pilots that there was a **huge ape** perched on the tower of the Empire State Building in New York! **No** World War I plane can **resist** a target like that!


Now here is my battle plan, Prince. The guns at the Turkish garrison at Aquba face the sea. So I'll take 50 men across the desert, and attack the Turks from the rear!
Attack from the rear? That's Un-American!
That's okay! None of us here are Americans!

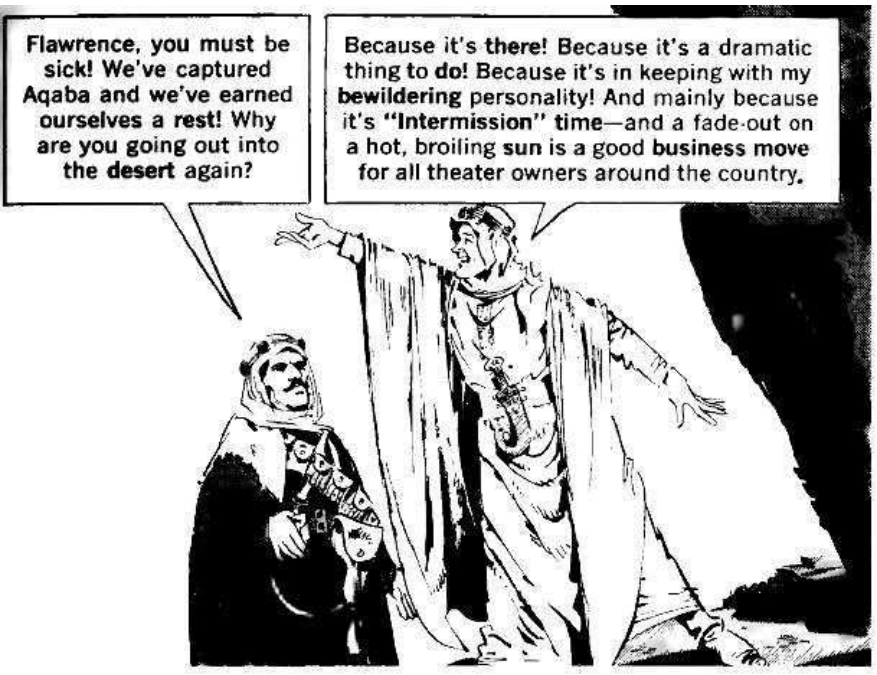

English, look at you! You are all burned and toasted from the sun, and yet you are ready to go back across the desert on this foolhardy mission!
Yes, Prince Fizzle, I am ready!
Hey, Ali! A TOASTED ENGLISH— TO GO!

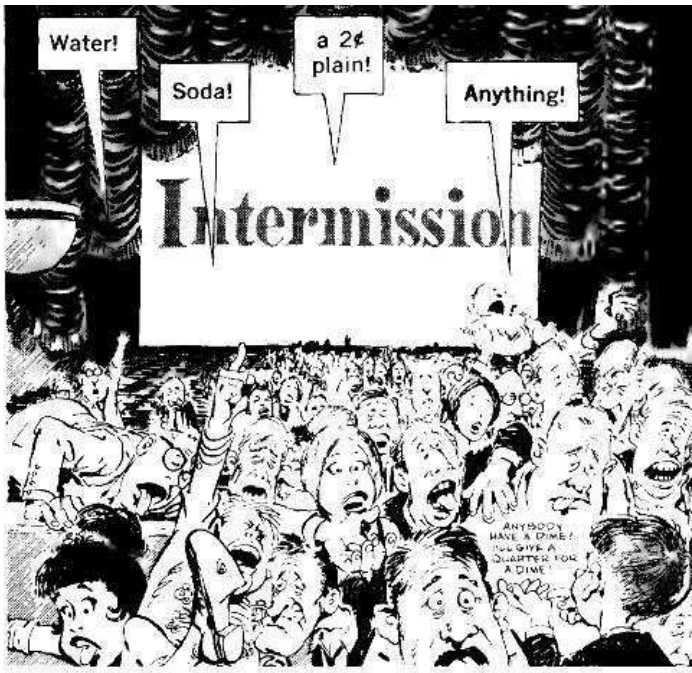
Ali-Oven, I love the desert and I love your people. I wonder what deep, mysterious excerpts from the Koran are falling from their lips.
Hot enough for you?
It's a real scorcher today!
I hear it's 114° in the shade!
Too bad there's no shade!
It's not the heat, it's the humidity!
The guy on the Late News predicted rain!
I hope he's wrong! I washed my camel before we left!
DIG WE MUST

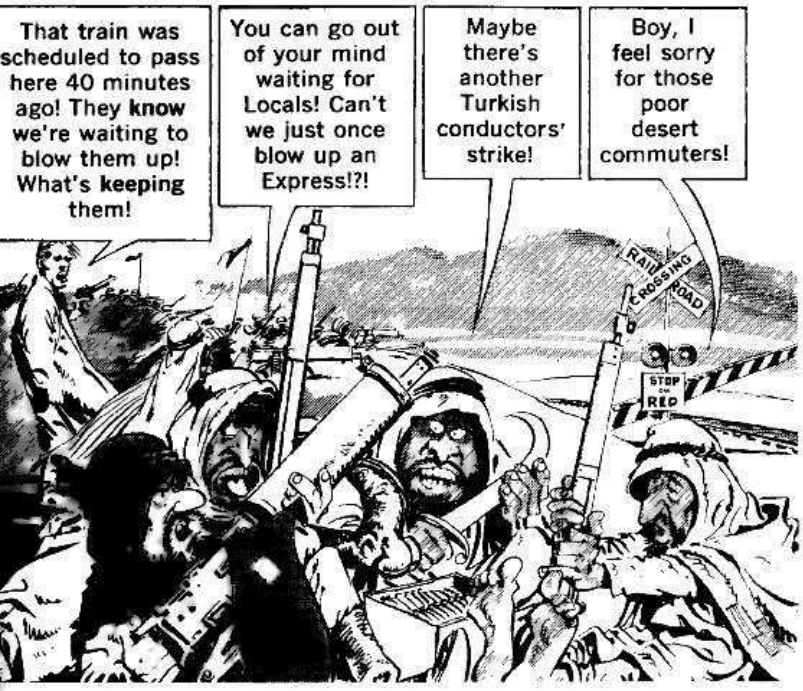
What happened to English?
One of our party disappeared 50 miles back, and English went to rescue him!
LOOK! HERE COMES ENGLISH NOW—CARRYING HIM ON HIS BACK!


English, what happened to the rider?
Search me! Frying somewhere, I suppose! Arabs we can always get! But camels . . . !
English, at first I had my doubts about you! But by going all those miles across the desert to rescue a camel, you have proven yourself! I now accept you for what you are —a NUT! Here, put on these Arab clothes! You are one of us!
TELEPHONE
WATER

I feel pretty . . .
Oh, so pretty . . .
I feel pretty, and witty and bright . . .*
Go ahead, Kahlil! Don't be bashful! Ask him to dance with you!
I don't know! I think he's a little too tall for me!
Listen, you're just going to dance with him! You're not going to marry him!
* ©MCMLVII by Leonard Bernstein and Stephen Sondheim
Everybody stop drinking, stop moving, stop breathing! I am Auda Bul! I own this oasis, most of this desert, and 8000 square miles of sky!
Auda Bul, I would like you and your people to join us in an attack on the Turkish garrison at Aqaba! We need all the patriots we can get!
I'll join you . . . for $106,000,000 in gold! I'm what's known as a greedy patriot! Besides, I need the money! I'm saving up for a nose job!
AQABA! AQABA!
DOWN WITH THE TURKS!
Say, Auda, how come the Turks are wearing gas masks? We're not using poison gas!
They wish we would! Actually, we have a weapon more deadly to the senses than poison gas! CAMELS!!
Ever smell a camel after a long trek across the desert?


Flawrence, you must be sick! We've captured Aqaba and we've earned ourselves a rest! Why are you going out into the desert again?
Because it's there! Because it's a dramatic thing to do! Because it's in keeping with my bewildering personality! And mainly because it's "Intermission" time—and a fade-out on a hot, broiling sun is a good business move for all theater owners around the country.


Water!
Soda!
a 2¢ plain!
Anything!
Intermission
ANYBODY HAVE A DIME? I'LL GIVE A QUARTER FOR A DIME!


That train was scheduled to pass here 40 minutes ago! They know we're waiting to blow them up! What's keeping them!
You can go out of your mind waiting for Locals! Can't we just once blow up an Express!?!
Maybe there's another Turkish conductors' strike!
Boy, I feel sorry for those poor desert commuters!
RAIL ROAD CROSSING
STOP ON RED

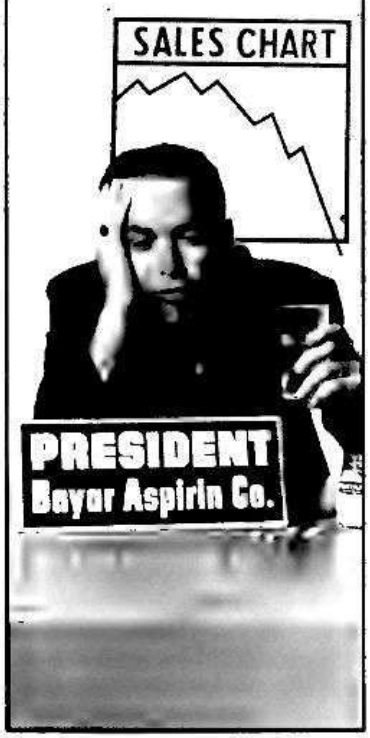
Charge, men! But try to avoid bloodshed! I mean, kill them . . . but don't hurt them! I mean nothing messy! INTERNAL INJURIES ONLY! INTERNAL INJURIES ONLY!!
Oooh, have I got problems!

Flawrence, I'm a newspaper man from the States. I wonder if you'd answer a question for me: Why do you like the desert?
Because it's clean!

Hoo-boy! Again with the dancing!
Who does he think he is—Fred Astaire?
No—Ginger Rogers!!

Men! The Turkish Army is finished! Now, on to Damascus! You'll form an Arab Peace Council, and I'll open an Arthur Murray Studio!
What's going on here?
This is an Arab Peace Council!
I'd hate to see them at war!
Why are the camels walking out?
They can't stand the smell!
So this is how the Arabs settle problems in 1918?
I got news for you This is how they'l settle them in 196
LOUDER
REMEMBER SEPARATE CHECKS!
General Allenbuzz, I want to leave the desert forever! I'm all mixed up! I mean, I know I'm great—but I think I'm a fraud! I like killing—but then again I hate it! I'm a show-off—but I'm really shy! What should I do?
I don't know! Try sending a letter to "Dear Abu" in the Arab Gazette!
. . . and that's the whole story, Doctor! As you can see, I'm very confused!
Flawrence, you've been under a tremendou strain. Forget war and fighting and blood- shed and fancy costumes and dancing! If yo really like this country, if you're fond of Arabs, why don't you find yourself a nice Egyptian girl and settle down?
This is the nice Egyptian girl he decided to settle down with?
Tell me, Doctor! Don't you sort of get the feeling his troubles are only beginning?

"I take Bayar because competition from other aspirins is giving me that anxious feeling of **NAUSEA!"**



"I take Bayar because aggravation from my client is giving me that gut-ripping feeling of **ULCERS!"**

"I take Bayar because the decline in value of my stock is giving me that panicky feeling of **HYSTERIA!"**

"I *don't* take Bayar because I get plain just-as-good aspirin much cheaper, which gives me a feeling of **THRIFT!"**

BAYAR
NEEDS FAST RELIEF!

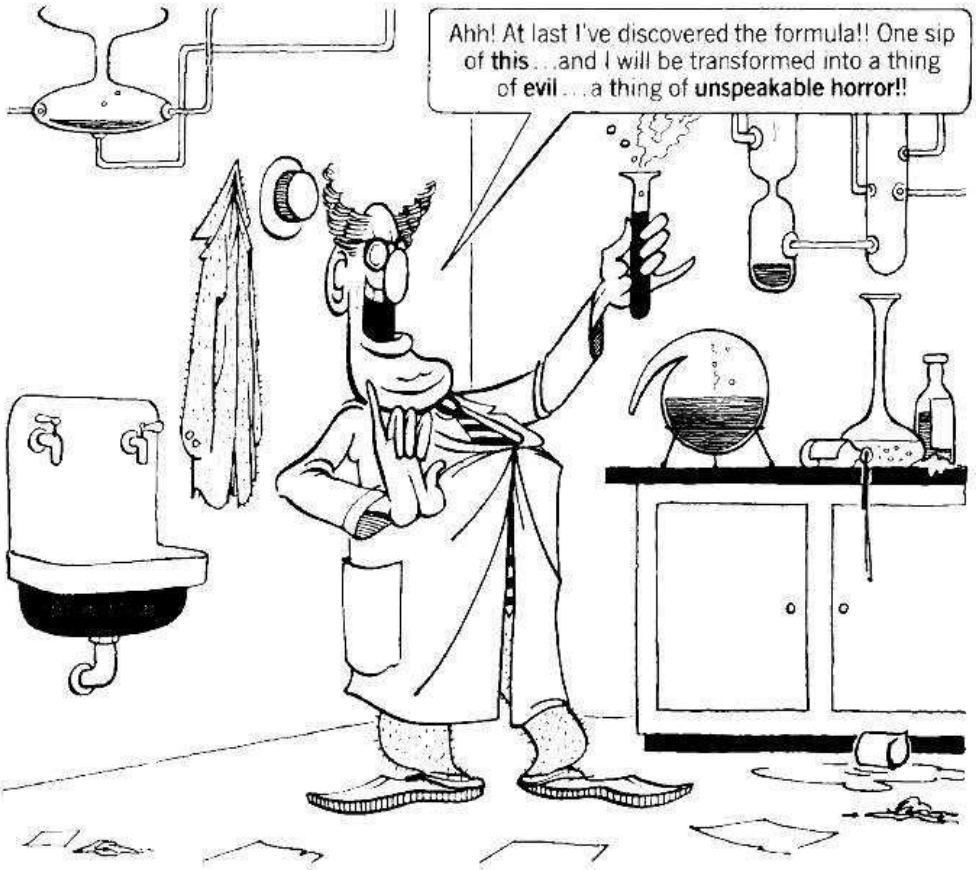
...disastrous rumors about all aspirins being alike is causing company GREAT CONCERN

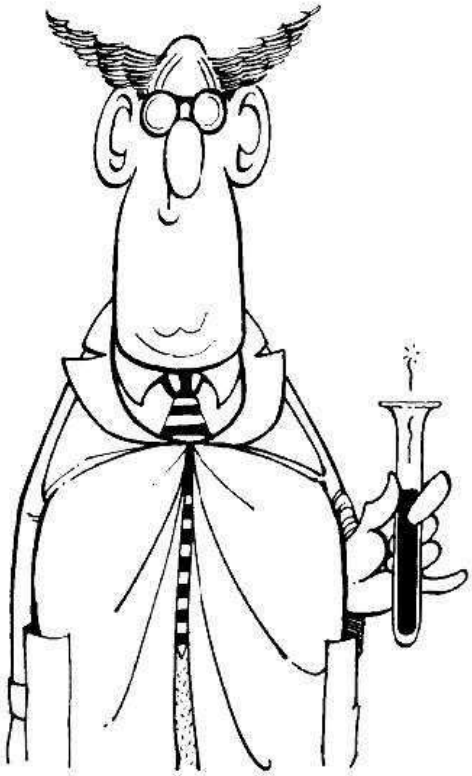
Men who know medicine recommend aspirin. The trouble is, they *never* recommend *Bayar* by name – despite the billions of free samples we send them . . . because aspirin is aspirin, darn it!

YOU CAN'T imagine how sick the Bayar people are about this vicious rumor. How can anyone be stupid enough to think all aspirins are alike? Just look at all the extras Bayar gives! Can other aspirins match these? Do they have cute little tin boxes? *No!* Can their names be spelled horizontally and vertically, meeting in the middle on each pill? *No!* Do they have lovely ads showing the human body with clever glass guts? *No!* All they give is plain, gov't-approved aspirin, the same as we give! Now think it over: isn't it worth paying four or five times more for all our wonderful extras? - - *No?!*

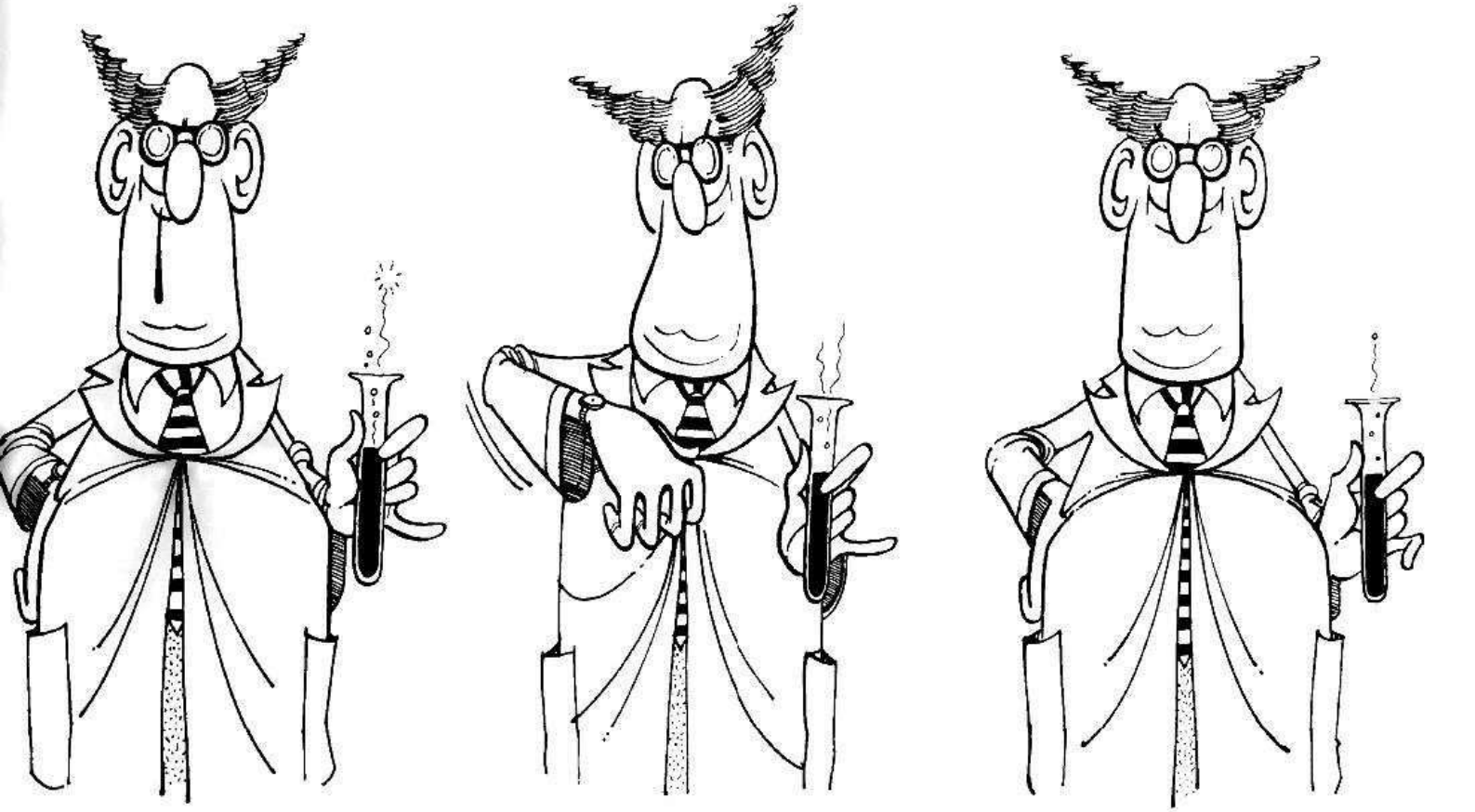
When Don Martin is mixing the drinks, you can rest assured that the results will be "Bottoms Up!" . . . especially when he tries to duplicate the experiments of his idols:

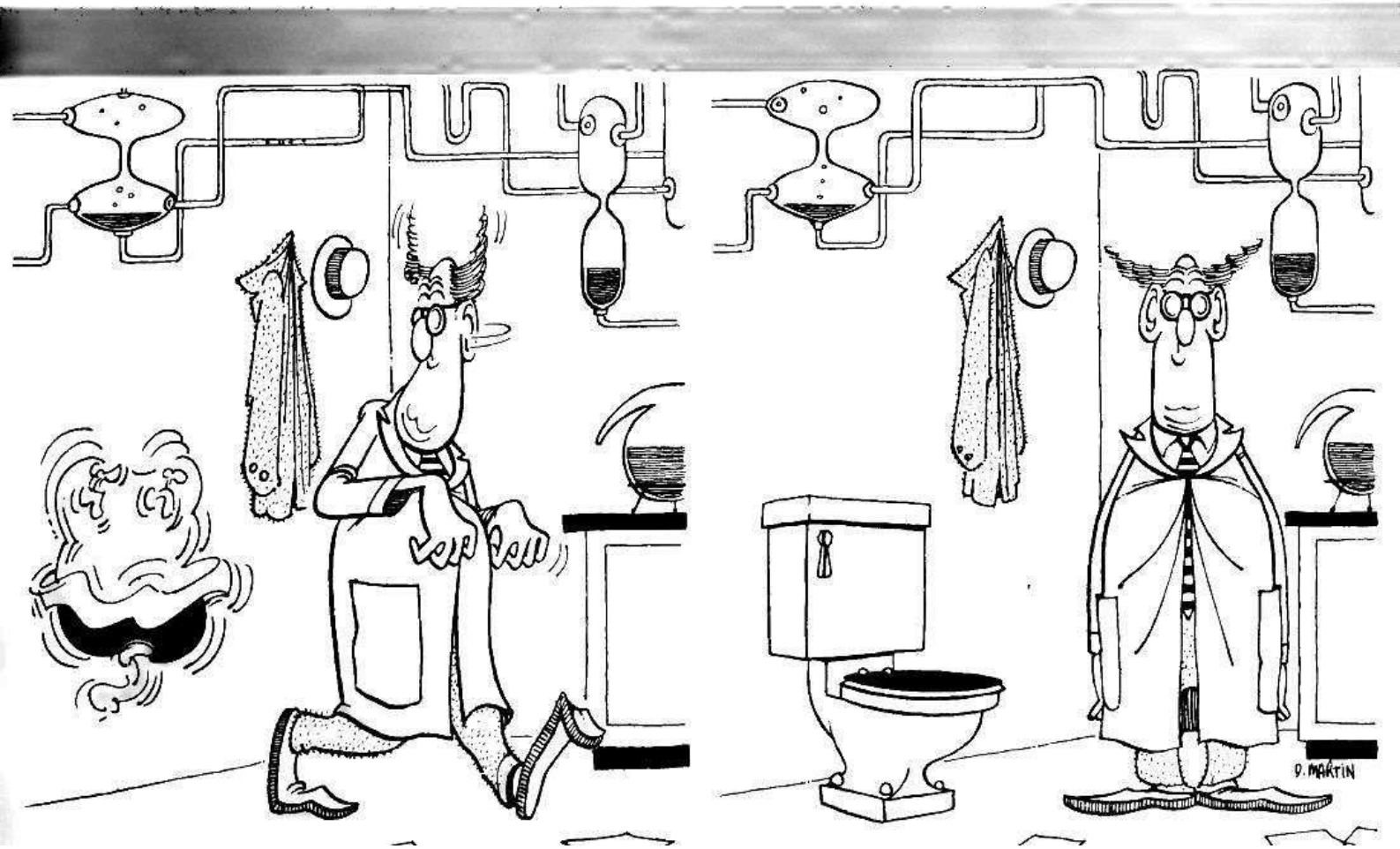
DR. JEKYLL


Ahh! At last I've discovered the formula!! One sip of this . . . and I will be transformed into a thing of evil . . . a thing of unspeakable horror!!



AND MR. HYDE





LIGHTS, CAMERA, AUCTION DEPT.

Recently, we read that 20th Century Fox, in order to recoup some of the huge expenses incurred by Marlon Brando while making "Mutiny on the Bounty", has offered to sell the "Bounty"—which was constructed especially for the movie.

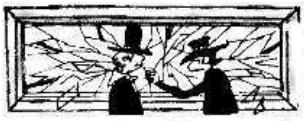
HOLLYWOOD S

BARTENDERS! GO INTO BUSINESS FOR YOURSELF WITH THIS

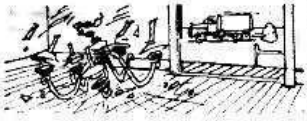
Authentic Western Saloon!

INCLUDING THESE EXCITING FEATURES:

- ***A Handsome 40-Foot Bar Mirror*** that shatters into a million pieces the minute somebody starts a fight

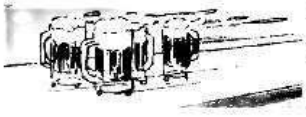


- ***A 350-lb Wrought-Iron Chandelier*** that crashes to the floor at the sound of gunfire—or even backfire



- ***A Rinky-Tink Player Piano*** that stops playing the minute anyone over 5'-7" opens the swinging doors

- ***A Complete Set of Beer Glasses*** that slide the length of the bar



- ***A Complete Set of Beer Drinkers*** that slide the length of the bar

REAR OF SALOON CONTAINS MANY ALCOVES AND CORNERS SUITABLE FOR CUSTOMERS TO BACK UP SLOWLY INTO!

COMES WITH MANY EXTRAS—THREE, TO BE EXACT:
Sol, Irving and Tex! They haven't worked since "The Alamo"!

If you're handy with tools, this surplus Western Saloon can be turned into a profitable business with just a little work. For example: You can't lean against the balcony or it will collapse, and you'll fall through it onto a large round table which will also collapse, and you'll fall through that too!

COMPLETE FOR ONLY **$20,000.00**

WRITE: DEPT. BUSHWHACKED
HORSE-OPERA PICTURES, INC.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

PET LOVERS!

2,152 SPECIALLY-TRAINED

CATS

These cats were specially-trained to knock over garbage can lids, ash trays, etc., — then freeze in the searchlight beam—at the sound of approaching low voices speaking in German or Japanese.

ONLY $10 EACH

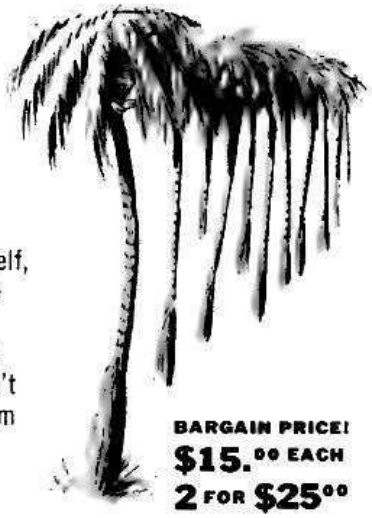
CLOSE CALL WAR PROPS, INC., Hollywood, Calif.

FOR IMMEDIATE SALE!

2000 PALM TREES

Simulate Florida or California in your backyard all-year-round!
BUY SEVERAL PALM TREES TODAY!

Only one drawback! You'll have to come out here and get them yourself, as each one has a Jap sniper in it! We just can't convince 'em that the picture is over!!



BARGAIN PRICE!
$15.00 EACH
2 FOR $25.00

BANZAI FEATURES, INC.
Hollywood, California

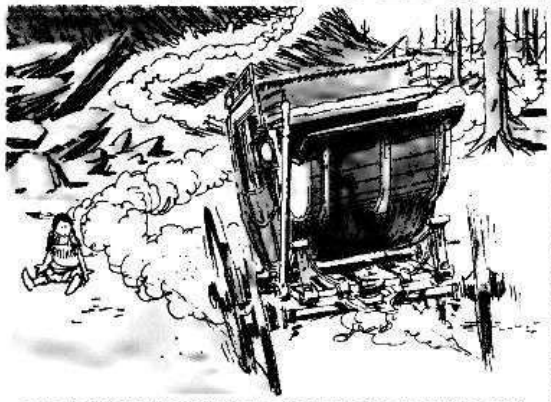
Maybe they should've offered to sell Marlon Brando instead. Anyway, the idea of selling old movie props to offset modern production costs could catch on – and then we'd be seeing ads like these in our newspapers, announcing another

URPLUS SALE

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: EARLE DOUD

FOOL YOUR FRIENDS! DRIVE THIS...

AMAZING HORSELESS STAGECOACH

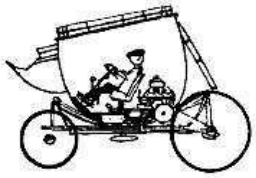


THE ORIGINAL "RUNAWAY STAGE" OF OVER 150 WESTERNS

Careens crazily down roads and trails at breakneck speed, yet always manages to miss those rocks and trees in its path. Drive one around your home town.

Cutaway drawing at right shows location of engine, brakes and steering wheel inside. Pretty neat, hah?

Coach needs work, though. The left rear wheel keeps falling off at high speed.



YOURS FOR ONLY $595

SHOOT'EM'UP FILMS, INC., HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

ART LOVERS!

PUT A PORTRAIT OVER YOUR MANTEL!

Choose from this assortment of over 200 portraits used in famous horror movies!

Unfortunately, each one has the eyes cut out of it!

ONLY $50.00 EACH

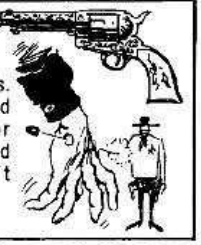
HAUNTED HOUSE PRODUCTIONS, HOLLYWOOD, CAL.

GUNS! GUNS! GUNS!

NOW YOU CAN OWN ONE OR MORE OF THESE UNIQUE MOVIE GUNS!

HERO'S GUN

Shoots only hands. Even when pointed at head, neck or stomach and fired – will still hit only the hand.



VILLAIN'S GUN

Cannot kill anybody! Just point it at person two feet away– it will miss!

DETECTIVE'S GUN

Absolutely harmless. Only shoots locks and knobs off doors.

INDIAN WAR HERO RIFLE

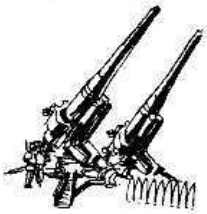
Absolutely fabulous. Each bullet kills five Indians at same time.

EARLY PIONEER WOMAN'S RIFLE

When pointed up in the air and fired with eyes closed, will kill Indian on fast horse 500 yds. away

GUNS OF NAVARONE

Only two available! Perfect for person who now owns two 400-ft. holsters!

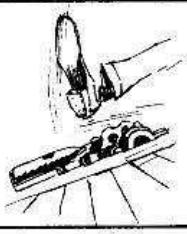


CLICK GUN

Made of rubber. Will not fire. Just clicks 3 times – then is used to throw at hero. Will not injure.

KICK GUN

Will not fire. Flat on one side. Perfect for kicking back and forth across floor during fights!



ONLY $18.00 EACH

EXTRA BONUS! With each order, we'll send absolutely free a genuine Police Dept. Gun. Not a Hollywood fabrication, but an actual gun like the one used by most city Police Departments. Only shoots innocent bystanders.

Murderous Props, Inc. Hollywood, California

YACHTING ENTHUSIASTS!

OWN YOUR OWN

HOLLYWOOD SUBMARINE

We have a limited number of submarines that do nothing but sit on the ocean bottom. Each has 4 torpedo tubes through which you can fire garbage, old clothes and pieces of wood. These subs are also capable of releasing oil.

FOOL YOUR FRIENDS WHO OWN SUB-CHASERS!

NAVY PRODUCTIONS, INC.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

$14,000 EACH

ATTENTION—HORTICULTURISTS!

HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO OWN ONE OF THESE AMAZING

INSTANT SEASON PLANTS

SPRING ***SUMMER*** ***FALL*** ***WINTER***

You've seen them in the movies. Now you can have one for your very own. Changes seasons instantly. Wilts and blooms . . . wilts and blooms . . . 200 times a day.

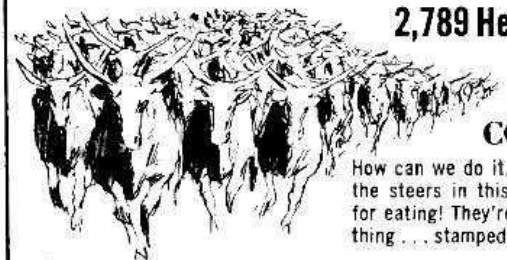
WE ALSO HAVE A LIMITED NUMBER OF FORESTS AND LAWNS THAT DO IT TOO.

$8.95 PER PLANT

OUTSIDE-THE-WINDOW PROPS, INC., HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

FOR SALE—CHEAP!

ENTIRE STEER HERD



2,789 Head of Cattle

ONLY $57.95 COMPLETE

How can we do it, you ask? Because the steers in this herd are no good for eating! They're only good for one thing . . . stampeding through towns!

SAGEBRUSH SAGAS, INC., HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

MAGIC ASH TRAYS

$10.00

Now you can have one of those very same ash trays you've seen in the movies — in Board of Directors' meetings—hospital waiting rooms—card games—etc.

PLACE EMPTY ASH TRAY ON TABLE . . . TURN AWAY FOR 5 SECONDS . . . THEN TURN BACK! PRESTO! ASH TRAY NOW CONTAINS 400 CIGARETTE BUTTS!

AMAZE YOUR FRIENDS — CUT DOWN ON SMOKING!

Hours Later Props, Inc., Hollywood, California

BOYFRIEND OVERSEAS?
LOVER FAR, FAR AWAY?

SEE HIM AND TALK TO HIM AGAIN WITH A

HOLLYWOOD LILY POND

$39.95 PER POOL

Send for a genuine Hollywood Lily Pond today! When it arrives, put it out in your backyard! Then, kneel down beside it and brush lily pads away. Notice your reflection. Now notice that your loved-one's reflection has appeared over your right shoulder. Talk to him . . . but only about things in the past. Now, drop a stone in the water, and watch ripples make him disappear.

IMAGES FROM THE PAST PROPS, INC.
HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Also available: Hollywood Mirrors

OPERATING TABLES

During electrical storms, these tables rise slowly to the ceiling. Perfect for hospitals with leaky roofs.

FREE EXTRA SPECIAL BONUS . . . with each order. Complete apparatus for monster-making. Construct your own Ben Casey!

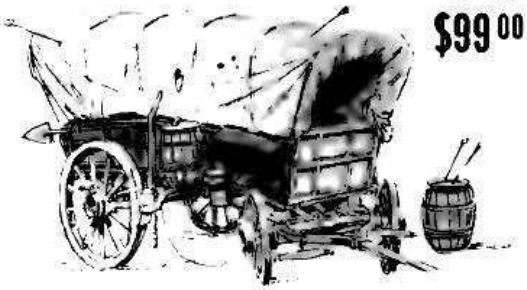
$189.00

(Without extra free bonus—$289.00)

FRANKENSTEIN FILMS, INC.
TRANSYLVANIA, CALIFORNIA

OWN YOUR OWN COVERED WAGON

$99.00



Now . . . for the first time . . . you can buy one of these 47 Authentic Western Covered Wagons that have withstood over 3,000 Hollywood Indian Raids. There is just one little thing wrong with each, however: These wagons are all curved slightly so they can only ride in a circle.

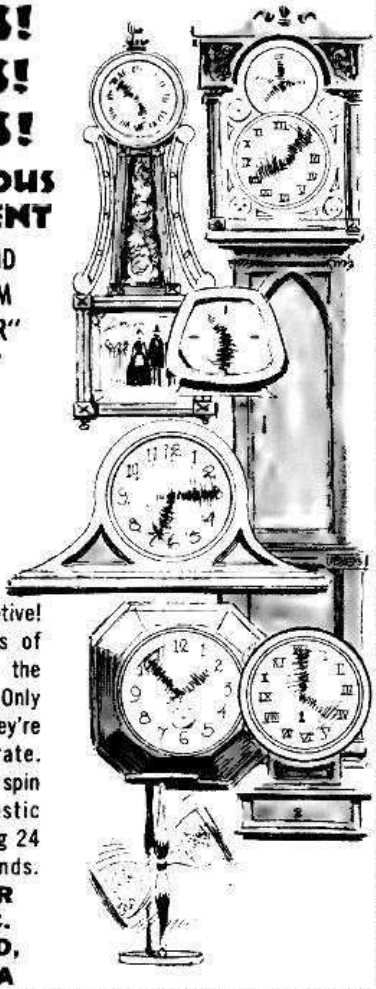
THE PERFECT GIFT FOR SOMEONE WHO PLANS TO RIDE AROUND THE BLOCK (OR LIVES ON COLUMBUS CIRCLE IN N. Y. C.)

OATBURNER EPICS, INC. HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.

CLOCKS! CLOCKS! CLOCKS!

TREMENDOUS ASSORTMENT

ALL MAKES AND MODELS—FROM "GRANDFATHER" TO "ALARM"



ONLY $5.95 EACH

Handsome—Decorative! Used in hundreds of movies to denote the passage of time. Only one drawback. They're not terribly accurate. In fact, the hands spin around at a fantastic speed, registering 24 hours in 10 seconds.

DAYS LATER PROPS, INC. HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

FOR SALE—CHEAP! SLEAZY HOTEL

78 ROOMS...

EACH WITH AN IRRITATING FLASHING NEON SIGN OUTSIDE THE WINDOW!

$9,000.00

Hideout Locations, Incorporated, Hollywood, California

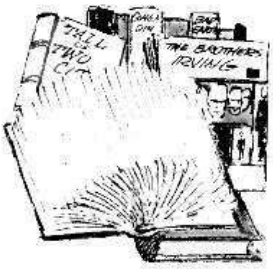
BOOK LOVERS

COMPLETE YOUR LIBRARIES WITH COPIES OF THESE

VALUABLE BEST-SELLERS

WITH AN EXTRA SPECIAL BUILT-IN FEATURE:

THEY TURN THEIR OWN PAGES!



All you have to do is sit there and read 'em! But read fast—the pages turn pretty quick!

Authentic Adaptation Props. Inc., Hollywood, California

EXCITING WALL CALENDARS

Available in every year from 1620 to the present

ONLY $1.00 EACH

Handsome! Decorative! Used in hundreds of movies to denote the passage of time. Only one drawback. When you hang them on your wall, the dates fall off in rapid succession—one at a time!

YEARS LATER PROPS, INC. HOLLYWOOD, CALIFORNIA

Horseback Riding Enthusiasts

Love to ride—but have a small yard? Order one of these beautiful palomino

Indian Battle Horses

Now, you can ride around your small property to your heart's content—because these specially-bred horses fall down every 5 or 6 feet.

Only 100.00 Each!

KANYON-KWICKIE STUDIOS; Hollywood, California

OWN YOUR OWN AIRPLANE!

Only $19,000.00!

We have several models available: Bombers, Transports, Private Jobs. The only trouble is, these planes only fly in storms! And they can't fly forward, only up and down!

HIGH-AND-MIGHTY-BAD EPICS, Culver City, Calif.

SPOOKING FROM PICTURES DEPT.

The idiots who invented "MAD Beastlies" have come up with a brand new game. Here's how it works: Take any familiar phrase or colloquial expression, give it an eerie setting so you come up with a new-type monster, and you're playing it. Mainly, you're . . .

HORRIFYING CLICHÉS

ARTIST: PAUL COKER JR. WRITER: PHIL HAHN

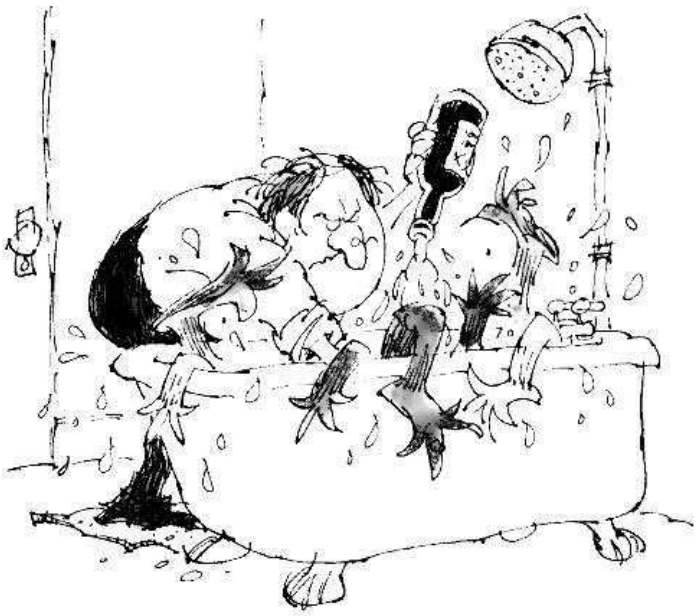
Drumming Up A Little SCHOOL SPIRIT

Delivering A VEILED THREAT

Seized By An UNCONTROLLABLE DESIRE

Burying A GRUDGE

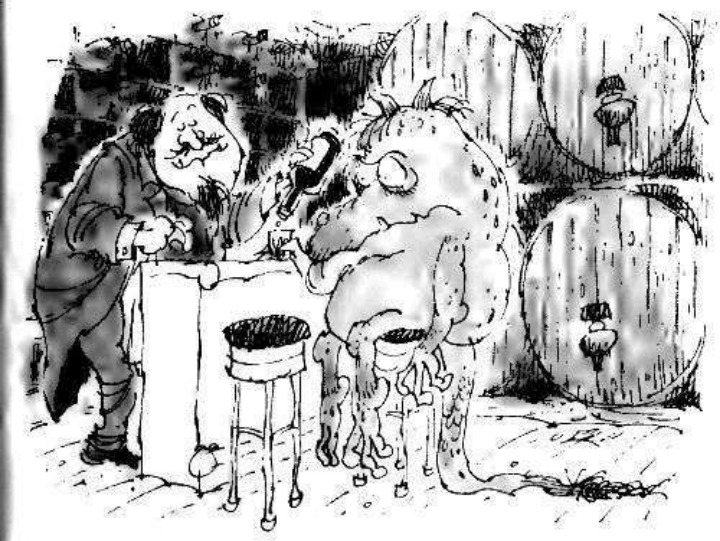
Pulling A BONER



Drowning His SORROWS

Escaping The DOLDRUMS

Letting Out An INSANE CACKLE



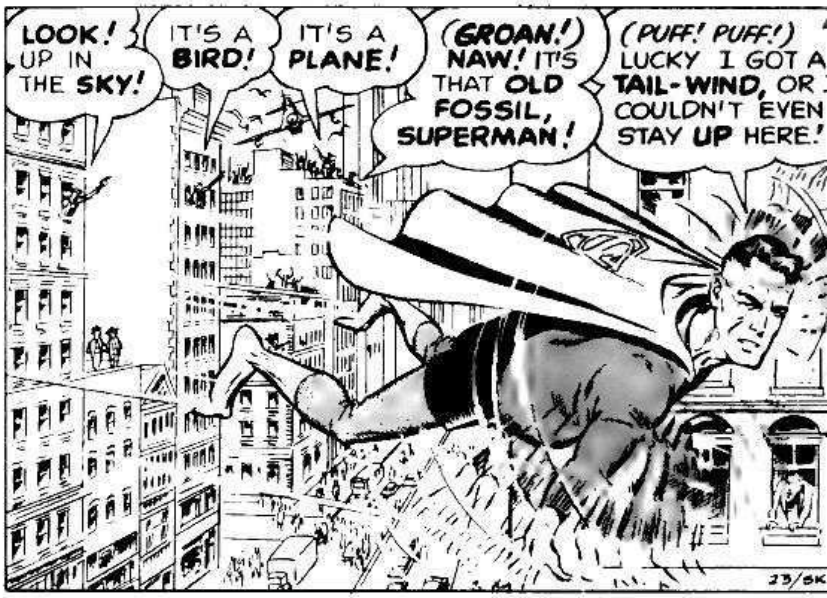
Scotching An UGLY RUMOR

Getting A Case Of The SCREAMING MEEMIES

THE YELLOWED KIDS DEPT.

Everybody gets old! Everybody, that is, except most comic strip characters! These jokers have the uncanny ability to remain the same dull age year after year, getting into the same dull situations. So MAD's gonna break the monotony . . . bearing in mind that if these comic strip characters were to age, one good aspect would be that they'd soon die off and we wouldn't have to suffer through them any more. Anyway, let's take away their fountains of youth, and see what the future would be like . . .

SUPERMAN


LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!
IT'S A BIRD!
IT'S A PLANE!
(GROAN!) NAW! IT'S THAT OLD FOSSIL, SUPERMAN!
(PUFF! PUFF!) LUCKY I GOT A TAIL-WIND, OR I COULDN'T EVEN STAY UP HERE!

IF

DICK TRACY

HEY, TRACY! WE'RE HOLDING UP THE BANK ON MARKET STREET IN 5 MINUTES. WE'RE USING WOODEN GUNS, WE AIN'T WEARING MASKS, AND WE'VE GOT NO GETAWAY CAR... WE'RE WALKIN'! TRY AN' CATCH US, METHUSELAH! HAH!
19/09

TRACY, WHEN ARE YOU GOING TO RETIRE SO WE CAN END THIS CRIME WAVE? SAM KETCHAM'S YOUNGER THAN YOU, AND HE RETIRED THIRTY YEARS AGO!
DON'T WORRY, CHIEF! JUST HAND ME MY CANE!
WHAT FOR?
CHIEF
SO I CAN REACH M GLASSES SO I CAN LOCATE MY HEAR ING AID SO I CAN TUNE IN MY WRIST RADIO, AND FIND OUT WHO STOLE MY BADGE

COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS WERE AS OLD AS THEIR STRIPS

POPEYE

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: EARLE DOUD

SUPERMAN! THANK HEAVENS YOU'VE COME! EDITOR PERRY WHITE IS IN TROUBLE! LOOK THROUGH THAT WALL WITH YOUR X-RAY VISION, AND SEE IF HE'S ALL RIGHT!
WHAT WALL?
HOLD IT, SUPERMAN, OR I'LL SHOOT!

YOU CAN'T HURT SUPERMAN! BULLETS BOUNCE OFF HIS CHEST!
WHAT CHEST?
ALL RIGHT! SO HE'LL CATCH THEM IN HIS TEETH AND SPIT THEM RIGHT BACK AT YOU!

HAH! THE BULLETS WENT RIGHT THROUGH HIM! YOU SAID HE'D CATCH THEM IN HIS TEETH!
SUPERMAN, WHY DIDN'T YOU CATCH THE BULLETS IN YOUR TEETH?
WHAT TEETH?

THIS WILL PROVE I'M AS GOOD AS I EVER WAS! WATCH ME HIT THAT TARGET!
YOU IDIOT! THAT'S ME YOU'RE AIMING AT! THAT SETTLES IT!
TARGET
CHESTER GOULD

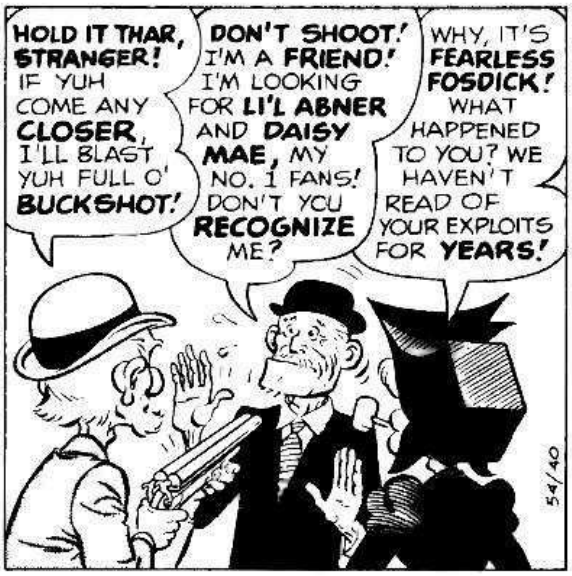
SORRY, TRACY! YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE! NOW I'M BRINGING IN WHAT THIS DEPARTMENT REALLY NEEDS! YOUNG BLOOD!
JUNIOR!?!?

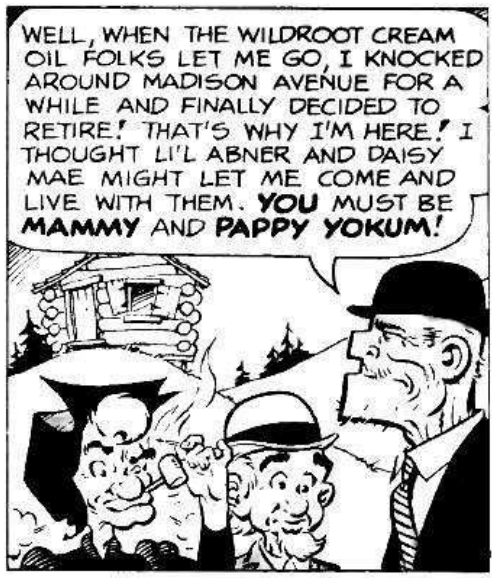
AVAST, YE LUBBER! TAKE THAT!!
BLOW ME DOWN! OR BETTER STILL--PICK ME UP!
THANKS, SWEE'PEA!
I DON'T MIND HANDING YOU YOUR GERITOL, POPEYE, BUT MUST I CONTINUE TO CRAWL AROUND LIKE THIS? IT WAS A REAL DRAG AT THE SENIOR PROM LAST WEEK!

I SEZ IT'S A DRAW! (PUFF! PUFF!)
AND I SEZ IT'S A DRAW! (PUFF! PUFF!) LET'S BOTH GIVE OUR FLOWERS TO OLIVE TOGETHER!
BUD DOPPELAG

I WILL GLADLY PAY YOU TUESDAY FOR A MUSHBURGER TODAY!
I PLANT MY FLOWERS FIRST!
AND I SEZ I PLANT MY FLOWERS FIRST!
MICKEY BITSKO
OLIVE OYL 1892-1982

LI'L ABNER


HOLD IT THAR, STRANGER! IF YUH COME ANY CLOSER, I'LL BLAST YUH FULL O' BUCKSHOT!
DON'T SHOOT! I'M A FRIEND! I'M LOOKING FOR LI'L ABNER AND DAISY MAE, MY NO. 1 FANS! DON'T YOU RECOGNIZE ME?
WHY, IT'S FEARLESS FOSDICK! WHAT HAPPENED TO YOU? WE HAVEN'T READ OF YOUR EXPLOITS FOR YEARS!
54/40


WELL, WHEN THE WILDROOT CREAM OIL FOLKS LET ME GO, I KNOCKED AROUND MADISON AVENUE FOR A WHILE AND FINALLY DECIDED TO RETIRE! THAT'S WHY I'M HERE! I THOUGHT LI'L ABNER AND DAISY MAE MIGHT LET ME COME AND LIVE WITH THEM. YOU MUST BE MAMMY AND PAPPY YOKUM!

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

I WISH SOMETHING EXCITING WOULD HAPPEN. I HAVEN'T BEEN CAPTURED SINCE MY 89TH BIRTHDAY! OH, TO BE 60 AGAIN!
MANDRAKE COULDN'T SAVE YOU NOW, ANYWAY! HE'S USELESS! LET'S FACE IT, NARDA! HE HASN'T DONE A TRICK RIGHT IN 20 YEARS!
CURSES!!!
OLD MAGICIANS HOME

I'LL SHOW YOU HOW GOOD I STILL AM, LOTHAR! I'LL HYPNOTIZE YOU INTO BELIEVING YOU'RE AN OLD GNU! JUST LIFT MY ARM SO I CAN GESTURE HYPNOTICALLY!
DON'T PUT ME ON, MASTER! IF YOU'RE SO GOOD, LET'S SEE YOU SAW NARDA IN HALF!

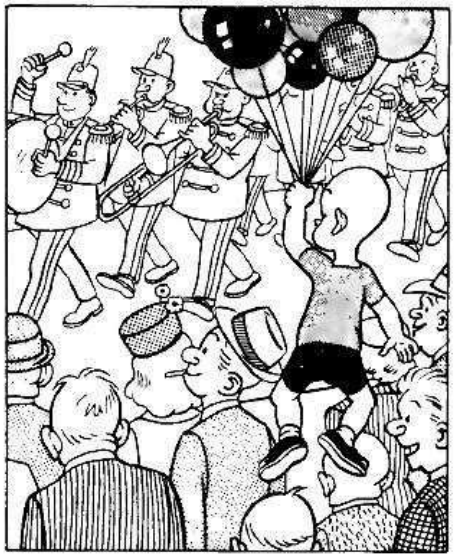
HELP! MANDRAKE! STOP!
MASTER, SHE'S TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING -- AND SHE LOOKS MIGHTY SORE!
(PUFF! PUFF!) Y-YES, YOU'RE RIGHT, LOTHAR! IT IS QUITE A CHORE!
PD/Q

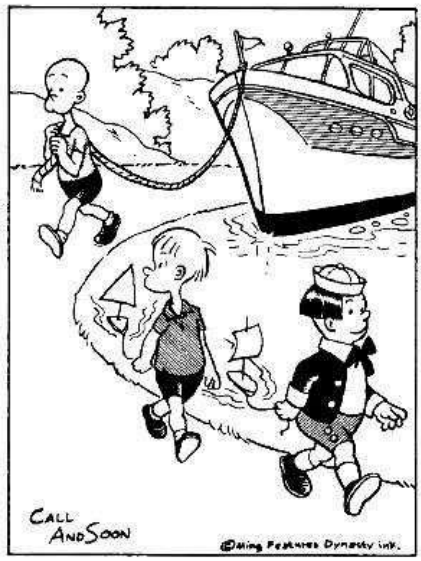
TARZAN

HOO-HAH! JUNGLE DRUMS SAY OOGA-BOOGA-GAGOOGA TRIBE IS ATTACKING WHITE MAN SAFARI! YOU STAY HERE, JANE! I GO SAVE THEM! BUT FIRST, I GIVE OUT WITH FAMOUS TARZAN YELL...
AHH-EEE-OOO-EEE-OOO...

WRONG, MR. FOSDICK! WE'RE LI'L ABNER AND DAISY MAE! MAMMY AND PAPPY DIED YEARS AGO! YOU KNOCKED AROUND MADISON AVENOO LONGER THAN YOU THINK!

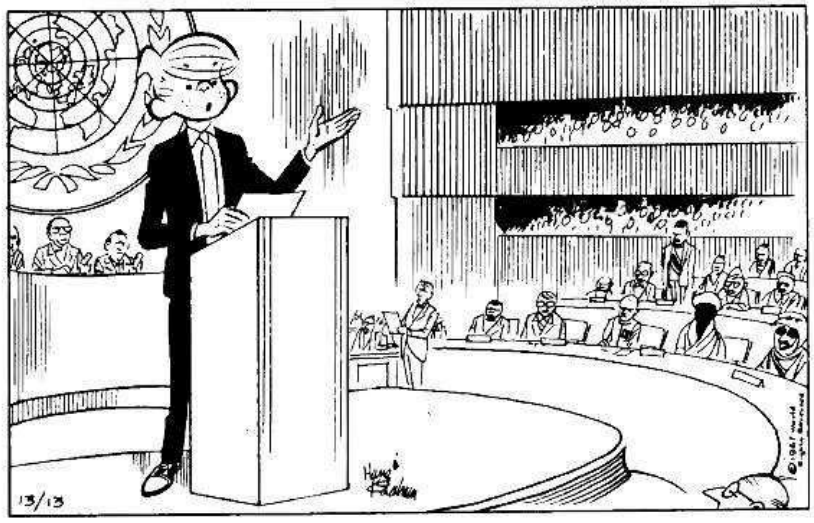
HENRY





HENRY, WHY IS IT THAT ALL THE COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS AROUND YOU GET OLD, AND YOU STAY THE SAME LITTLE KID?
ARE YOU KIDDING? I'M BALD, I HAVE NO EYELASHES, I HAVE NO TEETH, I'VE GOT KNOBBY KNEES, I NEVER HAVE ANYTHING IMPORTANT TO SAY, AND I'M ALWAYS DOING CHILDISH THINGS!
ME-- NEVER GET OLD? WHY, I'VE BEEN 50 YEARS OLD ALL ALONG!!
7-11

DENNIS THE MENACE



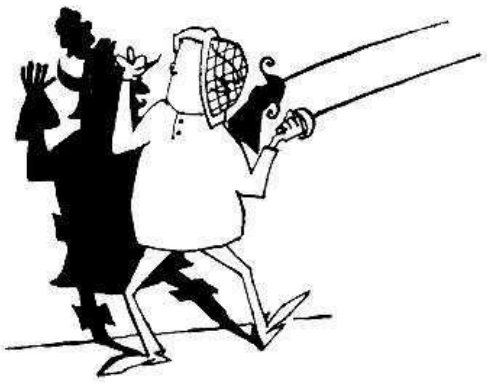
"As Chief U.S. Delegate to the United Nations, I would like to report that I have, through protracted discussion and extended mediation, accomplished the following: I have solved the Vietnam crisis . . . I have straightened out the Berlin situation . . . I have come up with a mutually acceptable disarmament plan . . . and I've put chewing gum on all your seats!"

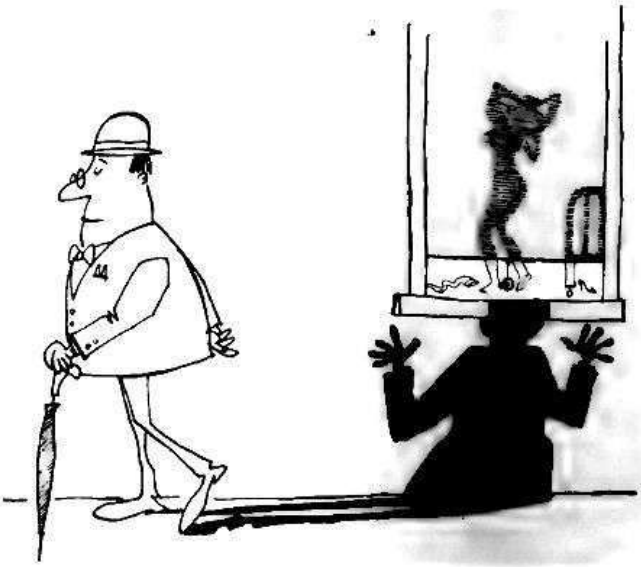
FPUMPH!
EVERY TIME IT'S THE SAME THING! BY THE TIME HE'S THROUGH YELLING, HE HASN'T GOT THE STRENGTH LEFT TO GO ANYWHERE! WE LOSE MORE WHITE MAN SAFARIS THESE DAYS...

WE GOT YOUR PENUMBRA DEPT.

Who Knows What Evils Lurk In

THE SHADOW

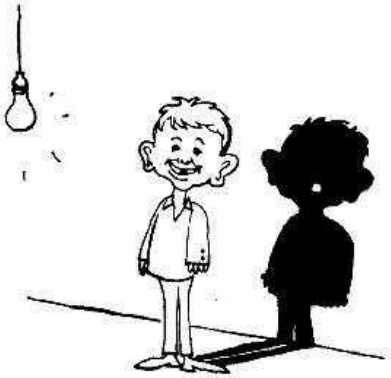


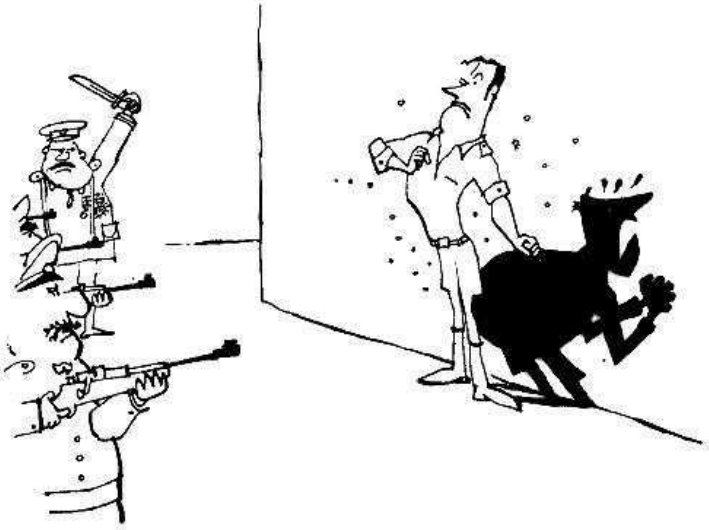


The Hearts Of Men?

KNOWS

WRITER & ARTIST: SERGIO ARAGONES





ARAGONES

GRIMM REALITY DEPT.

Many educators and child psychologists theorize that the old traditional "Fairy Tales" are bad for children because they are peopled with dragons, ogres, wicked stepmothers, witches, and other strange creatures who freely indulge in murder, mayhem, and other forms of anti-social behavior. All this, the authorities contend, has a very harmful effect on young, impressionable minds. Well, we at MAD are not in a position to weigh the merits of these claims. But even if they are true, we still feel that kids need a certain amount of pure fantasy and escapism in their reading diets. So we herewith offer a selection of stories that lack the gore and violence of the old-time "Fairy Tales", but are, in themselves, even more fantastic than any that came out of the Old World. Here, then, is

THE MAD BOOK OF "MODERN" FAIRY TALES

(THAT ARE EVEN MORE FANTASTIC THAN OLD-TIME FAIRY TALES!)

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: DON REILLY

...WALTER WINCHELL was born in POISON, PENN.

MAD's Modern Fairy Tale No. 1

THE ATHLETE

Once upon a time, there was a young lad who loved to play baseball. Because he was strong of arm, and fleet of foot, a Scout from the Big Leagues journeyed to the young man's village, and suggested that he come to the Big City to exhibit his skill.

"If you perform well," the Scout promised, "you will receive much gold, and a contract to play in the greatest arenas in the nation."

The young man loved baseball above all else, and so he set out for the Big City. He played so well, the Scout's employers offered him many thousands of pieces of gold if he would sign their contract.

"I have no need for gold!" the young man laughed. "I play baseball because it is the thing I love best! Just give me food and a bed and I will play for you!"

During his first season, the young man proved skillful beyond his employers' wildest dreams. So many times did he deal the ball a mighty blow that all the merchants in the land came to pay him homage, and offered him great sums of money if he would endorse their wares. But he spurned their gold and flattery.

"How could I swear that I use all these products, when in truth I do not?" he asked.

The merchants were dumbfounded, and went away, muttering dark oaths. And the young man continued to play for twenty seasons, spurning mountains of gold, happy to be doing it just for the fun of it.

And when it came time for him to retire, he went back to the little village from whence he came. And he never opened a Bowling Alley, or a Restaurant, or a Bar and Grill, or a Clothing Store! He spent his remaining days in peace and contentment, caring for his aged mother, and instructing the young men of his village in the game he loved so well.

MAD's Modern Fairy Tale No. 2

THE HAPPY WARRIOR

Once upon a time, there was a high-ranking American General who had many thousands of soldiers under his command. Some of these soldiers were called "Reserves," which meant that they were not professional soldiers, but ordinary citizens who had been drafted into the Army to maintain America's strength. This meant that they had to leave their families and jobs to go to far-off camps. But they never complained, and were happy to be there!

Every now and then, the General would call his troops together and talk to them about patriotism. He would tell them that they were fortunate to live in a land of freedom where every citizen, even soldiers, had the right to vote as he pleased. He also told his men that in such a land, Generals and other officers must always obey unquestioningly the orders of the civilian government chosen by the people. In this way, the armed forces would never be used to capture the government and rule the people, as sometimes happened in other less-fortunate lands.

After many years of service, when it came time for the General to retire, he called the newspaper reporters around him. He told them that he was happy to be entering civilian life, that he had no plans to write his memoirs, that he was not interested in going into politics, and that he had turned down all offers to be President of companies selling arms to the government.

"What then will you do?" wondered the reporters.

The General smiled and said, "All I want to do is go fishing!"

And do you know what?...He did just that!

MAD's Modern Fairy Tale No. 3

THE DISC JOCKEY

Once upon a time, there was a disc jockey who had thousands of teenage fans who listened to his program faithfully, and purchased all the records they heard on his show.

One day, a record manufacturer came to the disc jockey, and with a sinister smile, pulled a bag of gold from his coat and told the young man it would be his if he would play the manfacturer's records.

The disc jockey was aghast at the scheme. "Not only will I *not* accept your filthy gold," he screamed in righteous anger, "but I will report you to the FCC! And I will warn my fellow disc jockeys, all of whom would be so angry, they would tear you limb from limb if you ever dared approach them with such a contemptible proposition!"

The record manufacturer fled the radio station, and the disc jockey went on playing only the records he thought were good and fine and worthy of attention.

MAD's Modern Fairy Tale No. 4

THE BUSINESS TYCOON

Once upon a time, there was a tycoon who had built a vast empire of shoe factories single-handedly. As might be expected, the tycoon had great pride in his accomplishments. He loved to look out the window at his factory, puff on a big cigar, and murmur, "I built all this with my own brains and sweat! It's mine—all mine!"

One day, the head of a large labor union came to the tycoon and announced that he was going to sign up all the workers and take them out on strike until the tycoon doubled their wages, cut their work-week in half, and granted them 30-days paid vacation a year.

The shoe tycoon was so surprised he could hardly speak. "Why I had no idea my employees were dissatisfied!" he said. "If that's what they want, that's what they will have!"

The labor leader offered a contract and pen, and when the tycoon had signed, made for the door in great haste. "Wait . . . !" called the tycoon after him. "Are you sure 30 days vacation will be enough?"

MAD's Modern Fairy Tale No. 5

THE LOYAL ALUMNUS

Once there was a wealthy and powerful merchant whose fondest dream was to send his son to his own dear Alma Mater, a college in Ivyland. So he contributed great sums to her fund drives, and even donated a building occasionally.

The merchant's son, it must be said, was not the brightest of lads. Yet he never worked to improve his poor school marks. It wasn't necessary, because he knew he would attend the college his father attended.

When the boy came of age, the father went to see the Dean of the old school to make arrangements for his son's admission. When the Dean examined the boy's High School record, he shook his head. "I'm afraid these grades will never do," he said. I suggest you abandon the idea of getting your son into this, or any other college. Perhaps he should take up a trade!"

"This is a great disappointment," the boy's father said to the Dean, "but I am sure that you, a scholar, know more of these things than I, a humble merchant. Thank you for your wise counsel!"

And the father left Ivyland and returned to his village saddened but still loyal to his old Alma Mater.

..JOE LOUIS was born in INCOME, TEX.

MAD's Modern Fairy Tale No. 6

THE SPONSOR

Once upon a time, there was a man who was head of a large corporation. One day, it occurred to him that his company ought to advertise on television. So he told his Advertising Agency to contact producers, and line up auditions.

First, the Agency suggested a "Game Show." Contestants would put on blindfolds and old-fashioned bathing suits, and while the band played and seconds ticked off on a big clock, they would dive for silver dollars in a big vat of molasses.

"Oh, heavens, no!" said the Sponsor. "That kind of TV is degrading, asinine, vulgar and idiotic! Show me something else!"

Next, the Agency showed him a pilot film for a new situation comedy series about a typical American family in which the Mother is a Director of a Railroad, the kids are wholesome and smart, the dog can do long division and recite Shakespeare, and the Father is a ticket-taker at Disneyland.

When the Sponsor saw the pilot film, he had to leave the projection room and throw up. "Unspeakably horrible!" was his only comment.

Finally, after the Sponsor had turned down everything they'd shown him, the Agency men gave up in disgust. "That's all we've got," they cried, "except some ridiculous drama by an unknown writer which has stuff in it that's guaranteed to make just about every pressure group in the country boiling mad!"

"Show it to me" said the Sponsor.

After reading the script, he liked it so much that he decided to put it on without a single change. The Agency men writhed in agony and declared that he would be run out of business for putting on such a hot potato.

"Nonsense!" said the Sponsor. "A little controversy will do the public a lot of good! What's more," he added, "I'm going to cut out all the commercial breaks so as not to distract the viewer from the important things this play has to say!"

And he did.

MAD's Modern Fairy Tale No. 7

THE GRATEFUL TAXPAYERS

There was once a time when the cost of running the country grew so large that the taxes paid by the people were not enough to pay for Defense and Social Security and all the other things a country must have. So the National Debt mounted and mounted.

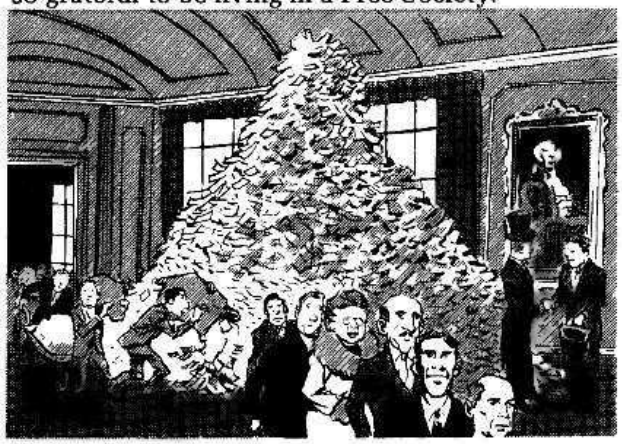
"This is terrible!" cried the Secretary of the Treasury. "Whatever are we to do?"

"Oh, dear!" cried the Senators and Congressmen.

"I know!" cried the President. "I will go on TV and explain to the people that we simply must have more money, or the country will stop running, and the Ogre of the East will come and bury us!"

"Goody!" cried the Secretary of the Treasury. "Then we will ask everyone to check and see if there isn't some teentsy-weentsy little tax item they forgot to pay. If everyone sends in a little bit, the country will be safe again!"

Well, the people were so frightened and concerned by what the President told them that they sent in all the back taxes they owed—or had ever cheated the government out of! And some of them even sent in a little extra because they were so grateful to be living in a Free Society.

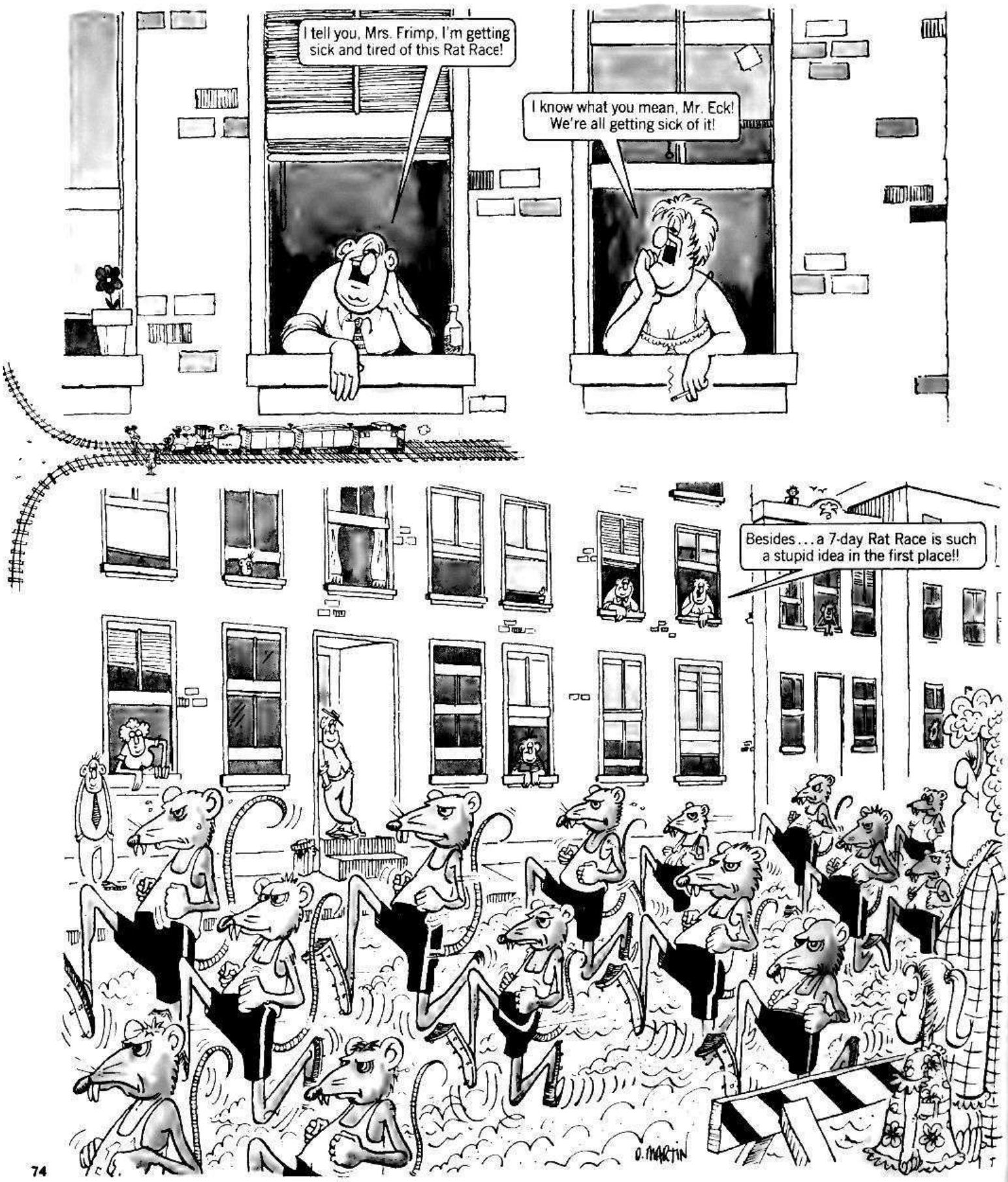


And when the President and the Secretary of the Treasury counted the money, they were flabbergasted! Because there was so much that the country was not only safe again, and the budget balanced again, but even the huge National Debt had been wiped out.

**GRACE KELLY was born in HERMADGE, S.D.

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART III

AN EVENING IN THE CITY


I tell you, Mrs. Frimp, I'm getting sick and tired of this Rat Race!
I know what you mean, Mr. Eck! We're all getting sick of it!
Besides... a 7-day Rat Race is such a stupid idea in the first place!!
D. MARTIN

WHO'S COVERING UP? DEPT.

The producers of packaged goods have come a long way since the days of the cracker barrel. They have learned a lot about what makes the average shopper pass up one box and grab for another, and they have discovered many ingenious methods for selling you less while charging you more. In other words, today, the producers of packaged goods are using some pretty sneaky dodges to "take" you—the buying public. Now, MAD throws a revealing light on packaging history, on what's happening lately, and what schemes are afoot for the future... in this comprehensive survey of...

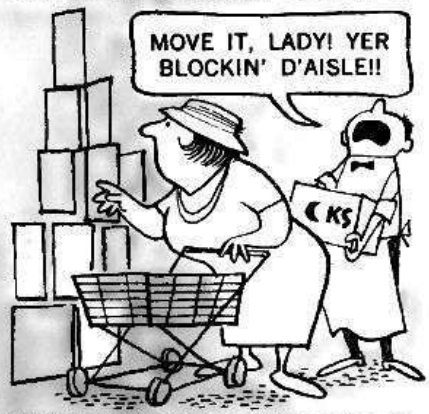
THE SUBTLE SCIENCE OF PACKAGING

In Grandmother's day, neither the manufacturer of consumer products, nor the storekeeper who sold them gave much thought to the packages.

Many items were not even packaged at all, but were dipped, shoveled, or doled out by hand from barrels, bags, boxes, bins, and like that.

And when it came to "Brand Names," Grandma could always rely upon her friendly neighborhood merchant to advise her from his own experience.

Today, however, the friendly merchant has been replaced by the huge, impersonal supermarket, where the only advice a shopper receives is:



Today's supermarket shopper zooms up crowded aisles piled high with hundreds of competing products—and has to choose from among them.

And so, in order to sell their wares, manufacturers now know that it isn't enough to merely put their products on the shelves...they know they've got to catch the eye of the shopper!

Thus was born a new species in Industry's growing menagerie of experts—the Package Designer!

For years, these fellows had been assigned lowly tasks like drawing dotted lines along which to tear, or figuring out how big to make the window in a box of macaroni.

But practically overnight, they moved from the Bullpen to the Executive Suite as the Packaging Revolution got into full swing!

THE NEW SECRET

It figured that if people were too lazy to open bottles, and preferred to squeeze . . . they would prefer having the squeezing done for them even more. Thus . . . the Spray Can!

The manufacturers have made a mint with this little item—because half the contents of a spray can is plain old AIR!

The user never knows how much goo i left until just before a heavy date when he presses the trusty ol' button —and gets nothing but an empty sigh

ARTIST: BOB CLARKI

MECHANICAL PACKAGES

We all love those handy little tubes of stuff that pop up to do their work with a twist of the knob—and their manufacturers love them, too, because most of the space inside the tube is taken up with inexpensive machinery.

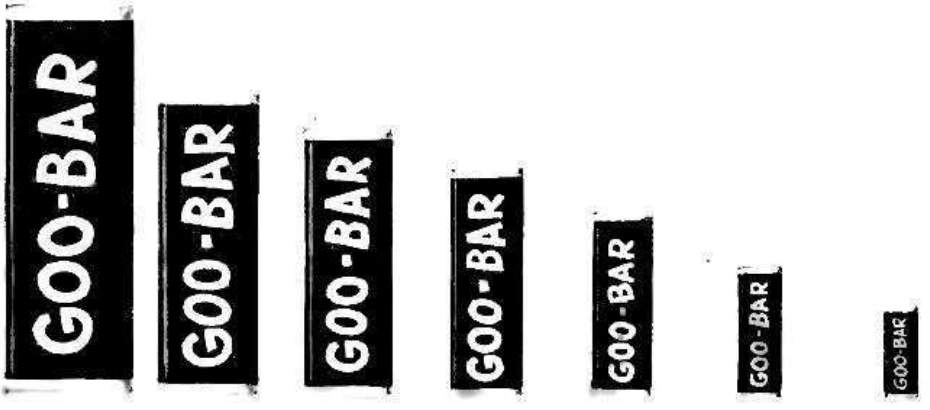
"INDIVIDUALLY-WRAPPED-FOR-FLAVOR-AND-FRESHNESS" PACKAGES

Doesn't it make you happy to see your cookies all snug in their own little wrappers sealed in outer wrappers which are in turn covered by an all-over liner-wrapper which is surrounded by a nice box?

Try saving all those wrappers some time! You'll find you're buying an awful lot of paper at cookie prices these days!

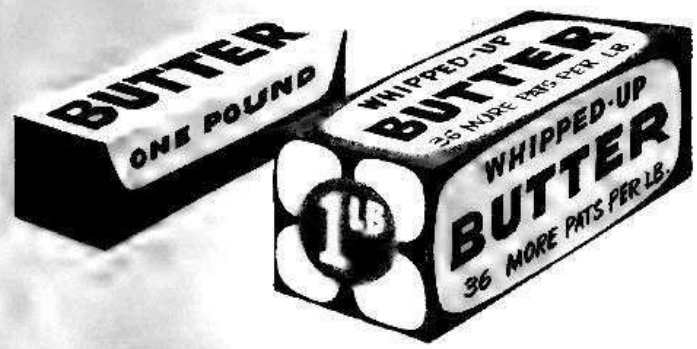
THE INCREDIBLE SHR

As if afflicted by some mysterious tropical disease, the American candy bar shrinks almost imperceptibly in size year by year. At this rate, people will soon be popping them in their mouths like pills, downing them in one gulp.

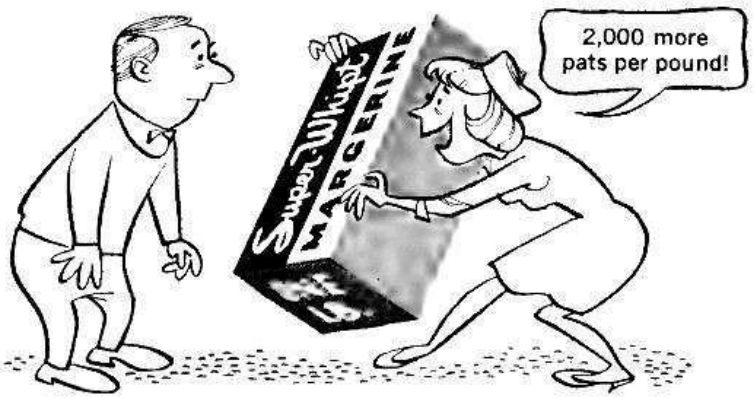


NGREDIENT–AIR!

Air is an important ingredient in "whipped" products, too, enabling the manufacturer of a "whipped" pound of butter to market a bigger lump of the stuff than his competitor.



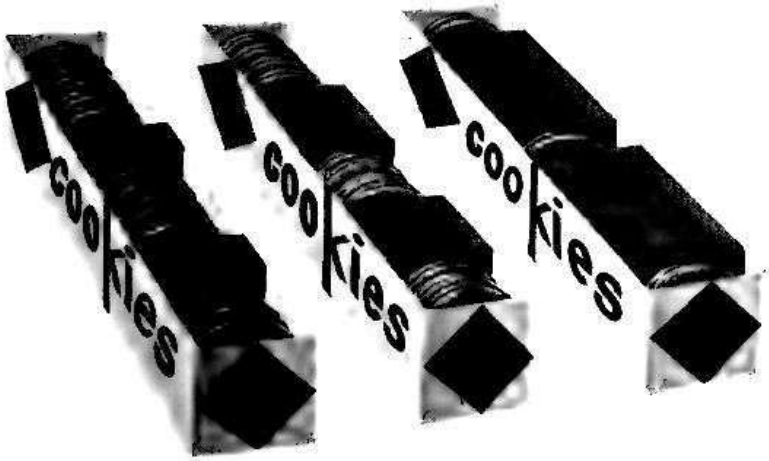
You can see where this trend will lead. If one outfit can offer "36 more pats per lb.", than a competitor can offer "50 more pats" by whipping his margarine more–and so on.



WRITER: DON REILLY

THE CONQUEST OF SPACE

For some reason evident only to themselves, cookie makers use those cardboard spacer gimmicks to make their packages seem larger. Not hard to see what this may lead to, hah?

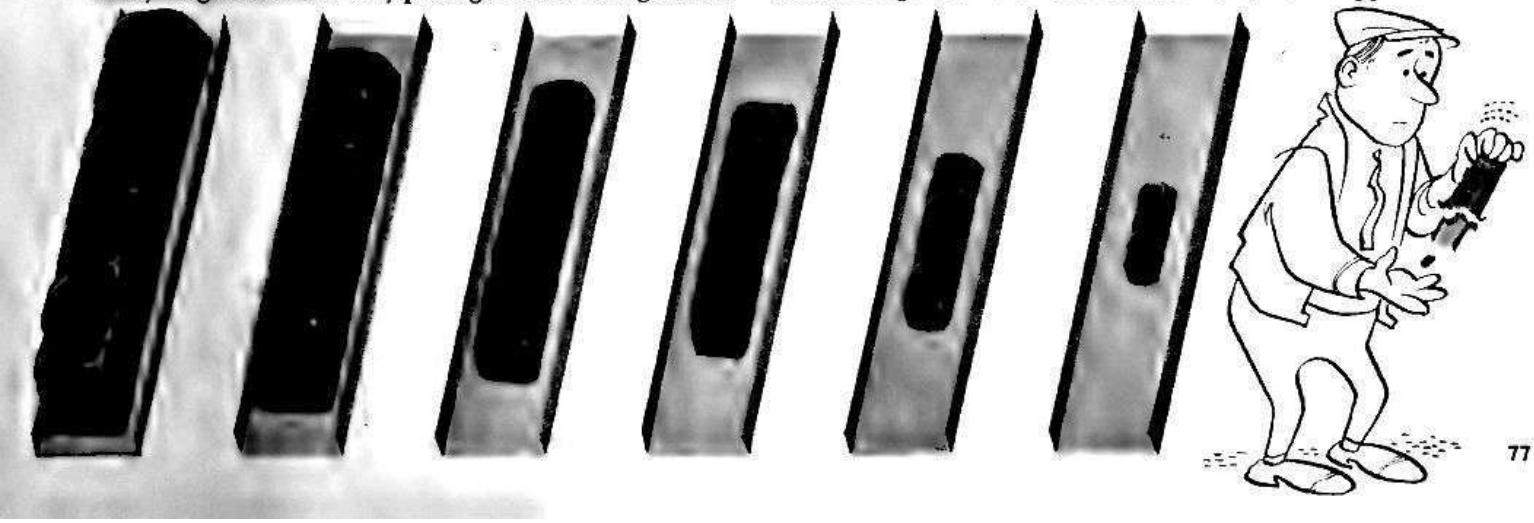


FROZEN NOTHING

The advent of frozen foods gave processors a new gimmick. A handful of limp, scraggly spinach is frozen in a block of ice to fill out the package. When it's thawed, there's a handful of spinach, and a big puddle of expensive water.

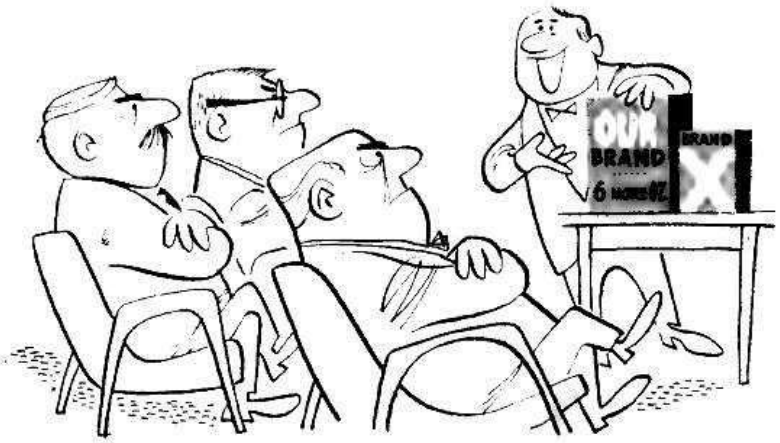
NKING CANDY BAR

One of the favorite camouflage devices now being used by candy magnates is the "tray package". This little gimmick enables the manufacturer to shrink the candy itself while maintaining the illusion of the same-sized outer wrapper.

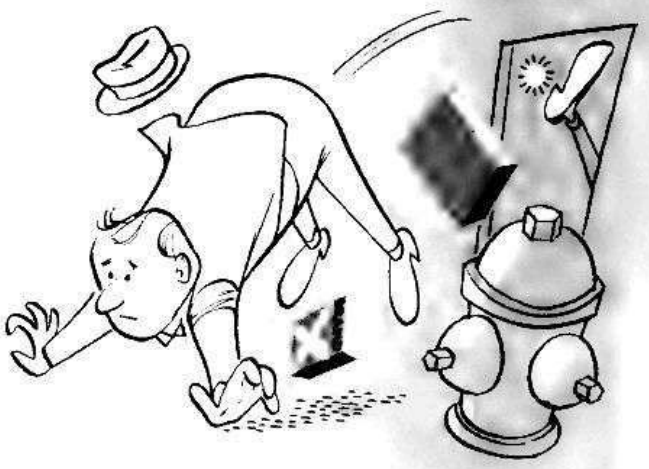


BIGGER-LOOKING

A packaging man at a big Breakfast Food Company, in a burst of enthusiasm over his new status, came up with the idea that they could overcome the competition by giving more cereal in a bigger box for the same money.



After they got rid of that nut, the company adopted half his idea: They put the same cereal in a bigger package!



PACKAGES WITH UNUSUAL SHAPES

Another gimmick used to attract the attention of passing shoppers is the bottle or jar with the unusual shape.

This "shape" device worked well for a while, but as more and more products come out with funny-looking bottles and jars, things will get confusing.

And we can expect to see some rather startling sights in supermarkets in the coming months, as manufacturers struggle to "out-shape" competitors.

THE HANDY "TAKE-HOME" PACK

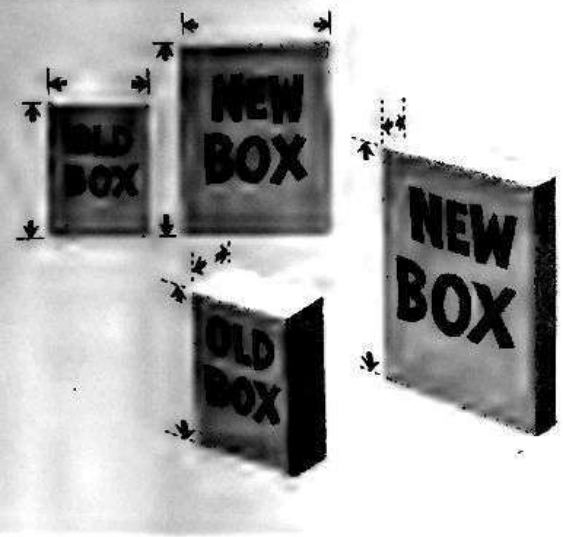
The principle behind this cunningly-devised package is that the cans or bottles are so tightly packed, you can't get one loose . . . so you've got to take all of them, or none!

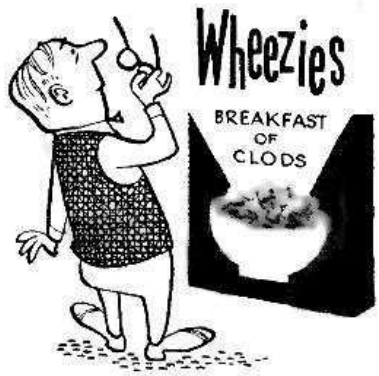
The first "Handy-Take-Home's" contained six of something or another, but lately there have been "12-packs" appearing on the market. And there's no limit. The "Take-Home-Pack" may someday look something like this—

PACKAGE DESIGNS

Soon all the Cereal Companies were putting out boxes that were higher and wider—but shallower from front to rear!

In fact, cereal boxes are getting so high and so wide and so shallow, that we might soon see cereals in envelopes!





DISPOSABLE PACKAGES

Then there's the "No-Deposit—No Return" school of packaging, which in close co-operation with the trash-hauling interests, tries to see to it that no child is emotionally scarred by the humiliating experience of having to cash in the Old Man's empty beer bottles to get lunch money.

Besides beer—milk, soft drinks and other beverages now come in "throw-away" containers . . . making it a cinch to spot the family that subsists largely on a liquid diet.

"SQUEEZE" AND "SQUIRT" PACKAGES

'ackagers learned a long time ago hat we are a nation of lid-losers nd top-droppers, so they came up vith the self-dispensing package.

Pretty soon the whole country was "poofing" and "puffing" to its heart's delight . . .

One trouble with squeeze containers is that they sometimes clog and develop lung trouble. Once squeezed, they stay squoze, unable to inhale enough air to become squeezable again. This phenomenon has accounted for a lot of unnecessary cursing in recent years.

FUTURE PACKAGING DESIGNS

The biggest thing on the horizon is the package with the built-in "psychological appeal". Packaging psychologists will seek to move merchandise by seeming to fulfill t conscious and unconscious needs of unsuspecting shoppe

For example, the chubby matron who desperately wants to shed her excess weight will be a pushover for a diet mixture in a tall, slender package.

And what bachelor, facing a lonely evening, would have the strength to resist the appeal of a frozen TV dinner in a unique package like this?

Makers of anti-chapping lip poma will win over men who are shy ab applying it in public by disguisi the containers to resemble a cig

The status-conscious suburbanite is sure to grab anything that has fins.

Even spinsters and lonely old widows will be unsuspecting victims of the "built-in-appeal" packaging strategy.

For use t seem

MAD

MEMO

FROM:
William M. Gaines
Publisher

To:
Albert B. Feldstein
Editor

Dear Al,
Just glanced through this article. Nice going!
You actually filled up six pages with material that wasn't worth more than two pages at most!

That's what I call modern magazine packaging!
Keep up the good work!

Bill

P.S. Be sure you remove this note before you send the article to the engravers.

WMG

No. 126 April '69

MAD

OUR PRICE 35¢ CHEAP

WHO NEEDS YOU

Photography by Irving Schild

MAD's Great Moments In Advertising

THE DAY A GENTLEMAN FINALLY OFFERED A LADY A TIPARILLO

THE LADY IS JO ANNE WORLEY, STARRING IN "THE MAD SHOW"

WHAT INDUSTRY CONTRIBUTES MORE TO AIR POLLUTION THAN ANY OTHER?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

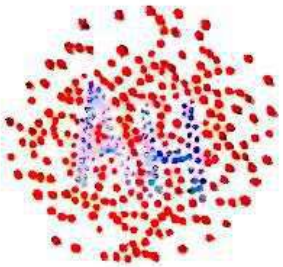
More and more concern is being expressed over the problem of Air Pollution. And yet, year after year, one industry consistently pollutes the air while the vast majority of Americans quietly accept it. To find out who this villain is, fold page in as shown.

ARTIST & WRITER:
AL JAFFEE

A ▶ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◀ B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

What have we got against colds?

Absolutely nothing! We love 'em!



We manufacture capsules that have these tiny red "time pills" which stop sniffles and runny nose.

They also have yellow and white "time pills" which stop sneezing and gagging and choking and yecching.

These "time pills" don't actually cure the cold — they just suppress the symptoms so you feel good.

That's how we move plenty of these capsules. You go around spreading cold germs instead of staying in bed.

CONTACT ALL DAY / ALL NIGHT GERM SPREADING

NIFF

SNIFF

1 CAPSULE EVERY 12 HOURS

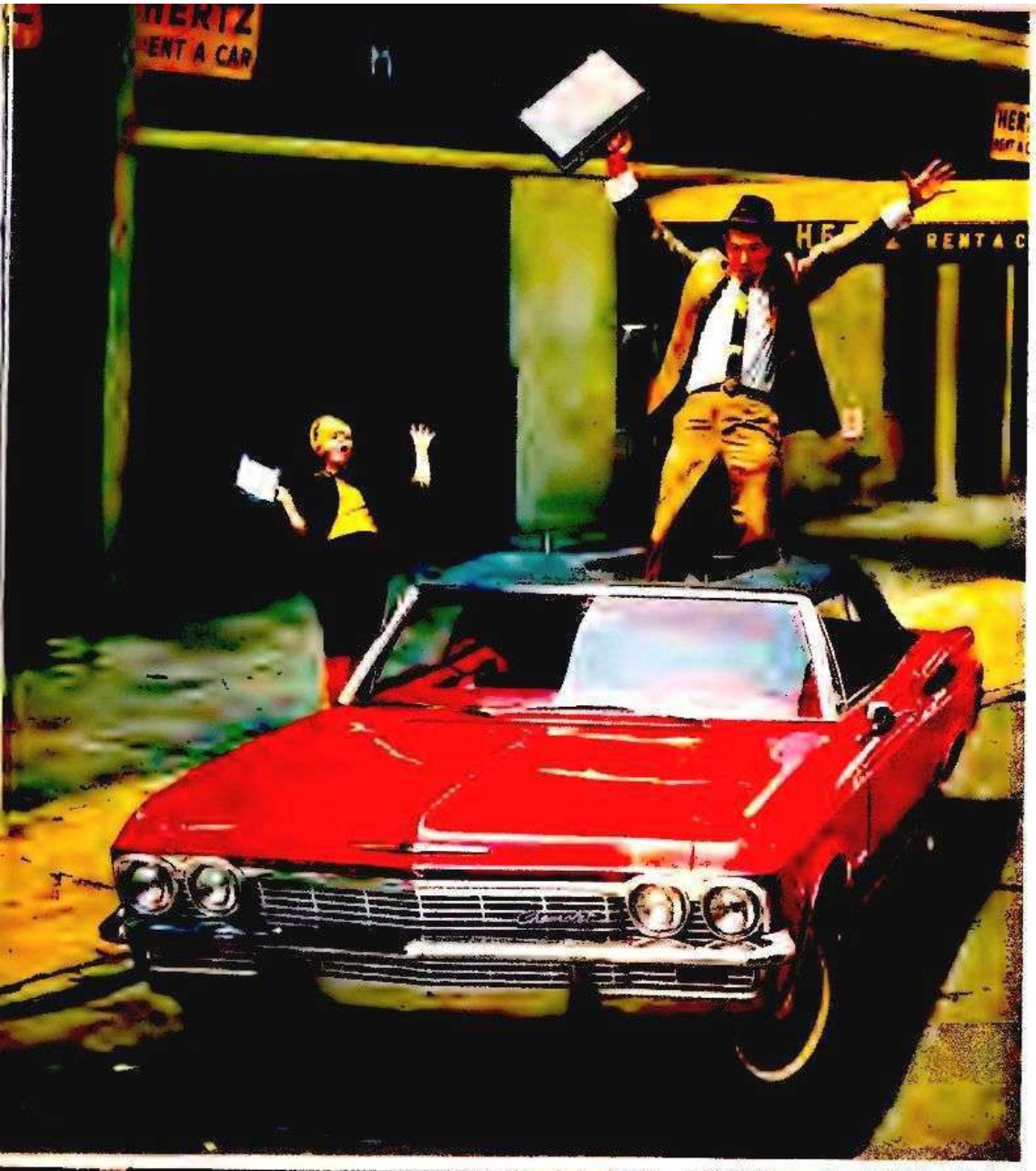
will do nothing for you, but plenty for us. Because the more colds, the more capsules we'll move. Personal contact is needed to spread colds, but who's gonna be stupid enough to go near someone slobbering with a juicy cold? Nobody! That's why we created this tricky capsule. It makes colds seem to disappear—so

COLDS SPREAD ON

CONTACT

10 CONTINUOUSLY CONTAGIOUS CAPSULES—STOP SYMPTOMS, NOT GERMS

Today's largest selling substitute for legitimate prescription cold remedies.

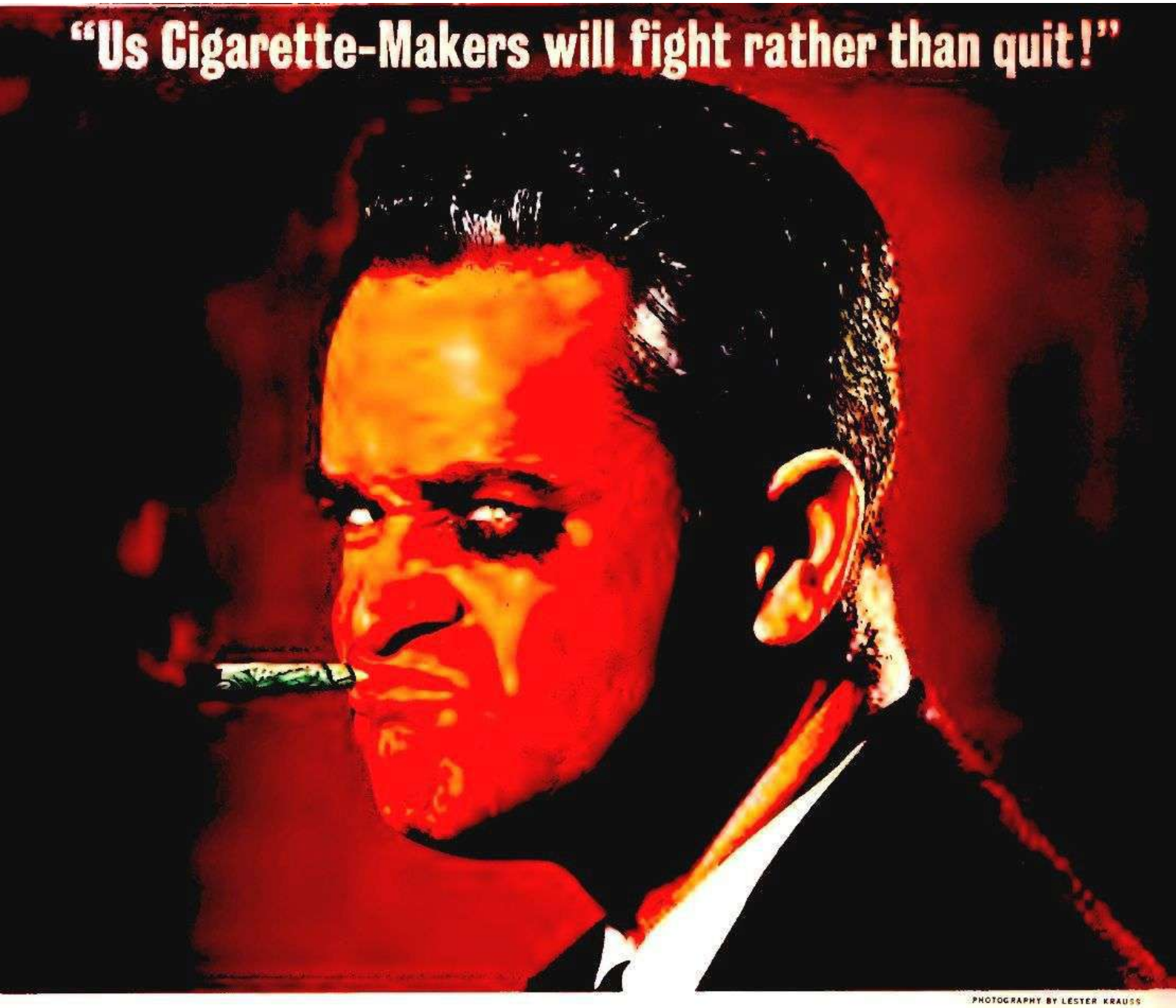


MAD's Great Moments In Advertising

THE DAY THEY FORGOT TO PUT THE TOP DOWN FOR THE HERTZ COMMERCIAL

Photography by Irving "Avis" Schild

"Us Cigarette-Makers will fight rather than quit!"



PHOTOGRAPHY BY LESTER KRAUSS

Watch the Unquitables overcome the "black eye" of the U.S. Government's latest cancer reports.

You think we're gonna let our billion dollar industry go up in smoke? Sure those Govt. reports linking smoking and cancer gave us a black eye! But just you wait! Our own scientists and public relations men are hard at work and we'll be fighting back with our own reports pretty soon!

COMING SOON!

SELF SERVING REPORTS TO HELP THE TOBACCO INDUSTRY

Carry-on

Breakdown of expenditures* planned for 1965 so

THE CIGARETTE INDUSTRY CAN CARRY ON

*Notice we don't plan to spend a dime to improve the cigarettes!

HERO WORSHIP DEPT.: YOU HAVE HEARD OF THOSE TWO MASKED, BAT-LIKE, CRIME-FIGHTERS OF GOTHAM CITY... YOU HAVE HEARD OF THEIR EXCITING DEEDS, OF THEIR CONSTANT WAR AGAINST THE UNDERWORLD!... THIS STORY, THEN... *THIS STORY, THEN...* HAS *ABSOLUTELY NOTHING* TO DO WITH *THEM!*...THIS STORY IS ABOUT TWO *DIFFERENT* PEOPLE...

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD

WRITER: HARVEY KURTZMAN

BAT BOY AND RUBIN!

NOTICE! THIS STORY IS A LAMPOON! IF YOU WANT TO SPEND YOUR DIME ON CHEAP, ROTTEN LAMPOONS LIKE THIS INSTEAD OF THE EVER-LOVIN' GENUINE, REAL THING... GO RIGHT AHEAD, BOY!

PAF

wood.

BAT BOY! BAT BOY! THE WHOLE GANG OF CROOKS IS GETTING READY TO *CHARGE!* SHOULD WE:
(a) FIGHT 'EM WITH OUR FISTS?
(b) FIGHT 'EM WITH OUR WEAPONS?
(c) RUN?

I'LL TELL YOU WHAT WE SHALL DO, RUBIN! WE SHALL DO THE *MORAL* THING, THE *NOBLE* THING, THE THING OUR PUBLIC WOULD *EXPECT* US TO DO!

...WE RUN!

...BUT *WAIT...*

...IT JUST SO HAPPENS I HAVE HERE IN ONE OF THE LITTLE COMPARTMENTS OF MY WEAPON'S BELT, A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT PARALYZES GANGSTERS *JUST* LONG ENOUGH TO TAKE THEM AWAY TO JAIL!

TSSSS

WOW, BAT BOY! I THOUGHT YOU ONLY CARRIED A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT BLINDS GANGSTERS AND A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT TURNS GANGSTERS FRIENDLY... BUT NOT A TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS THAT PARALYZES GANGSTERS!
HALP!
NOTE: WE REPEAT! LAMPOON! BAT BOY MIT A BOY! RUBIN MIT A U!

KOF
KOF!
AK!
KOF
KOF!
KOF
(UGH)...(UGH)... I CAN'T SEEM TO FIND MY TINY LITTLE VIAL WHERE I KEEP MY FURSHLUGGINER SECRET GAS MASK... (UGH)...
...WELL... THAT FINISHES THE FLOOGLE GANG! LET'S CLIMB INTO THE SECRET BAT-O-MOBILE AND GO HOME!

WITH THE CLEANING UP OF THE FLOOGLE GANG, WE HAVE PROBABLY ENDED THE WAVE OF MYSTERIOUS KILLINGS THAT HAVE PLAGUED COSMOPOLIS CITY!
(COUGH) (COUGH) ...DRATTED SECRET GAS! ...HAND ME A KLEENEX FROM THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT, WILL YOU, RUBE?!
CHUG
PAF
GA GOO GA!
POF!
CHUG
QUEEK
CHUG

BAT BOY! BAT BOY! BAT BOY! ...L-LOOK WHAT'S IN THE GLOVE COMPARTMENT! A...A...A... THAT'S IT! A ROAD MAP FROM THE A.A.A.... AND A PAIR OF GLOVES!
SO WHAT? DIDN'T YOU EVER SEE GLOVES IN A GLOVE COMPARTMENT?

...WITH HANDS IN 'EM?

A BODY!... KILLED IN THE SAME MANNER AS ALL THE OTHERS! THE KILLER IS STILL AT LARGE!
QUICKLY!... ONTO OUR SECRET BAT-O-CYCLE! OBVIOUSLY THE KILLINGS WERE NOT THE WORK OF THE FLOOGLE GANG BUT I THINK THEY'RE THE WORK OF THE FLEAGLE GANG!
...NOW TO TAKE OUT MY SECRET BAT-O-LARIET...

...I THINK WE SHOULD DO SOME SWINGING FROM SKYSCRAPERS! ...DEFTLY, I SHAKE THE LARIET OUT OF ITS VIAL!... DEFTLY I AIM IT TOWARDS THAT POST, AND DEFTLY, I THROW IT WITH UNERRING AIM...
WOW!
OOP! MISSED!
...TAKE 'ER AROUND AGAIN!
BROOM
POK
BR-RUP

MISSED AGAIN!
ZOOM
MISSED!
ZIP
MISSED!
SWISH
MISSED!
VOOM!
... DEFTLY, I CLAMBER UP THE WALL TO THE POST AND I DEFTLY PLACE THE LOOP OVER THE POST AND PULL IT TIGHT WITH A DEFT JERK!
...O.K., YOU DEFT JERK! LET'S GO INTO OUR ROUTINE! ... WE GOTTA SWING UP TO THE SKY-SCRAPER TOP!
HUP!
HEP
HEY!
WHEE
HIP
HE!
HOO!
LE'S GO!
HO
O.K.! HERE GOES! UP TO THE SKYSCRAPER TOP! STAND BACK, EVERY-ONE!... WAY UP TO THE VERY TOP WE GO!
YEY
HUP
HA HOO HE HE!
WEE!
HEP
HUP
HOO HA
HEY
HOO BOY!
WEE-OOP!
WHEE
HA
ALLEZ OOP!
GERONIMO!
HA HOO
KA RUMF!
WHEE!
WELL, WE DIDN'T MAKE IT TO THE TOP, BUT WE GOT TO THE FIRST FLOOR!
...UH OH!... LOOK! BY SOME STRANGE COINCIDENCE, WE HAVE BLUNDERED INTO THE HEADQUARTERS OF THE MOST HORRIBLE... FEARSOME... FRIGHT-ENING... TOUGHEST GANG IN HISTORY!... THE FLEAGLE GANG!
WEE HA!
HOO HEY HA HOO
CHIRP CHIRP
91

... THE F-FLEAGLE G-GANG! ...MOST TOUGHEST G-GANG OF D-DEAD-END KIDS IN CO-CO-CO-COSMOPOLIS!
WHAT DO YOU SAY, BAT BOY, SHOULD WE TAKE 'EM ON?
NOTE- EL-AY-EM- POON LAMPOON!
OF COURSE NOT, YOU STUPID FOOL! CAN'T YOU SEE WE'RE OUT-NUMBERED?
BUT BAT BOY, BO'!... THEY'RE PULLING THEIR ZIP-GUNS!... HAVEN'T YOU GOT SOME KIND OF LI'L OL' TINY VIAL OF SECRET GAS IN YOUR BELT TO STOP 'EM?
O.K.! HERE GOES TINY VIAL NUMBER 1!... A SECRET GAS THAT RIDS THE BODY OF OFFENDING ODORS AND... OOP! WAIT A MINUTE!.. THIS IS MY 'ARRID' SPRAY DEODORANT!
SSSS
THEY'RE STILL COMING! ...O.K.! HERE GOES TINY VIAL NUMBER 2! A SECRET GAS THAT MAKES CROOKS THINK THEY'RE COPS, AND THEY PUT THEMSELVES IN JAIL!
FOOSH
THEY'RE STILL COMING! ... O.K.! HERE GOES TINY VIAL NUMBER 3! ...IT FIRES A SECRET 9 INCH SELF-PROPELLED ARTILLERY SHELL!
BOOM
THEY'RE STILL COMING! ...BOY! IS THAT GANG TOUGH!... NOW I TRY THE SECRETEST VIAL OF ALL WITH A SECRET WEAPON THAT IS BOUND TO STOP THE FLEAGLE GANG...
...TINY FOLDED HAIR BRUSHES THAT, WHEN UNFOLDED, ARE FULL SIZE AND YOU CAN GIVE A GOOD WALLOP WITH! IF THESE KIDS WEREN'T DEAD-END KIDS BEFORE... THEY'LL BE DEAD-END KIDS NOW!... BOY! WILL THEIR ENDS BE DEAD!
to lampoon is human, to forgive divine
OW
YOW!
WHAM
THE FLEAGLE GANG IS FINISHED! THERE WILL BE NO MORE MURDERS IN COSMOPOLIS! NOW! ONTO THE WINDOW SILL! FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET, KAPWEENG! UP... UP... UP AND AWAY!
WAIT A MINUTE, BAT BOY! THAT 'FASTER THAN A SPEEDING BULLET' IS ANOTHER CHARACTER'S ROUTINE!... IT MAY BE COPYRIGHTED! WANT TO GET US SUED?
92

...AND NOW... WE DEFTLY SWING OUT ON OUR ROPE... HEY! SOMEONE ELSE IS SWINGING ON THIS ROPE!
HA BOY! WHAT A CLUMSY DOPE... TRYING TO HORN IN ON OUR ACT! WHO EVER HEARD OF SWINGING ON A ROPE BY THE NECK!
note: ANY SIMILARITY BETWEEN THIS LAMPOON AND ANY OTHER LAMPOON IS STRICTLY A LAMPOON.
?
?
BY THE NEECK?
...THIS IS OBVIOUSLY THE WORK OF THE SAME MURDERER OF THE OTHER BODIES!...QUICK!...ONTO THE BAT-O-WAGON!
WANTED
THE BLUE BUG
...THERE IS ONLY ONE GANG LEFT IN COSMOPOLIS THAT COULD'VE DONE THIS... THE FLURGLE GANG!... NOW I DEFTLY TOSS A ROPE...
...HERE WE GO DOWN TO THE HIDEOUT OF THE FLURGLE GANG...
HUP
WHEE!
ALLEZ OOP!
HEY-UP!
LE'S GO!
HOOPLA!
HOO HEY HA
OOPS!
SCREECH!
HIP!
HO!
HEP!
HUP
LE'S GO!
HUP!
HEY UP!
NOW WHAT? WE CAN'T SWING IN EITHER DIRECTION BECAUSE WE'VE LOST MOMENTUM! I HAD THIS WHOLE BOTTLE FULL OF MOMENTUM IN MY POCKET AND I LOST IT!... WHAT DO WE DO NOW?
...THE ANSWER IS SIMPLE, RUBIN! ONE HAS MERELY TO LET GO OF THE ROPE AND DROP DEFTLY TO THE GROUND...
CRASH
CRUNCH!
BOOINKS
TOINGG
BA-DOINK!
...OF COURSE... THE SHOCK OF THE 20 STORY FALL TO THE GROUND IS TAKEN UP BY THE SECRET SPRINGS ONE HAS IN THE TINY VIALS OF THE WEAPONS BELT... THAT IS... IF ONE HAS A WEAPONS BELT!

COME ON, RUBIN! THERE'S THE FLURGLE GANG! CHARGE!
LOOK, GANG-MEMBERS! HERE COMES BAT BOY AND RUBIN! SHOOT 'EM DOWN!
BA DA BAM
BOOM
PAF
MISSED!
BAM
MISSED!
BRRT
KA POW
MISSED!
MISSED! MISSED! MISSED!
MISSED!
POOR FOOLS! DON'T YOU KNOW US COMIC BOOK CHARACTERS ARE ALWAYS MISSED WHEN WE RUN AT THE GUNS?
BAM
BOM
POW
BANG
BRRT
LOOK! THE FLURGLE GANG IS MADE UP OF WOMEN!... QUICK LEMME AT MY GAS VIALS!
GAS VIALS! YOU WOULDN'T USE GAS VIALS ON WOMEN WOULD YOU, BAT BOY?
HANDS OFF, YOU DUMKOPF... I'M LOOKING FOR MY SECRET VIAL OF ARRID' SPRAY DEODORANT!
PUT AWAY YOUR VIALS, YOUR WEAPONS, YOUR MECHANICAL DEVICES! THIS SITUATION CALLS FOR HAND-TO-HAND COMBAT!... MAINLY WRASSLING!
RIGHT!
CRUNCH
SNAP
CRACKLE
POP!
THUD
EEK
HOO HA!!
OW
R-RIP!
LE-G-G-O!
KA-PWEENG!
THUD!
OW
BASH
EEK
ZOW
SCHMEK!
OY!
TAKE OUT YOUR VIALS, YOUR WEAPONS, YOUR MECHANICAL DEVICES! THIS SITUATION CALLS FOR FOUL BLOWS, DIRTY FIGHTING, ATROCITIES! THIS MEANS WOAH!
NOTE: NOT A SPITTOON NOT A CARTOON NOT A HARPOON BUT A LAMPOON!
...LET 'EM HAVE IT, BAT BOY!
94

WELL-P... THAT TAKES CARE OF THE FLURGLE GANG!... THERE ARE NO MORE GANGS LEFT IN COSMOPOLIS! THERE WILL BE NO MORE MURDERS! LETS HOP ONTO OUR BAT-O-CYCLES AND PEDAL HOME TO HEADQUARTERS!
PHEW! WHAT A DAY! SOMETIMES I WONDER, SINCE YOU ARE A WEALTHY YOUNG SOCIALITE IN REAL LIFE, WHY YOU KEEP KNOCKING YOURSELF OUT ON THIS 'BAT BOY' KICK! IT DON'T PAY, YOU KNOW!
RUBIN! THERE ARE OTHER THINGS IN LIFE BESIDES MONEY... FINER THINGS! ...THINGS THAT CANNOT BE BOUGHT... THINGS MUCH BETTER! FINER THAN MONEY!... THINGS LIKE ... LIKE... LIKE POWER! RRROW! WURF! GRRR!
...NOW HANG UP MY CAPE LIKE A GOOD FELLOW!
HQ
HANG UP MY CAPE WHILE I TAKE A NAP, KID! CALL ME IF ANY CRIMINALS START FOOLING AROUND IN COSMOPOLIS!
TAKING YOUR NAP IN YOUR USUAL BAT POSITION, EH, BATBOY? ...I'LL JUST HANG YOUR CAPE IN YOUR CLOSET AND...
EEK!
THUD
ANOTHER DEAD BODY... KILLED IN THE SAME WAY AS THE OTHERS! THE FLOOGLE GANG IS WIPED OUT! THE FLEAGLE GANG IS WIPED OUT! THE FLURGLE GANG IS WIPED OUT!... THEN THE MURDERER CAN ONLY BE ONE OTHER PERSON... ONE OTHER PERSON... ONE CRAZY MIXED UP KID... AND THAT IS... IS... IS...
SMASH!
YES, RUBIN! THE VICTIM IS KILLED IN THE SAME WAY!... TWO TINY HOLES ON THE VICTIM'S BODY... TWO TINY HOLES IN THE VEIN OF THE VICTIM'S BIG TOE...
PFUI
UGH
GAG!
...TWO TINY HOLES PUNCHED BY THE MURDERER... TWO TINY HOLES PUNCHED BY ME WITH MY CONDUCTOR'S PUNCHER... FOR YOU SEE, RUBIN, I AM NO FURSHLUGGINER... ORDINARY BATBOY!...
PUNCH! PUNCH!
DIXIE STRAWS
I... AM A VAMPIRE BATBOY!
SLOORP
95

SPECIAL SUMMER "CAMP" ISSUE

No. 105
Sept. '66

MAD

25 IND

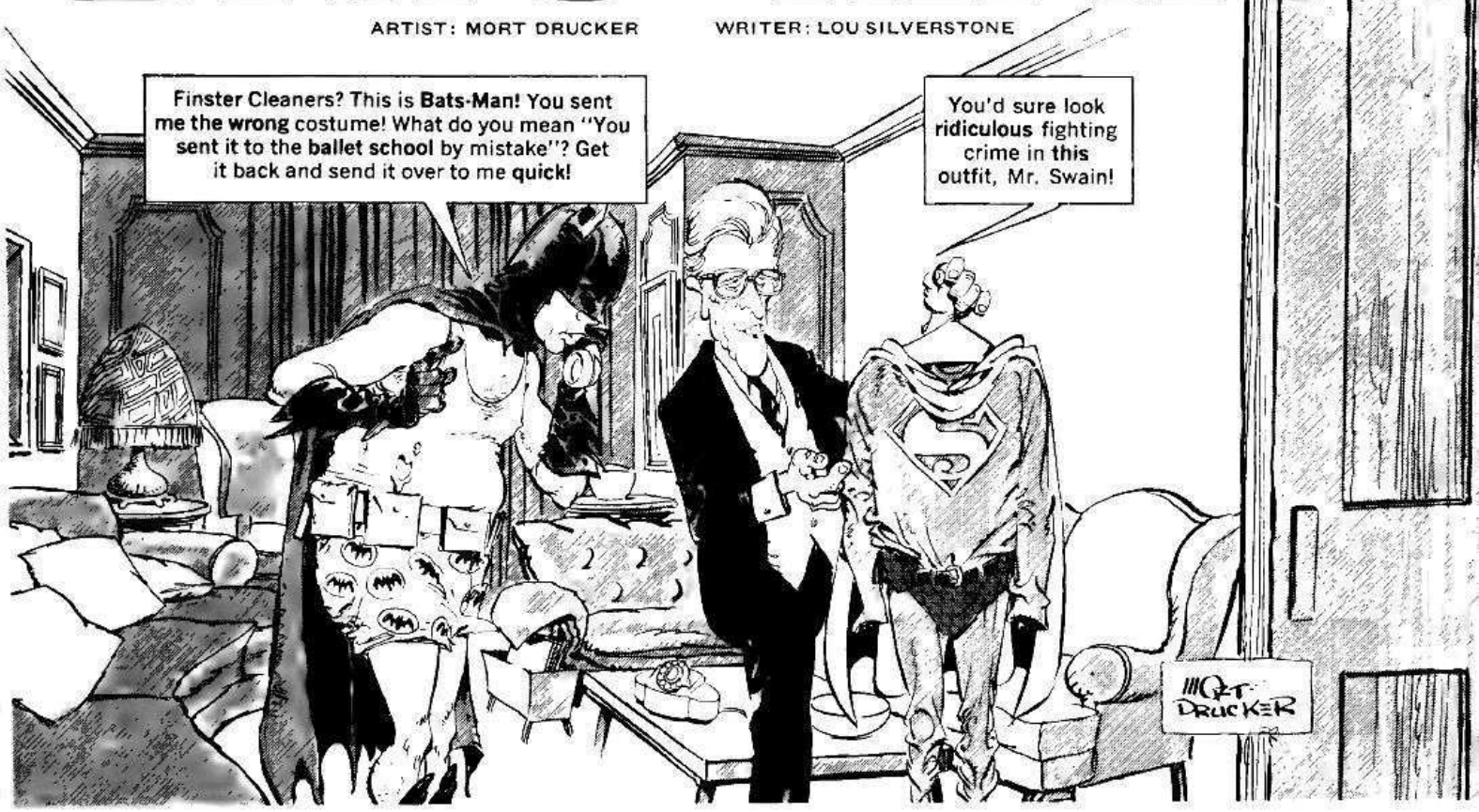
OUR PRICE
30
CHEAP

AIDE-DE-"CAMP" DEPT.

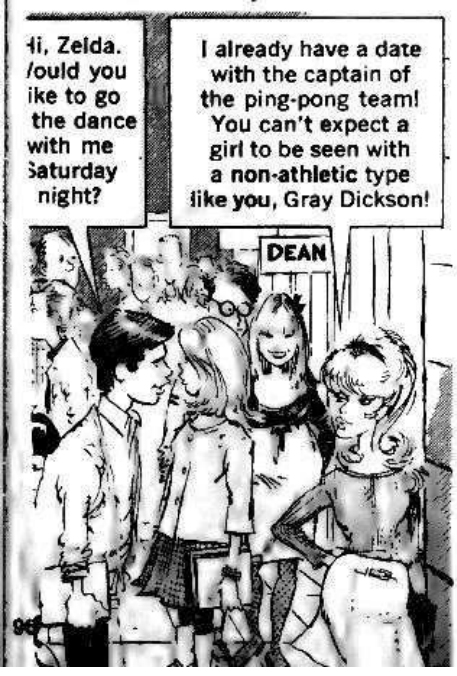
Everybody's going wild over that new TV show featuring "The Caped Crusader" and his teenage side-kick. But has anyone ever wondered what it would really be like as the side-kick of a "Caped Crusader"? Would a typical red-blooded teenage boy really be happy dressing in some far-out costume and spending all of his free time chasing crooks? Or would he much prefer dressing in chinos and go-go boots and spending all of his free time chasing chicks? We at MAD think the latter! In fact, we're ready to prove it! Let's take a MAD look at "Boy Wonderful" as he is slowly being driven

BATS-MAN

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LOU SILVERSTONE


Finster Cleaners? This is **Bats-Man!** You sent me the **wrong** costume! What do you mean "You sent it to the **ballet school** by mistake"? Get it back and send it over to me **quick!**
You'd sure look **ridiculous** fighting crime in **this** outfit, Mr. Swain!
MORT DRUCKER

Meanwhile, at Franklin D. Wilson High School . . .


Hi, Zelda. Would you like to go to the dance with me Saturday night?
I already have a date with the captain of the ping-pong team! You can't expect a girl to be seen with a **non-athletic** type like **you**, Gray Dickson!
DEAN

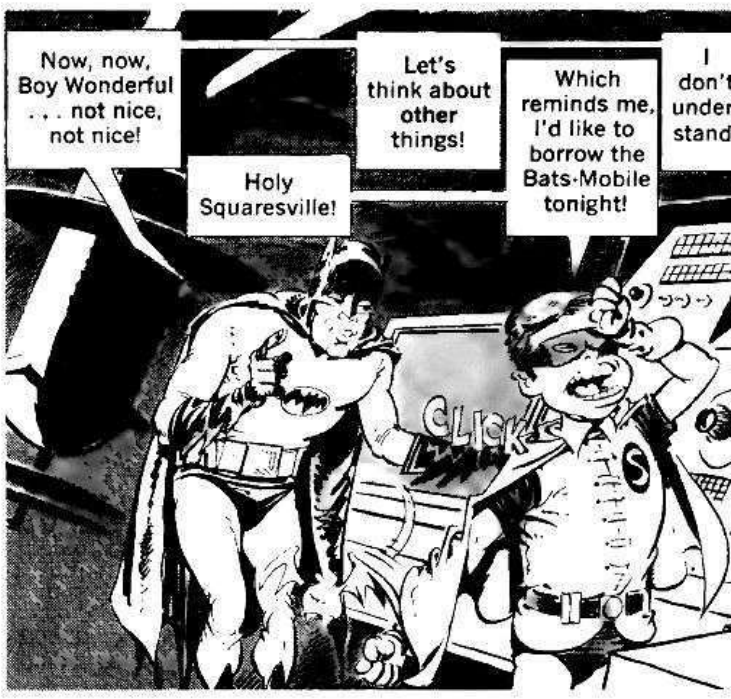
Hi, Candy. How about going to the dance with me?
You've got a lot of **nerve** asking me for a date after what happened the **last** time I went out with you, Gray Dickson! Ditching me for a **middle-aged lady!** I saw you **sneaking off** down the back staircase with her!

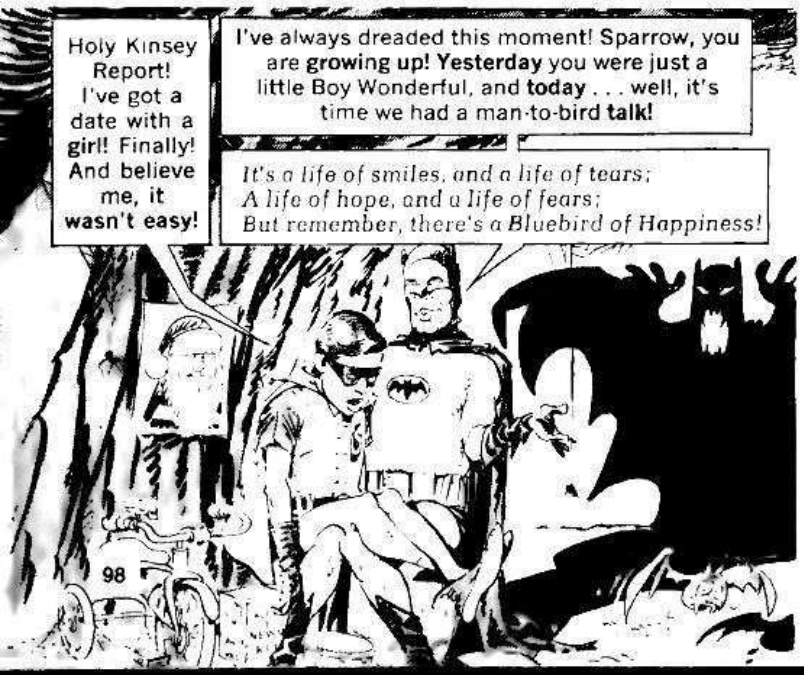
Holy Tony Curtis! That was no **lady**—that was **Bats-Man!** He came to get me when "The Kibitzer" escaped from jail! This "Boy Wonderful" bit is really lousing up my **love life!** I'm going to have to straighten a few things out!

Neuman, did Gray come home from school yet?
Yes, sir. Master Sparrow went directly below to the laboratory.
YeEOW!

That was **Sparrow!** He must be in **danger!** I haven't a moment to lose! To the **Bat-Slide!**
WHEEEE

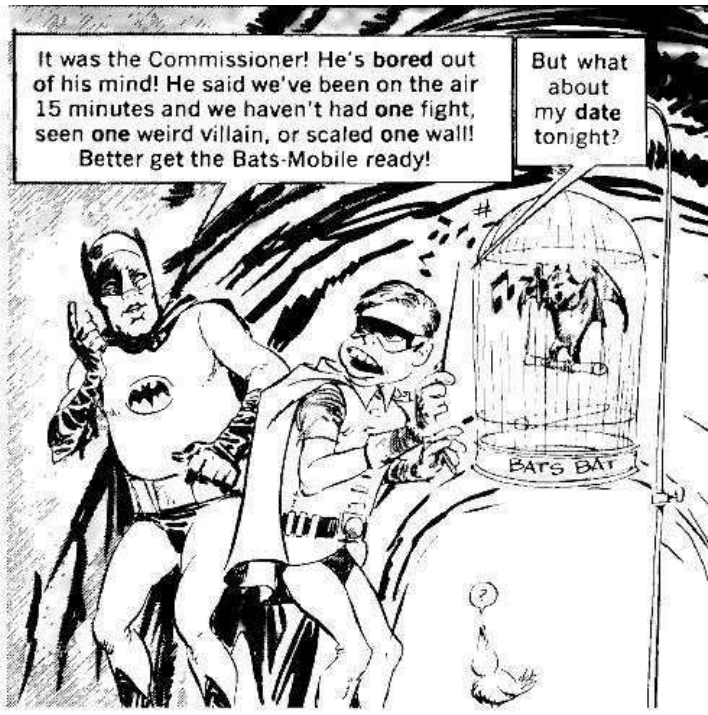
What's **wrong,** Boy Wonderful?
Wait till you see the **Bat-Scope!**
Did you discover the **hideout** of that evil menace, "El Bufon"?
No, the **dressing room** of Jill St. John! Holy 38—24—36!!!

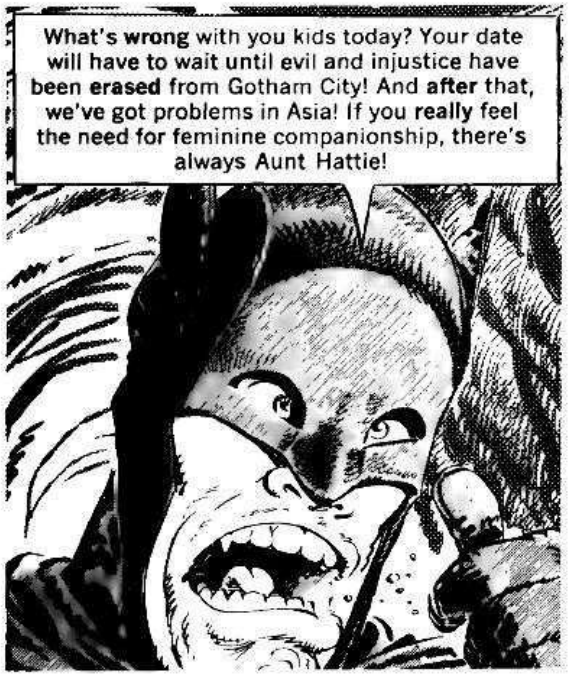

Now, now, Boy Wonderful . . . **not** nice, not nice!
Holy Squaresville!
Let's think about **other** things!
Which reminds me, I'd like to borrow the Bats-Mobile tonight!
CLICK


Holy Kinsey Report! I've got a date with a **girl!** Finally! And believe me, it **wasn't easy!**
I've always dreaded this moment! Sparrow, you are **growing up! Yesterday** you were just a little Boy Wonderful, and **today** . . . well, it's time we had a man-to-bird **talk!**
It's a life of smiles, and a life of tears;
A life of hope, and a life of fears;
But remember, there's a Bluebird of Happiness!

Holy Cornball! Listen, don't get me wrong, Bats-Man . . . I don't **mind** fighting crooks and running around in my **underwear!** But I'd **also** like some time for good, clean **teenage** activities, like making out and sniffing airplane glue and talking for hours on the **phone** . . .
But Sparrow- You **have** your own private phon
SYOSSET HIGH

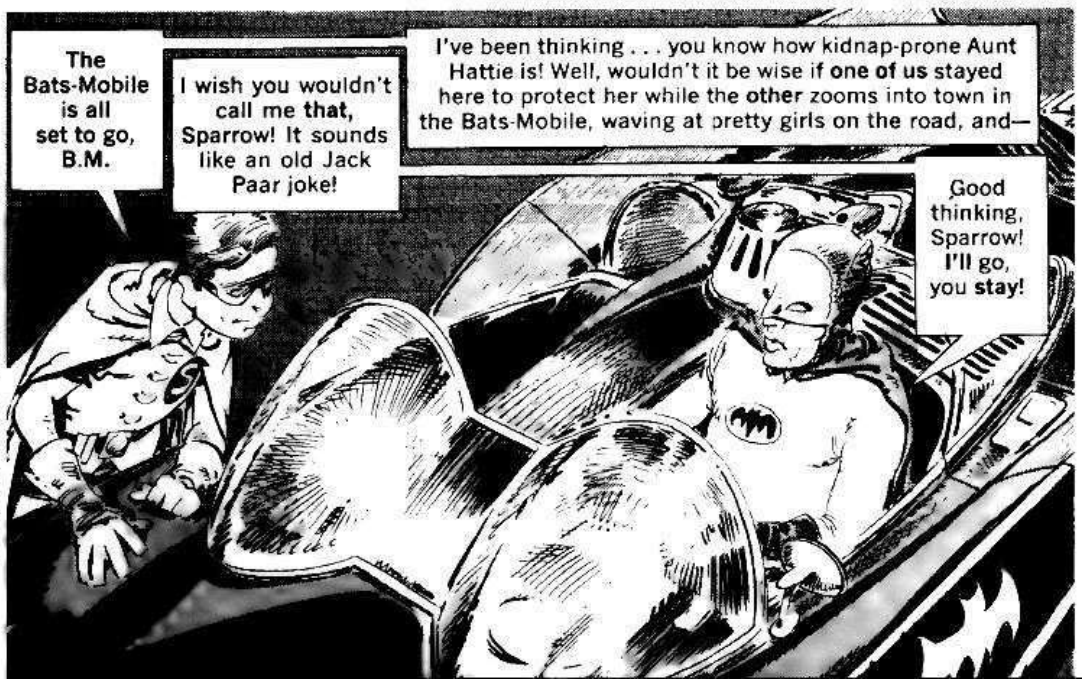
Holy Don Ameche! Some phone! A direct wire to the Commissioner's office!
It just happens that the Commissioner is a very witty conversationalist! And not only that . . . wait! The Bats-Phone! Hello, Bats-Man here! Oh, Commissioner, we were just talking about you! No! Really? Okay!


It was the Commissioner! He's bored out of his mind! He said we've been on the air 15 minutes and we haven't had one fight, seen one weird villain, or scaled one wall! Better get the Bats-Mobile ready!
But what about my date tonight?
BATS BAT


What's wrong with you kids today? Your date will have to wait until evil and injustice have been erased from Gotham City! And after that, we've got problems in Asia! If you really feel the need for feminine companionship, there's always Aunt Hattie!

Man, that Bat bugs me! I ask for one lousy night off and he gives me the whole darn Pollyanna schtick! Okay, baby, you asked for it! There's only one cat sharp enough to knock you off, Bats-Man, and that's me!

Leapin' Lizards! It's Sparrow Versus Bats-Man!

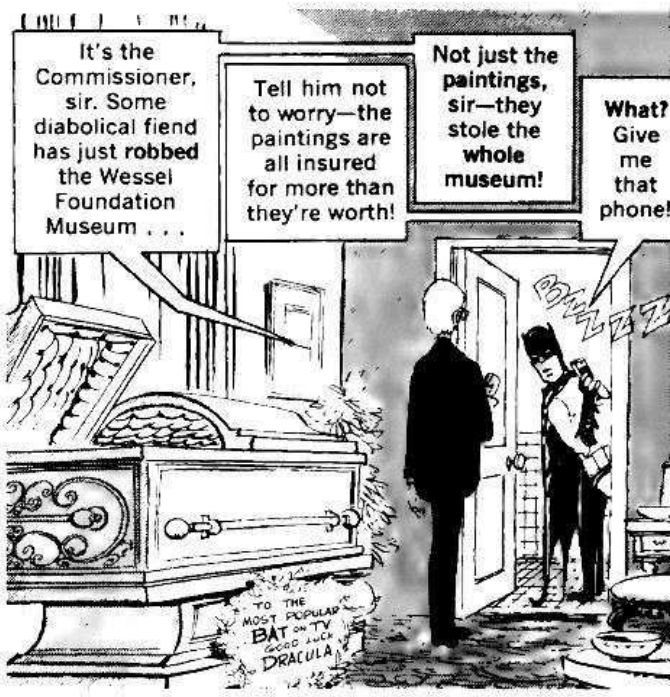

The Bats-Mobile is all set to go, B.M.
I wish you wouldn't call me that, Sparrow! It sounds like an old Jack Paar joke!
I've been thinking . . . you know how kidnap-prone Aunt Hattie is! Well, wouldn't it be wise if one of us stayed here to protect her while the other zooms into town in the Bats-Mobile, waving at pretty girls on the road, and—
Good thinking, Sparrow! I'll go, you stay!

Holy Mushroom Cloud! Can That Be The End Of Bats-Man?!

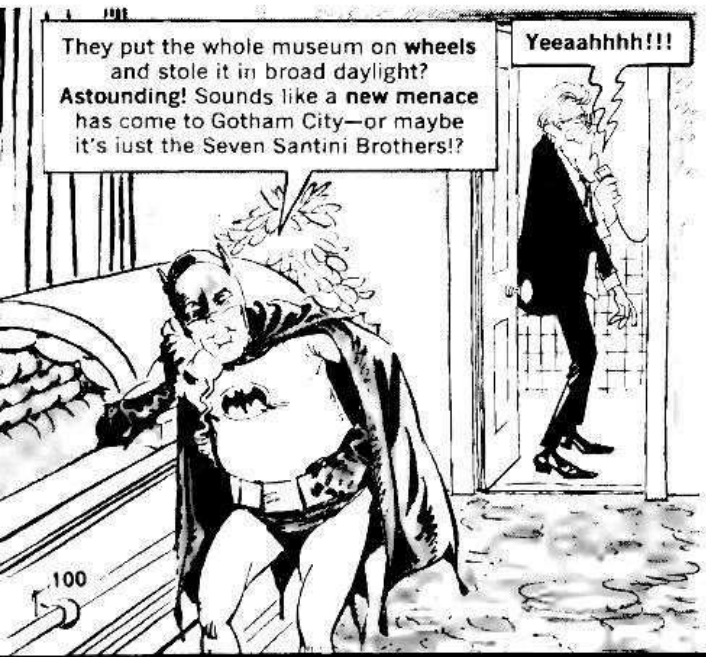
Bats-Man! Are you all right?
That was a close call, Boy Wonderful! If I hadn't fallen out of the Bats-Mobile on that sharp turn outside the Bats-Cave, I'd be Bats-Burger by now! The car is a total loss, though . . . better call the Insurance Adjuster and uncrate the alternate Bats-Mobile!

Holy Socks! What Bird-Brained Scheme Is Sparrow Hatching Now

Mr. Bats-Man, sir, this package just arrived. I took the liberty of opening it for you—It's a new electric razor!
Probably a gift from one of my many admirers. Come to think of it, I can use a shave right now!
Just wait until he uses that razor! It's really a Laser beam! So long, you old Bat!


It's the Commissioner, sir. Some diabolical fiend has just robbed the Wessel Foundation Museum . . .
Tell him not to worry—the paintings are all insured for more than they're worth!
Not just the paintings, sir—they stole the whole museum!
What? Give me that phone!
BZZZZZ
TO THE MOST POPULAR BAT ON TV GOOD LUCK DRACULA

Suffering Sunbeam! Is This The End For Bats-Man, Or Just Another Close Shave?


They put the whole museum on wheels and stole it in broad daylight? Astounding! Sounds like a new menace has come to Gotham City—or maybe it's just the Seven Santini Brothers!?
Yeeaahhhh!!!

Holy Ichabod Crane!
Oh dear, and good domestics are so hard to find, nowadays!
That death ray was meant for me! I'm up against the archest arch-criminal in my career! Warm up the alternate Bats-Mobile!

Well, I tried all the conventional TV weapons and nothing worked. There's only one way left to destroy Bats-Man—expose him!

Holy Perversion, Sparrow! That Would Be Indecent!

Don't you think we ought to close the cave and put the roadblock back up, Bats-Man?

Don't worry about it, Sparrow. If they really wanted to find out where the Bats-Cave is, all they'd have to do is trace the line from the Bats-Phone in the Commissioner's office. TV writers have no logic at all!

Bats-Man! I just received a call from a fiend who calls himself "El Capon". He said that at midnight tonight he's going to **reveal** your **true identity** on TV!

Great Scott! We'll have to forget about the museum robbery! There are **thousands** of Rembrandts and Da Vincis, but only **ONE** Bats-Man!

CRIME WAVE

If I know my super-crooks, the evil El Capon is holed up in a deserted warehouse at the edge of town!

They **always** are!

Come on, Sparrow. We haven't a moment to lose!!

HEMPSTEAD BAY
OYSTER BAY
SANDS POINT
MID POINT
OLD SEAVILLE
GOTHAM CITY
GLUTTONTOWN
JAFFEES HOUSE
COVE
SYOSSET
MEGLINS HOUSE
HICKSVILLE
WESTBURY
NASSAU COUNTY

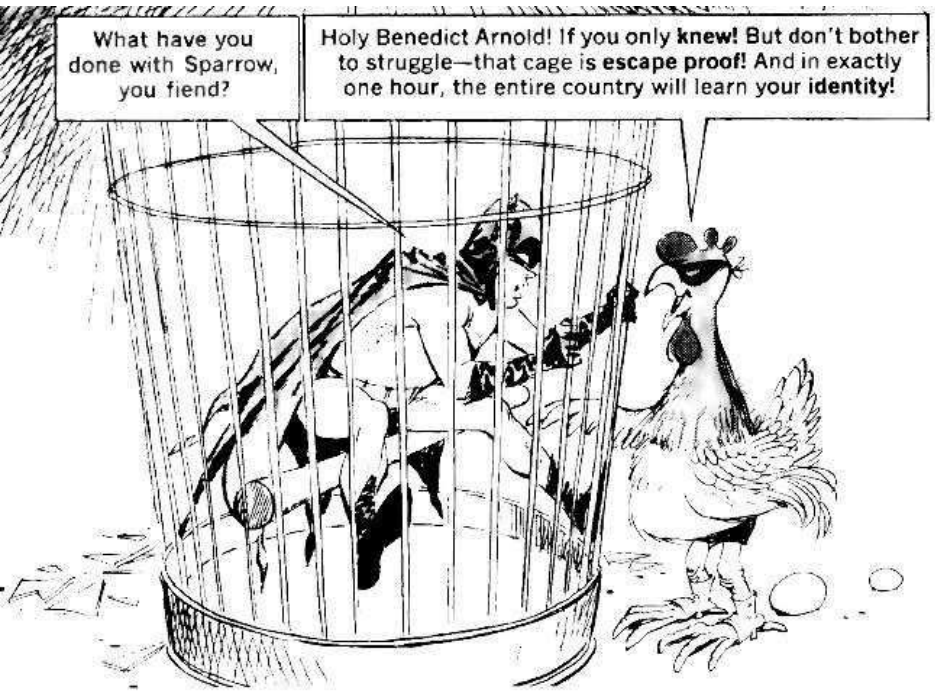
Listen, Bats-Man . . . let's use Bats-Plan #5 where **you** go through the window and **I** go through the skylight! Sort of surround El Capon!

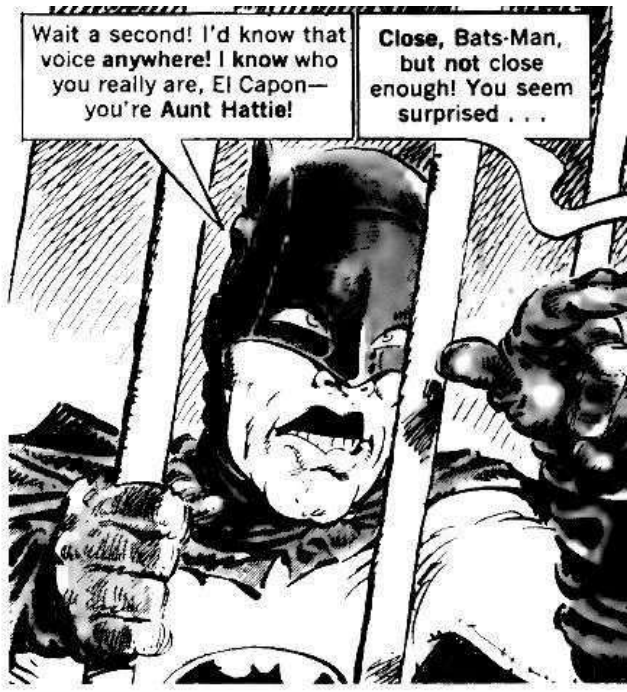
Good thinking, Boy Wonderful! In the meantime, let's enjoy the way they shoot this scene holding the camera **sideways** to give the impression that we're climbing a wall!

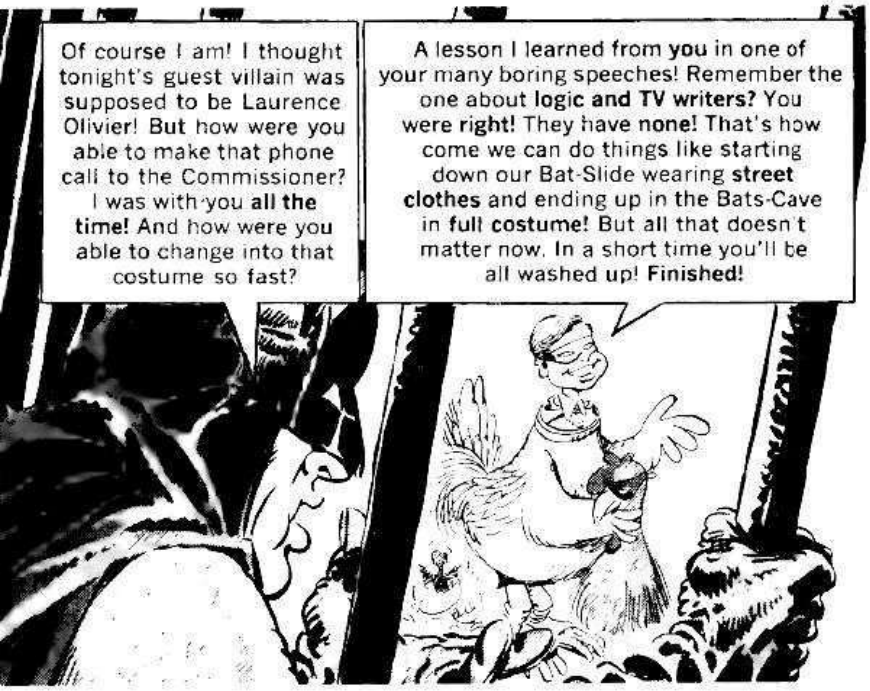
It's a trap!

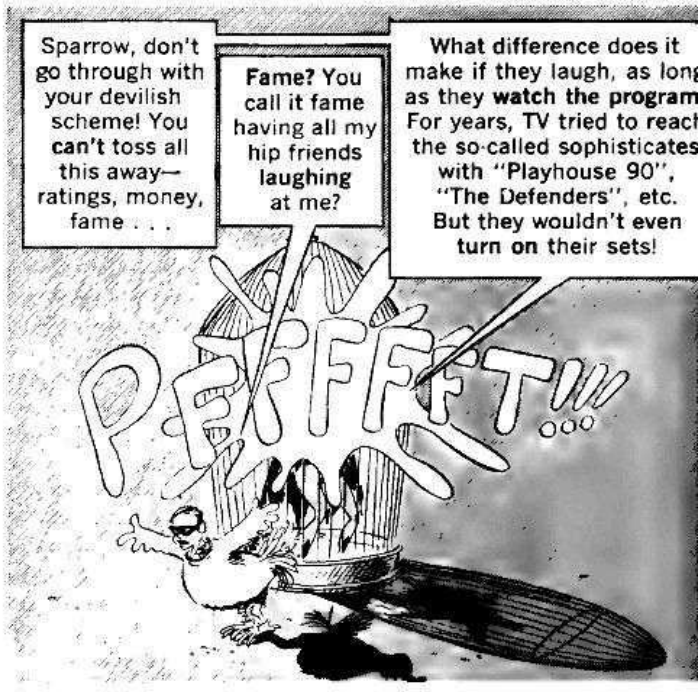
Welcome, Bats-Man! I've been **expecting** you!

CRASH

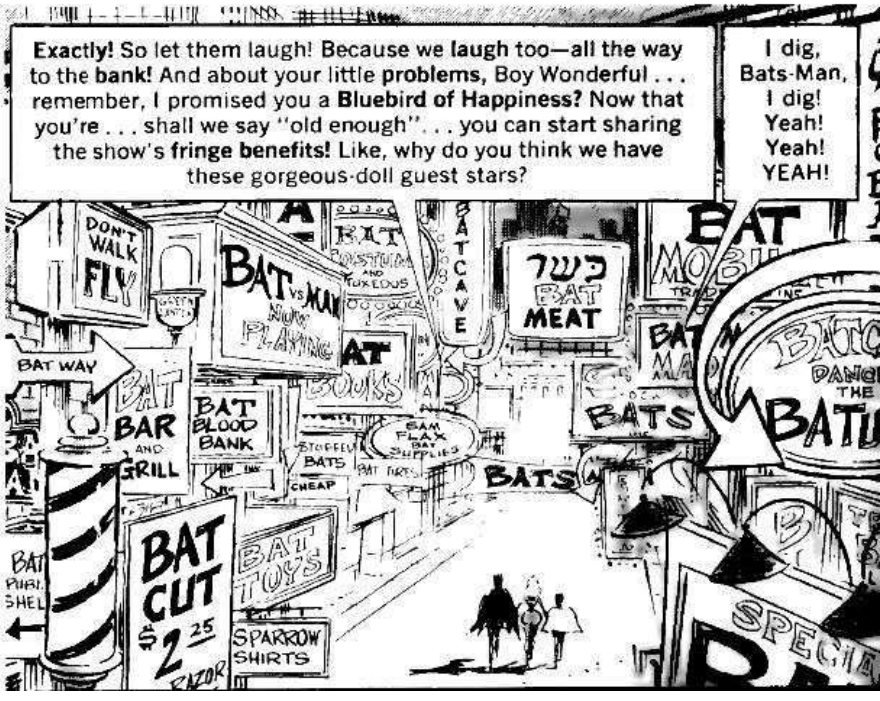

What have you done with Sparrow, you fiend?
Holy Benedict Arnold! If you only **knew!** But don't bother to struggle—that cage is **escape proof!** And in exactly one hour, the entire country will learn your **identity!**


Wait a second! I'd know that voice **anywhere! I know** who you really are, El Capon—you're **Aunt Hattie!**
Close, Bats-Man, **but not** close enough! You seem **surprised** . . .


Of course I am! I thought tonight's guest villain was supposed to be Laurence Olivier! **But** how were you able to make that phone call to the Commissioner? I was with you **all the time!** And how were you able to change into that costume so fast?
A lesson I learned from **you** in one of your many boring speeches! Remember the one about **logic and TV writers?** You were **right!** They have **none!** That's how come we can do things like starting down our Bat-Slide wearing **street clothes** and ending up in the Bats-Cave in **full costume!** But all that doesn't matter now. In a short time you'll be all washed up! **Finished!**


Sparrow, don't go through with your devilish scheme! You **can't** toss all this away—ratings, money, fame . . .
Fame? You call it fame having all my hip friends **laughing** at me?
What difference does it make if they laugh, as long as they **watch the program!** For years, TV tried to reach the so-called sophisticates with "Playhouse 90", "The Defenders", etc. But they wouldn't even **turn on** their sets!
PFFFFT!!!

Then along came **"Bats-Man"** and the industry made a revolutionary **discovery.** Give the **"in"** group **garbage**—make the show **bad** enough and they'll call it **"camp"** and stay **glued** to their sets!
Holy Nielsen! You mean the swingers are really squarer than the squares?


Exactly! So let them laugh! Because we **laugh** too—all the way to the **bank!** And about your little **problems,** Boy Wonderful . . . remember, I promised you a **Bluebird of Happiness?** Now that you're . . . shall we say "old enough" . . . you can start sharing the show's **fringe benefits!** Like, why do you think we have these gorgeous-doll guest stars?
I dig, Bats-Man, I dig! Yeah! Yeah! YEAH!
DON'T WALK FLY
BAT vs MAN NOW PLAYING
RAT COSTUMES AND TUXEDOS
BAT CAVE
BAT MEAT
BAT WAY
BAT BAR AND GRILL
BAT BLOOD BANK
BAT BOOKS
BATS
BAT TOYS
BAT CUT $2.25 RAZOR
SPARROW SHIRTS

Does this ad look blurred to you?

It should look blurred to you. Mainly because it really is blurred. We photographed it out of focus on purpose, and we're printing it exactly like this in millions of magazines all over the country.

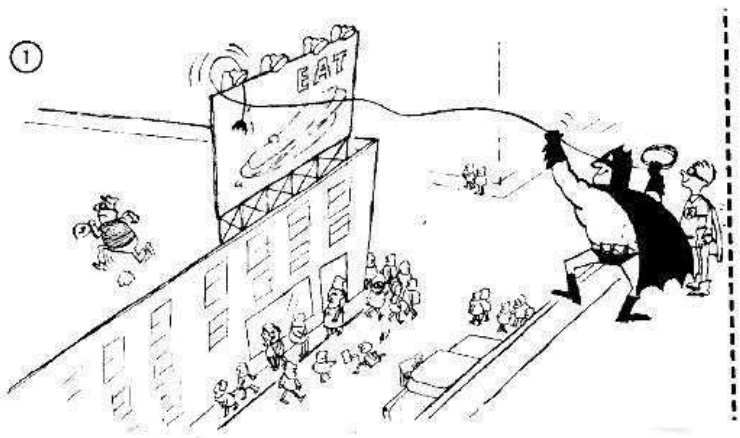
Why are we doing this? So you'll strain your eyes to read it, that's why!

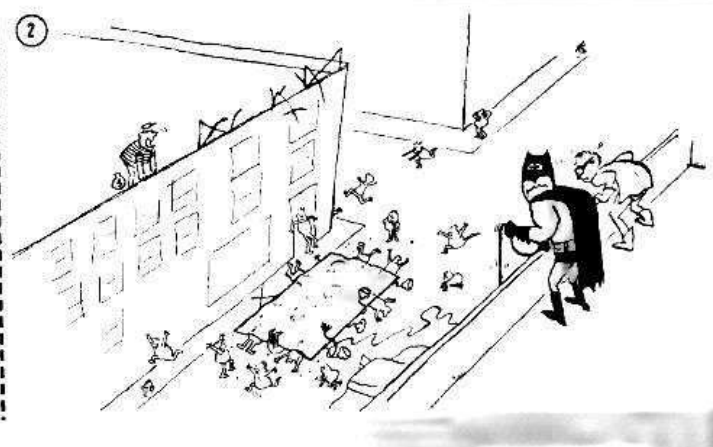
We're also running ads with blurred pictures—so you'll strain your eyes on them, too! We figure if you strain your eyes bad enough on all our ads, you'll end up needing glasses. Pretty sneaky, eh?

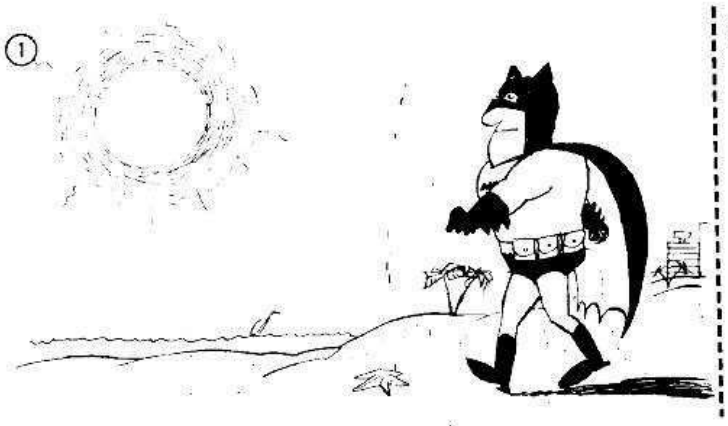
Well, it was the best way we could think of to get you into our offices and shops so we could take you for plenty by overcharging for lenses and frames and eye-drops and like that. We, bring all the greedy Optometrists & Oculists in the Better Vision Business Assoc.

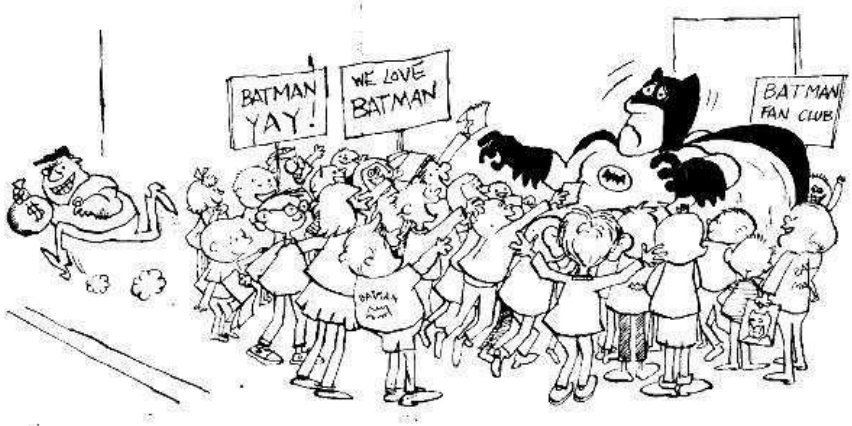
WEST–WARD–HO-HO! DEPT.

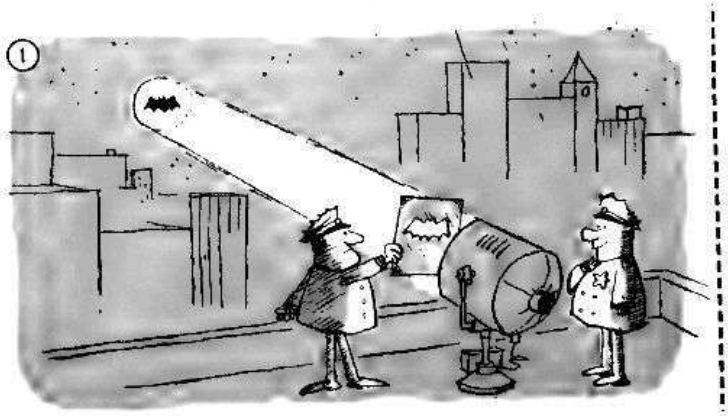
A MAD LOOK





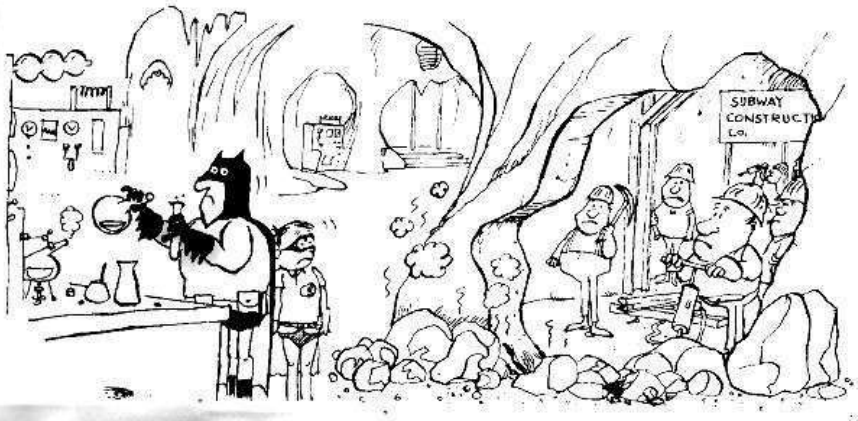


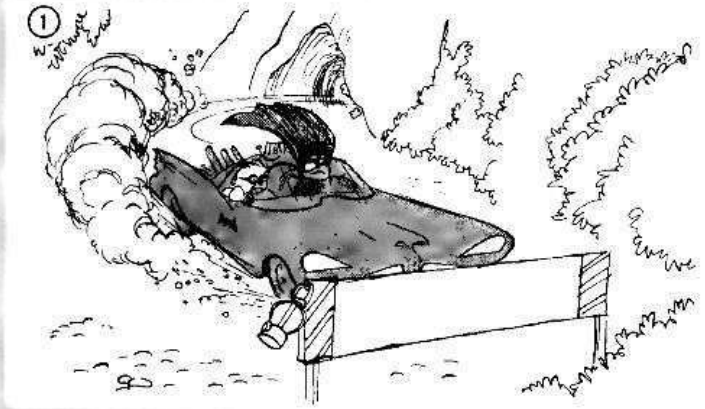


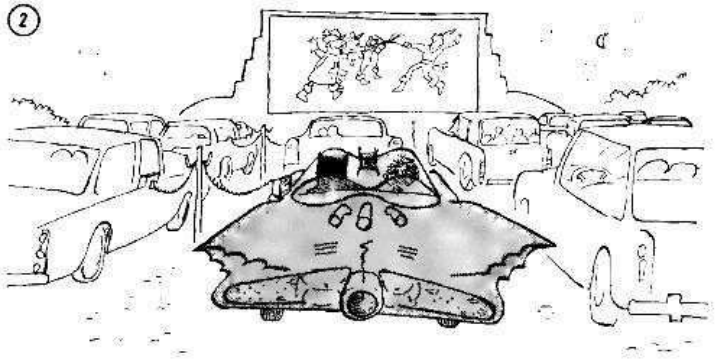


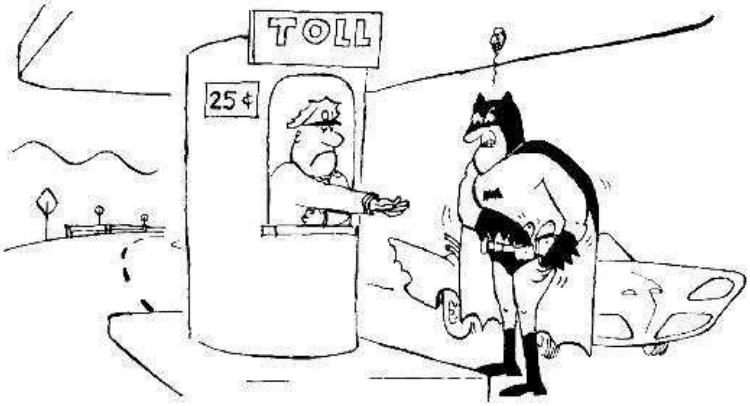
AT BATMAN

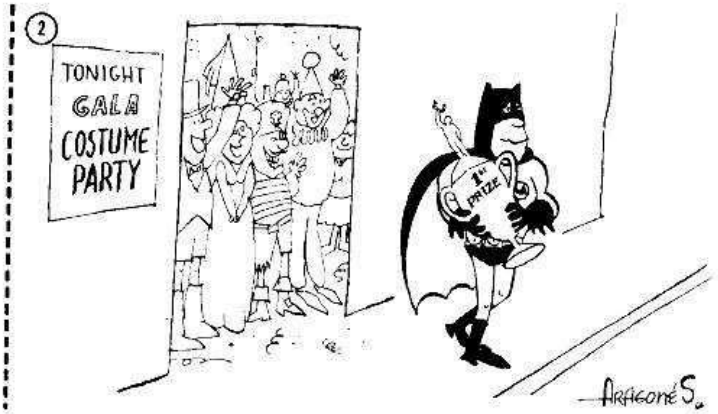
ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES











What does the term "Affluent Society" mean to you? Aw—go ahead! Take a guess! Nobody will laugh! You're among friends! What? Is that what you think it means? HA-HA! (If you learn nothing else from this article, you have just learned not to trust your friends!) Now, here is—

THE MAD SUBURBAN PRIMER

A CHILD'S-EYE VIEW OF "THE AFFLUENT SOCIETY"

Lesson 1.

THE HOUSE

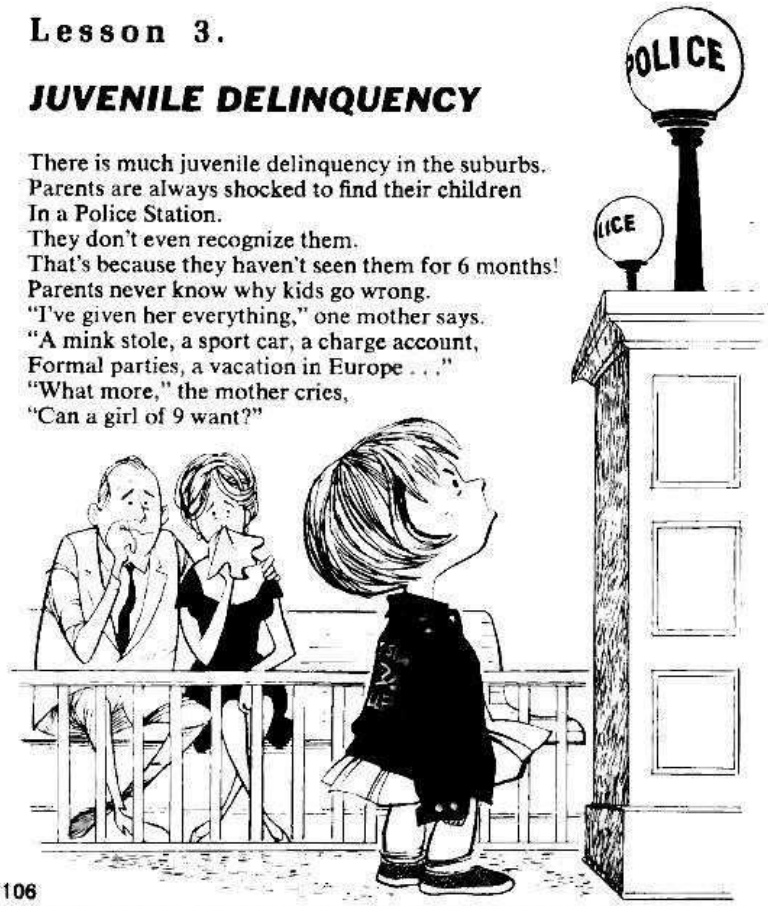
See the beautiful big house.
It is a very expensive big house.
Its owner can afford to be very proud.
In fact, pride is all that its owner can afford now!
The house is peaceful and quiet.
That's because no one in the suburbs ever stays home!
Father is out playing golf.
Mother is out playing cards.
And the children are sleeping at Grandma's house
Back in the city.
The only sound in the house
Is the pitter-patter of little feet.
The house is being robbed by a small burglar!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: STAN HART

Lesson 3.

JUVENILE DELINQUENCY

There is much juvenile delinquency in the suburbs.
Parents are always shocked to find their children
In a Police Station.
They don't even recognize them.
That's because they haven't seen them for 6 months!
Parents never know why kids go wrong.
"I've given her everything," one mother says.
"A mink stole, a sport car, a charge account,
Formal parties, a vacation in Europe . . ."
"What more," the mother cries,
"Can a girl of 9 want?"



"The trouble is
Our youngsters don't do anything constructive,"
The mothers complain to each other.
The problem preys on their minds.
They discuss it every day among themselves.
Right before their Mah Jongg games.

Lesson 2.

THE LESSONS

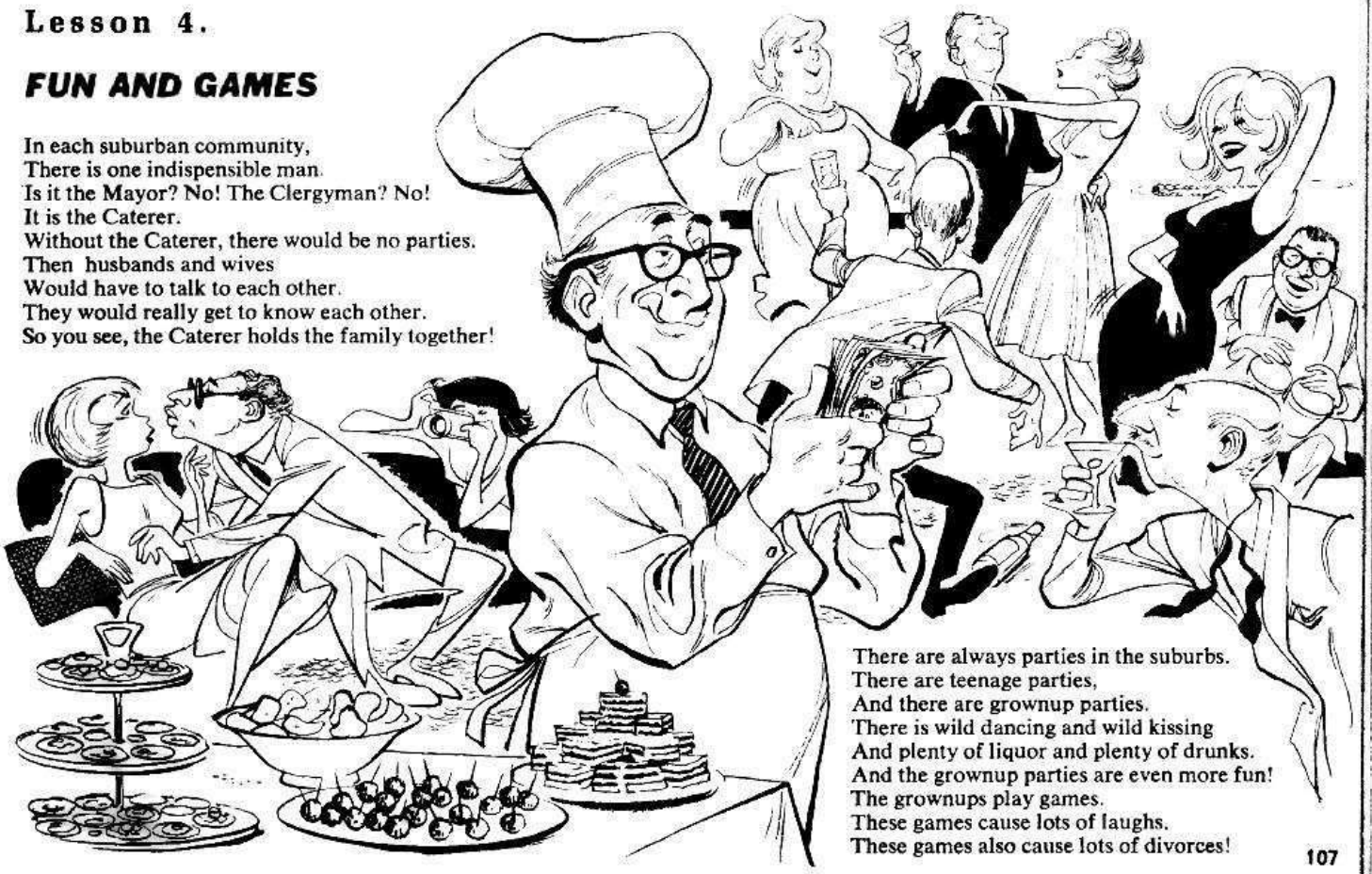
Children in the suburbs are kept very busy.
They are forced to take many lessons.
Lessons on how to dance.
Lessons on how to act and speak.
Lessons on how to play musical instruments.
What does the suburban child learn at these lessons?
He learns that he is pleasing his parents!
Too bad he cannot take lessons
On how to be a child!

Suburban children must be a credit to their parents.
They must not lie.
They must not cheat.
They must not steal.
Poor suburban children.
They are so unprepared for the adult world!

Lesson 4.

FUN AND GAMES

In each suburban community,
There is one indispensible man.
Is it the Mayor? No! The Clergyman? No!
It is the Caterer.
Without the Caterer, there would be no parties.
Then husbands and wives
Would have to talk to each other.
They would really get to know each other.
So you see, the Caterer holds the family together!

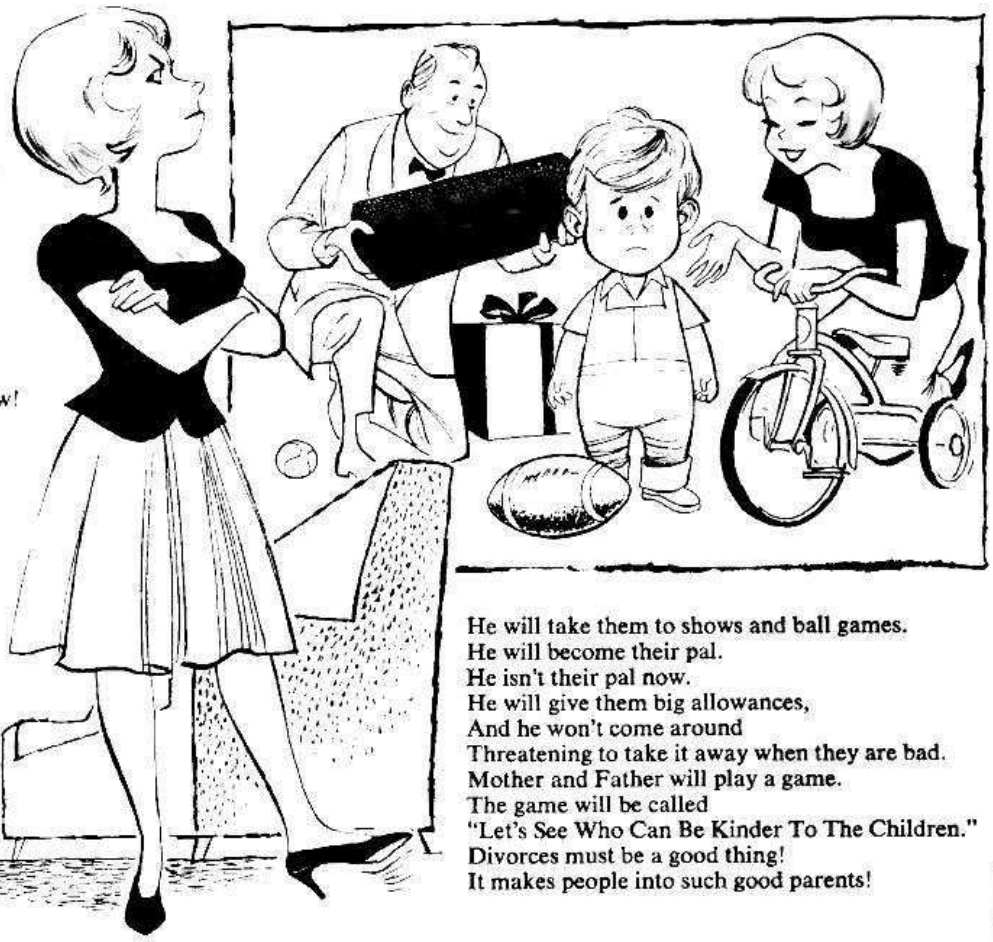


There are always parties in the suburbs.
There are teenage parties,
And there are grownup parties.
There is wild dancing and wild kissing
And plenty of liquor and plenty of drunks.
And the grownup parties are even more fun!
The grownups play games.
These games cause lots of laughs.
These games also cause lots of divorces!

Lesson 5.

DIVORCES

There is a lot of confusion in the suburbs.
Sometimes a child does not know
Where his next father is coming from.
That's because there are a lot of divorces
In the suburbs.
When parents get divorced,
They sign visitation agreements,
The Father will see the children
On Wednesdays and Saturdays.
That's one more day than he sees them now!



He will take them to shows and ball games.
He will become their pal.
He isn't their pal now.
He will give them big allowances,
And he won't come around
Threatening to take it away when they are bad.
Mother and Father will play a game.
The game will be called
"Let's See Who Can Be Kinder To The Children."
Divorces must be a good thing!
It makes people into such good parents!

Lesson 7.

HOUSEHOLD HELP

See the woman hiding in the bushes.
She is a kidnapper.
She is trying to kidnap
Her neighbor's maid.
A maid is very important in the suburbs.
She is the child's second mother.
The first mother
Is the nurse.

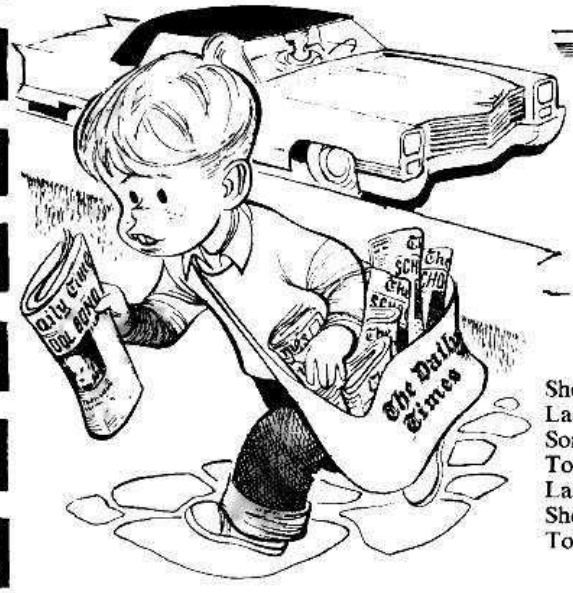
Some maids are a problem.
Some maids stay on the telephone for hours,
Or sleep all afternoon,
Or drink.
This keeps the woman of the house
so busy checking her maid
That the woman has no time
To stay on the telephone for hours,
Or sleep all afternoon,
Or drink.

Some people have this problem solved.
They bring a young girl over from Sweden
To be their maid.
It sounds like a very clever idea
Thought up by a very clever husband.

Lesson 6.

PARENTAL SUPERVISION

In the suburbs, some parents
Try to teach their children real values.
One youngster has a newspaper route.
His mother beams with pride
As she drives him on his rounds
In her Cadillac.



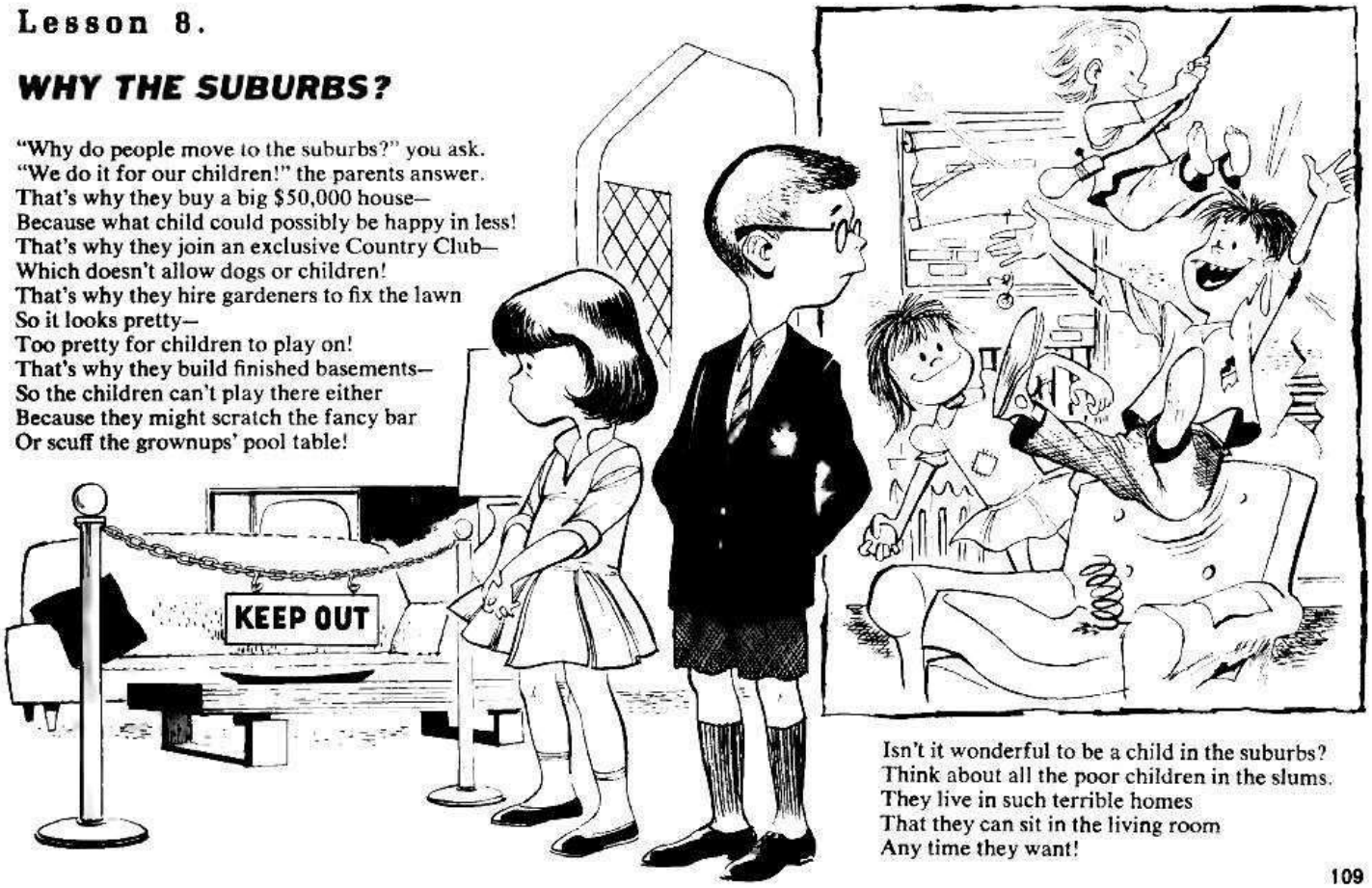
She deposits the money he makes in the bank.
Last week, he made $4.80.
Sometimes she adds to it
To make the deposit a round number.
Last week, she added $95.20.
She wants him to know what it feels like
To earn his own money.

Someday, he will have enough money
To put himself through Medical School
And become a Doctor.
His mother will beam with pride
As she drives him on his rounds
In her Cadillac.

Lesson 8.

WHY THE SUBURBS?

"Why do people move to the suburbs?" you ask.
"We do it for our children!" the parents answer.
That's why they buy a big $50,000 house—
Because what child could possibly be happy in less!
That's why they join an exclusive Country Club—
Which doesn't allow dogs or children!
That's why they hire gardeners to fix the lawn
So it looks pretty—
Too pretty for children to play on!
That's why they build finished basements—
So the children can't play there either
Because they might scratch the fancy bar
Or scuff the grownups' pool table!



Isn't it wonderful to be a child in the suburbs?
Think about all the poor children in the slums.
They live in such terrible homes
That they can sit in the living room
Any time they want!

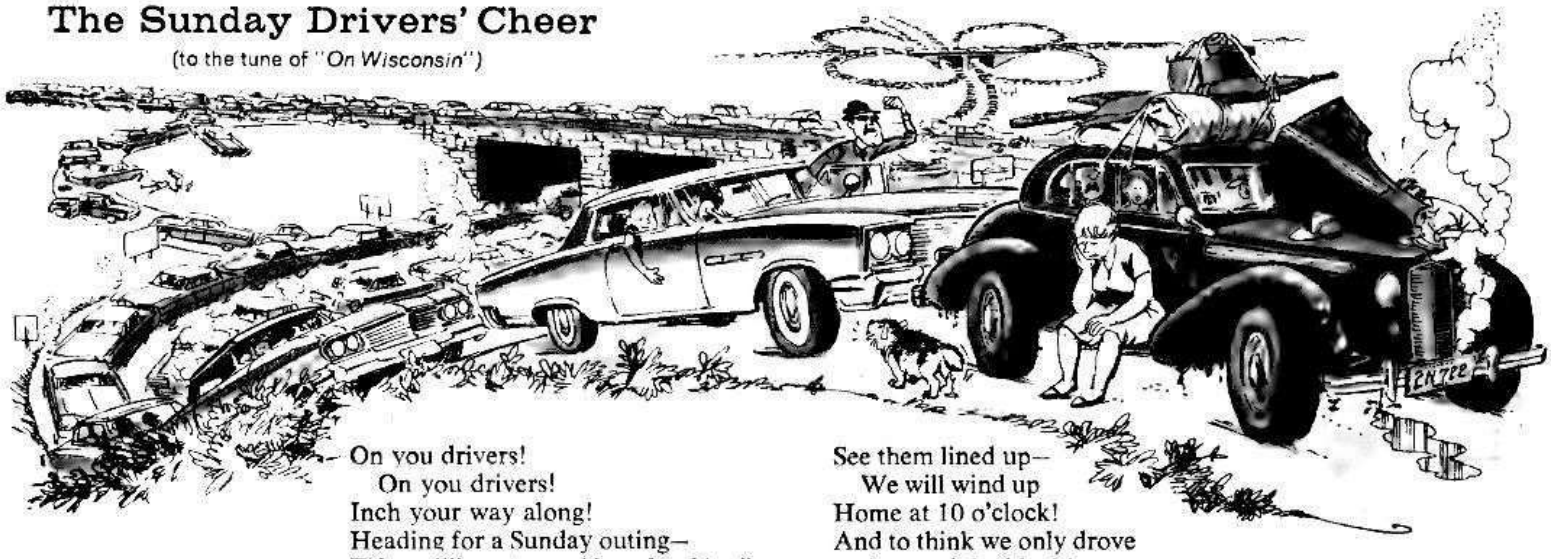
BATTLE HYMNS OF THE PUBLIC DEPT.

Not everybody can be a football hero. Not everybody can be a champion golfer or a record-breaking sprinter Not everybody can be a Mickey Mantle, a Sandy Koufax, or a Pumpsie Green. But just remember: We plain

FIGHT SONGS for (Playing the Game

The Sunday Drivers' Cheer

(to the tune of "*On Wisconsin*")



On you drivers!
On you drivers!
Inch your way along!
Heading for a Sunday outing—
Fifty million strong (*Stop honking!*)

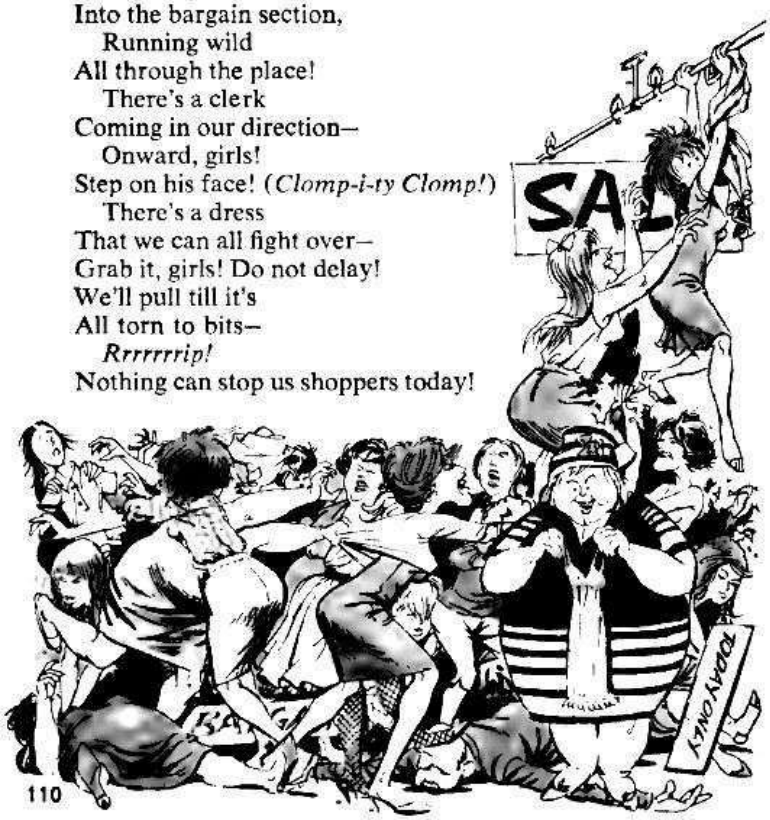
See them lined up—
We will wind up
Home at 10 o'clock!
And to think we only drove
A-round the block!

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

The Shoppers' Fight Song

(to the tune of "*The Air Force Song*")

Off we go
Into the bargain section,
Running wild
All through the place!
There's a clerk
Coming in our direction—
Onward, girls!
Step on his face! (*Clomp-i-ty Clomp!*)
There's a dress
That we can all fight over—
Grab it, girls! Do not delay!
We'll pull till it's
All torn to bits—
Rrrrrrrip!
Nothing can stop us shoppers today!



The Taxpayers' Rouser

(to the tune of "*The Song of the Vagabonds*")

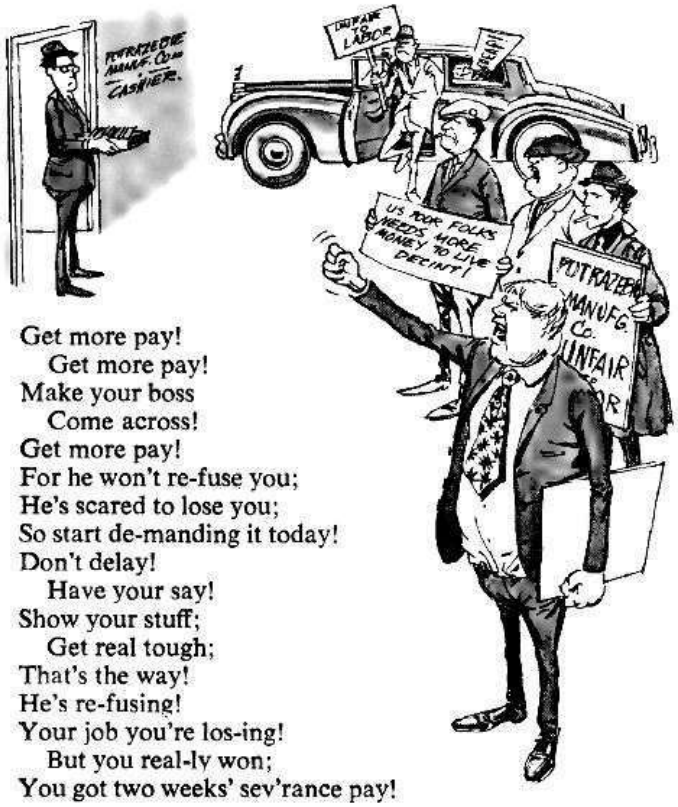
On—you big employers,
Clerks, and cooks and lawyers—
Cheat, cheat, cheat
Your Uncle Sam!
With expenses padding
And exemptions adding,
Cheat, cheat, cheat
Your Uncle Sam!
Don't declare the money that you earn!
Better still—don't file a return!
You'll be saving plenty,
And draw ten to twenty
Years in jail for Uncle Sam!

ordinary, unassuming clods are engaged in the most strenuous, demanding, competitive activity of all—the game of "Everyday Life"! So let's be enthusiastic and strike up the band while we sing these stirring . . .

the COMMON MAN of "Everyday Life")

The Underpaid Employees' March

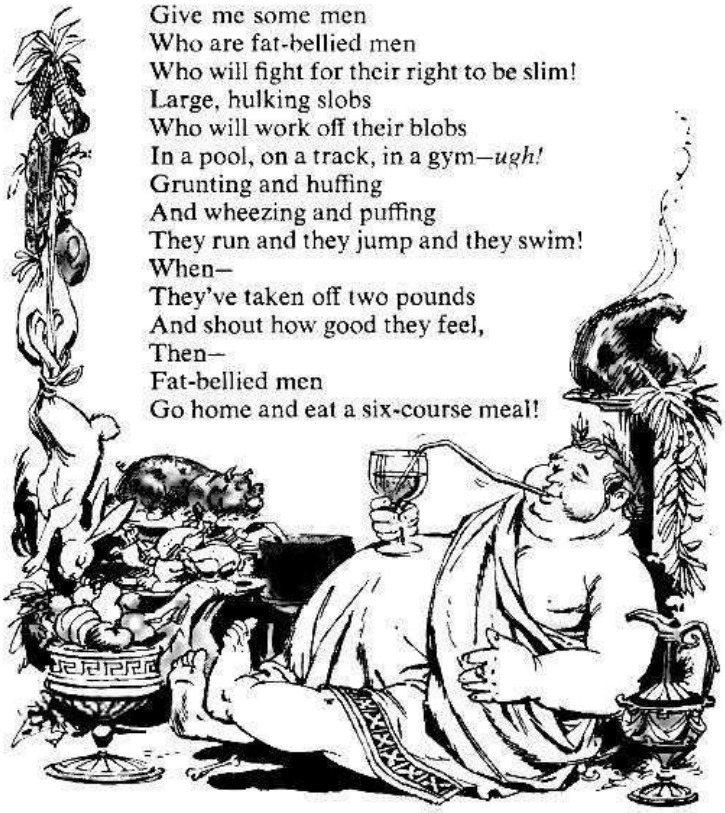
(to the tune of "*Over There*")



Get more pay!
Get more pay!
Make your boss
Come across!
Get more pay!
For he won't re-fuse you;
He's scared to lose you;
So start de-manding it today!
Don't delay!
Have your say!
Show your stuff;
Get real tough;
That's the way!
He's re-fusing!
Your job you're los-ing!
But you real-ly won;
You got two weeks' sev'rance pay!

The Fat Men's Chorus

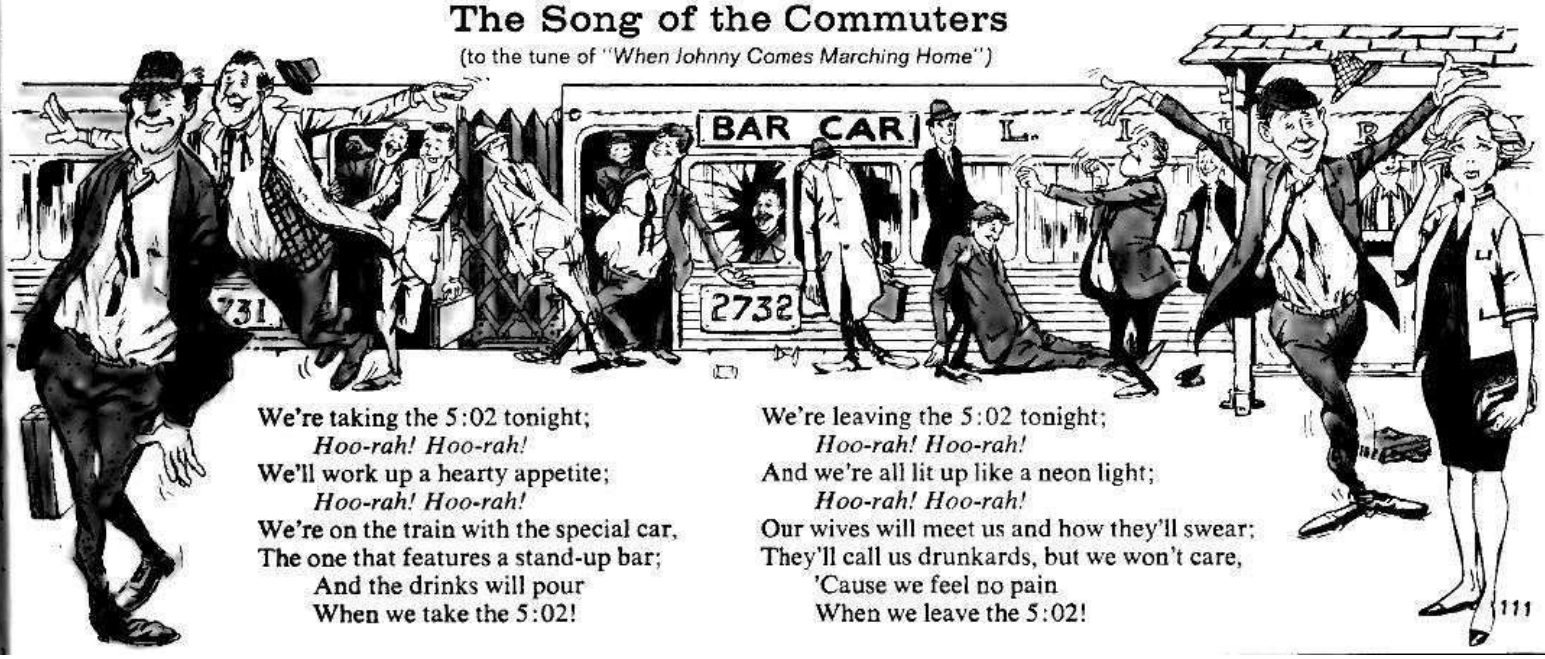
(to the tune of "*Stouthearted Men*")



Give me some men
Who are fat-bellied men
Who will fight for their right to be slim!
Large, hulking slobs
Who will work off their blobs
In a pool, on a track, in a gym—*ugh!*
Grunting and huffing
And wheezing and puffing
They run and they jump and they swim!
When—
They've taken off two pounds
And shout how good they feel,
Then—
Fat-bellied men
Go home and eat a six-course meal!

The Song of the Commuters

(to the tune of "*When Johnny Comes Marching Home*")

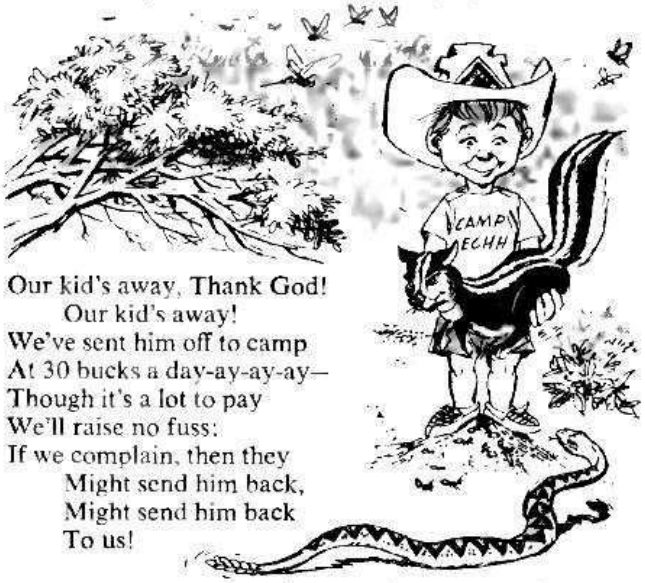


We're taking the 5:02 tonight;
Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!
We'll work up a hearty appetite;
Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!
We're on the train with the special car,
The one that features a stand-up bar;
And the drinks will pour
When we take the 5:02!

We're leaving the 5:02 tonight;
Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!
And we're all lit up like a neon light;
Hoo-rah! Hoo-rah!
Our wives will meet us and how they'll swear;
They'll call us drunkards, but we won't care,
'Cause we feel no pain
When we leave the 5:02!

The Parents' Anthem

(to the tune of *"Anchors Aweigh!"*)



Our kid's away, Thank God!
Our kid's away!
We've sent him off to camp
At 30 bucks a day-ay-ay-ay—
Though it's a lot to pay
We'll raise no fuss:
If we complain, then they
Might send him back,
Might send him back
To us!

The Week-End Gardeners' Hymn

(to the tune of *"From The Halls of Montezuma"*)

From the ants in our petunia bed,
To the crabgrass on our lawn—
We will fight them off with chem-i-cals,
Till the bugs and weeds are gone;
We'll use quarts and quarts of poison spray,
And we won't stop till we're through;
All the bugs and weeds are dying now,
But the plants and trees are, too!

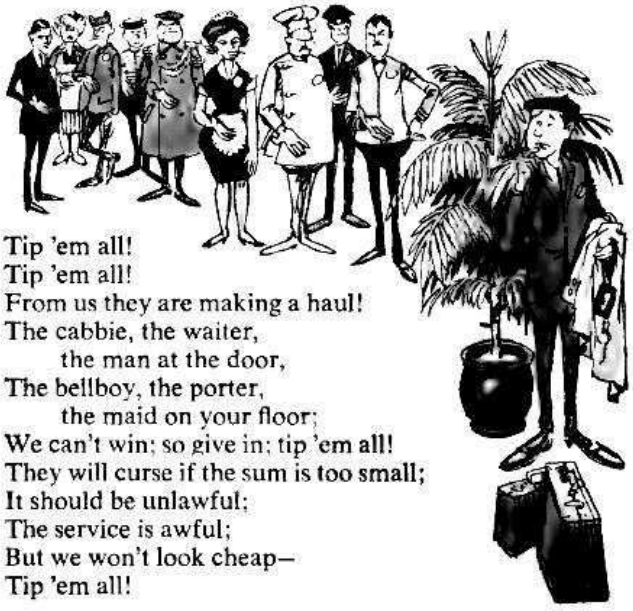
The Consumers' Fight Song

(to the tune of *"The Notre Dame Fight Song"*)

Cheer, cheer for our charge accounts!
We run up bills in mammoth amounts!
Freezers, sports cars, TV sets—
Each one is bringing brand-new debts;
What though the bills be great or be small,
We can't pay one, so why pay at all?
We'll still live in comfort while
We're heading for bank-rupt-cy!

The Tippers' Chant

(to the tune of *"Bless 'Em All"*)



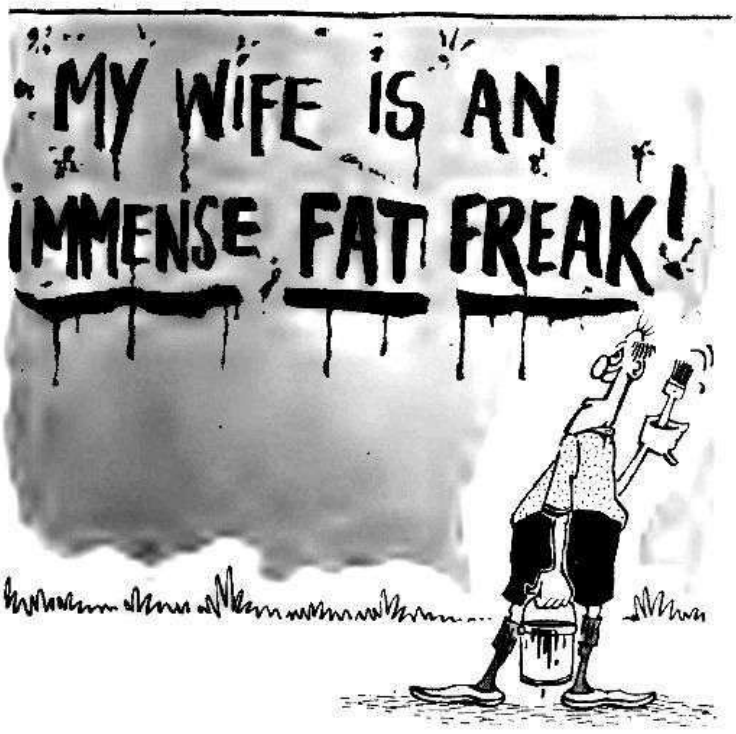
Tip 'em all!
Tip 'em all!
From us they are making a haul!
The cabbie, the waiter,
the man at the door,
The bellboy, the porter,
the maid on your floor;
We can't win; so give in; tip 'em all!
They will curse if the sum is too small;
It should be unlawful;
The service is awful;
But we won't look cheap—
Tip 'em all!

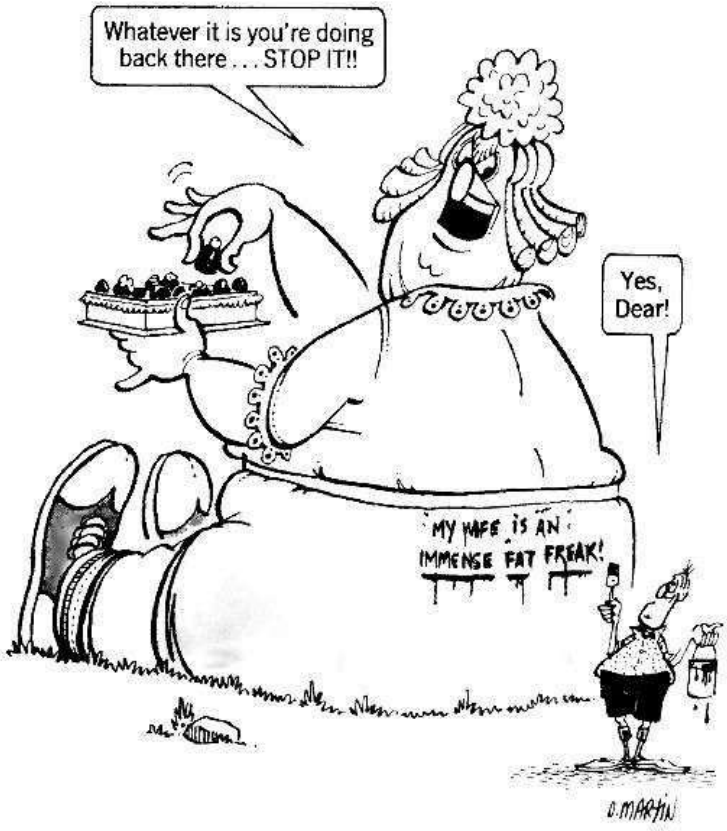
The Barflies' Hymn

(to the tune of *"Over Hill, Over Dale"*)

Over booze, over beer,
We will argue through the year
As the barflies go yapping along;
Football facts, baseball lore,
We remember every score,
As the barflies go yapping along;
For it's Hi, Hi, Hee!
When some rummy don't agree—
Shout out your answer loud and strong:
Sez You!
We will prove our point
While we're busting up the joint
As the barflies go yapping along!

THE INDIGNANT HUSBAND



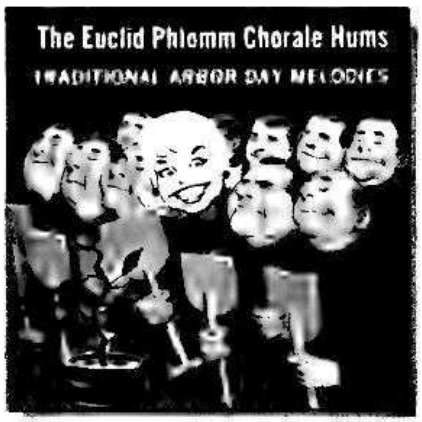


SLIPPED DISC DEPT.

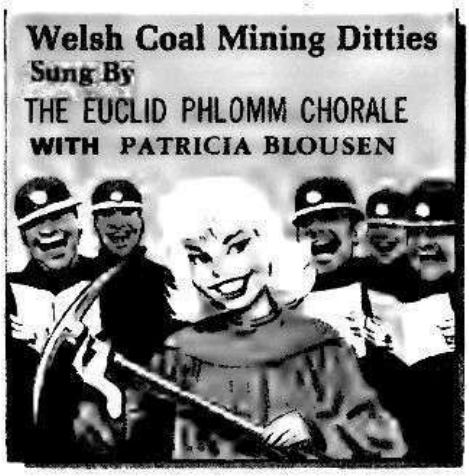
Everybody knows that record album covers are designed chiefly to sell the records inside. But, for a few discerning collectors, they also serve another purpose. Through the billings on the covers, it is possible to trace...

THE RISE...

1948



1950

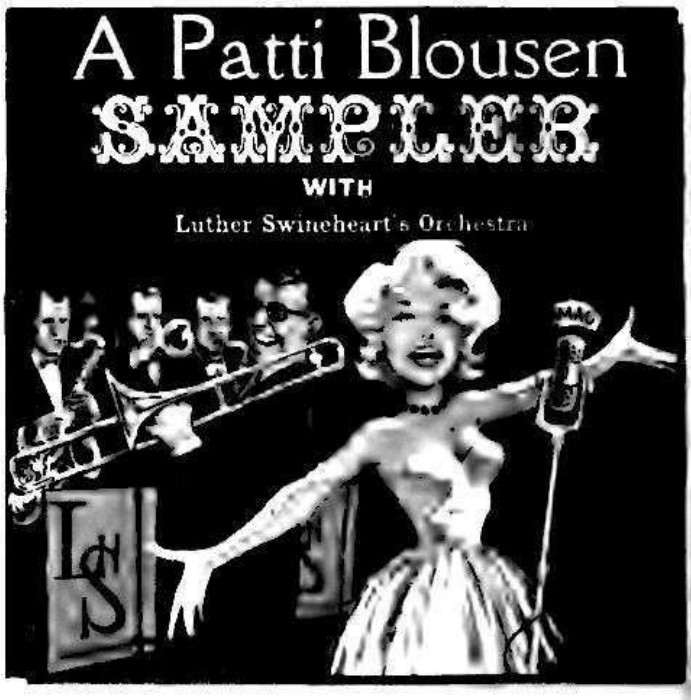


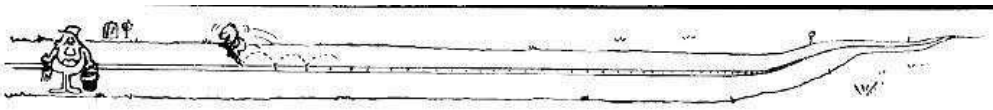
1952

...AND FALL

1956

1957





ARTIST: JACK RICKARD
WRITER: TOM KOCH

1954

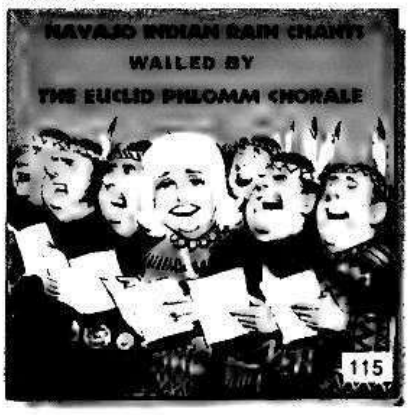
1955

# of a RECORDING STAR

1959

1961

1963



THE "RED" BADGE OF COURAGE DEPT.

RUSSIAN "RUSSIAN ROULETTE"

ARTIST & WRITER: SERGIO ARAGONES

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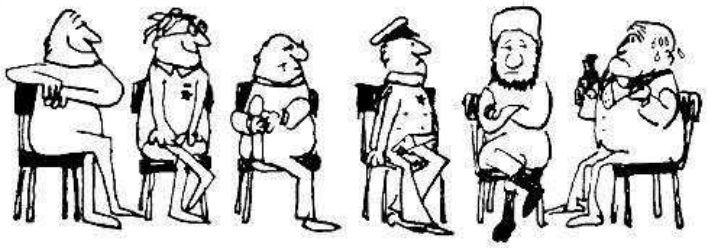

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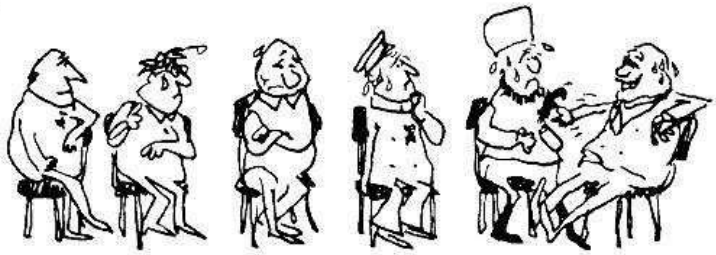

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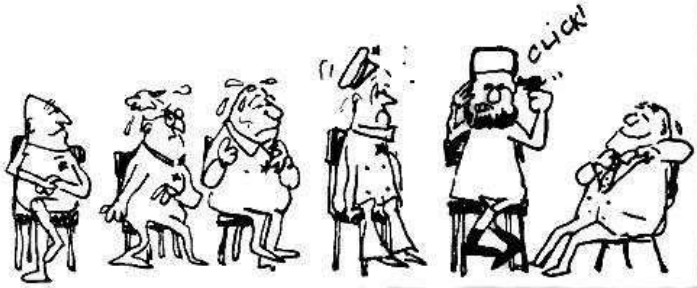

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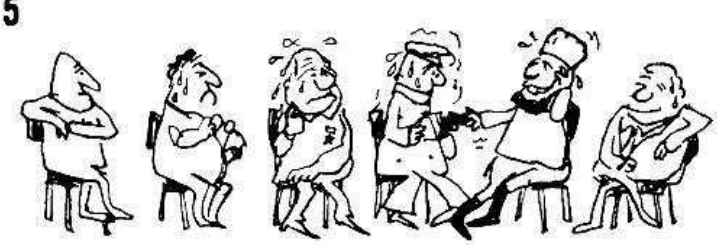

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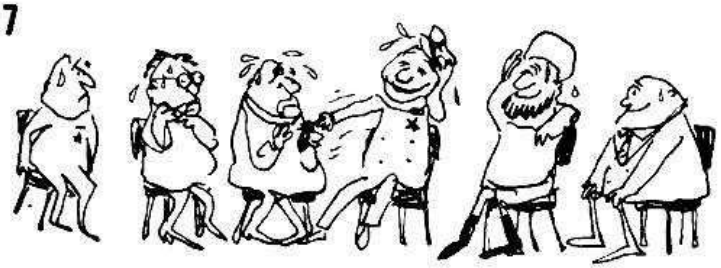

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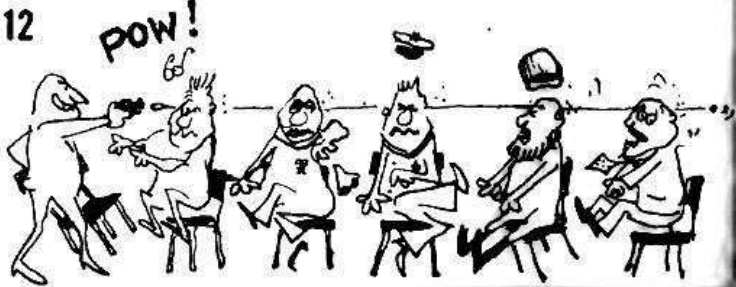


BRINGING DOWN FATHER DEPT.

Today, the male of the house is slowly but surely being reduced to the status of an ineffectual clod whose only function seems to be the amassing of the wealth he will ultimately leave his widow. This insidious plot to turn the American husband into nothing more than an income-producing appliance which pays for all of the other labor-saving appliances that make the American wife's life so much easier is carried on each month by magazines like:

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WRITER: TOM KOCH

LADIES' HOME
JOURNEY
APRIL
1960
35c
(Less than your husband squanders on a single lunch)
TURN YOUR HUSBAND'S IDLE HOURS INTO CASH
CONDENSED NOVEL THE MAN WHO DREAMED OF EQUAL RIGHTS COMPLETE IN THIS ISSUE
TIPS FOR PICKING A WEAK-WILLED MATE
MAKING CHILDREN YOUR ALLIES IN FAMILY QUARRELS
YOUR HUSBAND CAN BE TRAINED TO GIVE UP SMOKING

"Lots of husbands have irrational ideas during middle age. This is the time when the wife must never weaken or lose the upper hand."

DR. SCHLOCK TALKS WITH WIVES

The meaning of your husband's fears

When he is confused and lonely, whip him back into line before it is too late.

By BIRDIE SCHLOCK, D.V.M.

Many women who are competent, alert, aggressive and overbearing in most phases of riding herd on their families often find themselves completely at a loss in coping with the irrational fears and seeming obstinacy of their middle-aged husbands.

Scarcely a day goes by that the whining, subservient postman on my route doesn't deliver a package of letters from wives seeking advice on how to keep husbands in their forties and fifties from getting out of line. Here are brief excerpts from four different letters I have received recently:

1. "My husband, Brucie, who is 43½, has started exhibiting entirely too much curiosity about our family finances. Severals times, I have caught him sneaking a look into our checkbook in an obvious effort to find out how much money we have in the bank. Fortunately, I keep the stubs in such a mess that his underhanded efforts have been futile. But I sense a warning in this small display of independence, and I certainly want to nip things in the bud before he starts asking questions about what stocks we own, and how much money we owe, and other things that are none of his business. What can I do?"

2. "My mother ran off with a carnival shill in 1946, and, as the eldest daughter, I have had to assume the responsibility of managing my father. He is now 52, and is becoming as wild as a March hare. He whimpers constantly that he needs a larger allowance. I am certain that he wants the money so that he can afford to take the bus downtown to the record store and leer at the album covers. What's gotten into him?"

SUMMER RAIN

By EMMA FORDYCE WIERBOGGER

The rain comes down
Like little people;
Flee the town
Or climb the steeple.
I feel a thrill
When it starts raining.
It's a shame the sewers
Are not draining.

3. "Sidney is 44, and has been in training for almost 20 years. Aided by my mother and her mother, who both live with us, I was certain that I had Sidney's spirit completely broken, but now, suddenly, he has started to give me a lot of backtalk, and even refuses to fold his napkin and put it back in the napkin ring after meals. If left unchecked, couldn't this lead to his refusing to mow the lawn, smoking in the house, taking Sunday afternoon naps and heaven knows what?"

4. "In making Rupert afraid of me, I seem to have overdone it. He now cowers before everyone who comes into the house, even other men. He complains that when I send him out to argue with tradespeople, it gives him a headache. I punish him, but it does no good. Please help me!"

It is difficult for us women to accept the fact that men are capable of having certain feelings on a low, but nevertheless, conscious level. In the forties and fifties, the so-called "dangerous years," these feelings may even be accompanied by a vague desire to assert independence. Many husbands lack the nerve to express this desire overtly, and so retreat into irrational phobias and symptoms like watching baseball games and Westerns on TV. This is a time to tighten, rather than relax the reins. It is a time of trial for every married woman. But console yourself with the thought that this phase will pass when he sees it getting him nowhere.

Mrs. E. B. Whipsnade of Troy, N. Y., helps her husband sign up for short-term big pay-off insurance policy. Money that might be squandered on needless doctor bills will be used to cover the premiums.

How Much Insurance Does Your Husband Need?

Statistics show that Women live longer than Men. Don't slip up on this Vital Fact in planning for your "Golden Years"!

Little by little, America is becoming a nation of widows. Husbands, motivated by selfishness, irresponsibility, and stubborn insistence upon having their own way, seem to be forming a resistance group intent only on working itself into an early grave – obviously as a means of escape from this selfishness, irresponsibility, and stubborn insistence upon having their own way that women possess.

Contrary to popular belief, women need not take this revolt lying down. Neither must they make personal sacrifices to afford the medical care necessary to patch their husbands up so they can go back to work. The real solution to the problem lies in adequate life insurance.

Whether the policy is taken out soon after marriage when the husband is still in shape to pass a physical, or later in life when fewer but larger premiums must be paid, is a choice that each wife must make for herself. The important thing is not to postpone the decision too long. We have all known widows who procrastinated in the belief that their husbands lacked the courage to acquire a fatal illness. Only when it was too late did they realize what fools they'd been.

"Should I get him to sign up for double indemnity, or just straight life?" is a question I am often asked by women who wish to get the maximum return for the smallest possible investment. My advice, naturally, differs from case to case. For men who drive nitroglycerine trucks, repair TV transmitter towers, and/or test leaky submarines, double indemnity is worth the few extra dollars outlay. The same may be true for husbands whose wives plan to murder them – although in such cases, juries have been known to look with disfavor on double indemnity policies.

The best byword is: Get him to sign up for something, and make sure it's *big!* You don't want to live like a churchmouse after he's gone, do you? You can pay for the premiums out of his allowance, and

CONTINUED ON PAGE 439

Mrs. Whipsnade achieves peace of mind, knowing that her simple needs will be cared for.

Can this Husband be Salvaged?

You take a marriage like this one here, and right away you know it just don't got it. You understand what I mean? It's like—well—sometimes two people get together and they got it. And then, maybe some other time, you take the same two people—or maybe just one of the people—or even two other people—and nothing. Do you get what I'm trying to tell you? It's chemical. That's the whole lousy deal right there. It's chemical. Anybody will tell you that. It's just—well, chemical. You follow me? Anyway, one thing we ain't at the American Institute for Strained Family Relations is chemists. Phonies, yes. But chemists, no. That's why we couldn't do nothing for the idiots in this month's case. Their counselor, who committed suicide after the preliminary session, was Fanny Hornbeak Winegruber.

MINNIE FLAGLE, B.A., General Nuisance

SHE: "Clifford is the kind of husband that any normal woman would want to hide when company comes. He brings home a miserable three bills a week, and he acts like this gives him the right to roughhouse with the children and set up a crumby workshop in the basement and spend mony for his own personal enjoyment and gosh knows what all. If only I had listened to Mother!"

HE: "If only she had!"

SELMA TELLS HER SIDE: "I don't see how I can stand living with Clifford another day. He's a real nothing. Like, for one thing, he's an Electronics Engineer. That'll give you some idea right there. He makes $15,000 a year, and to him, this is a big deal.

"My older sister, Shirley, is married to a successful trigger man who is employed by a fine old firm of hoodlums. He often makes more on one job than Clifford makes in a whole month. My sister laughs at Clifford, and points out what a chump he is to work for peanuts. Naturally, this embarrasses me to tears in front of her.

"Clifford is in an excellent spot to embezzle from the company he works for, but he lacks the ambition and courage to do it. My sister has kindly consented to allow my brother-in-law to help plan the job, asking only a small commission for his services, and still Clifford refuses.

"How could any woman tolerate the constant nausea over being married to such a spineless jellyfish? Even my mother has been sweet enough to point out Clifford's faults to him so he can learn to overcome them. But it seems that his only desire is to wallow in mediocrity."

CLIFFORD TELLS HIS SIDE: "What right do I have to ask a woman like Selma to stay with me? She's so competent, so full of self-assurance. Her mother has told me many times, in the strictest confidence, that Selma had many chances for a much better husband than me. Hearing this upsets me so that I sometimes have to excuse myself, and go cuddle my pillow and cry. I should release Selma from her marriage vow, but who will look after me if I do?"

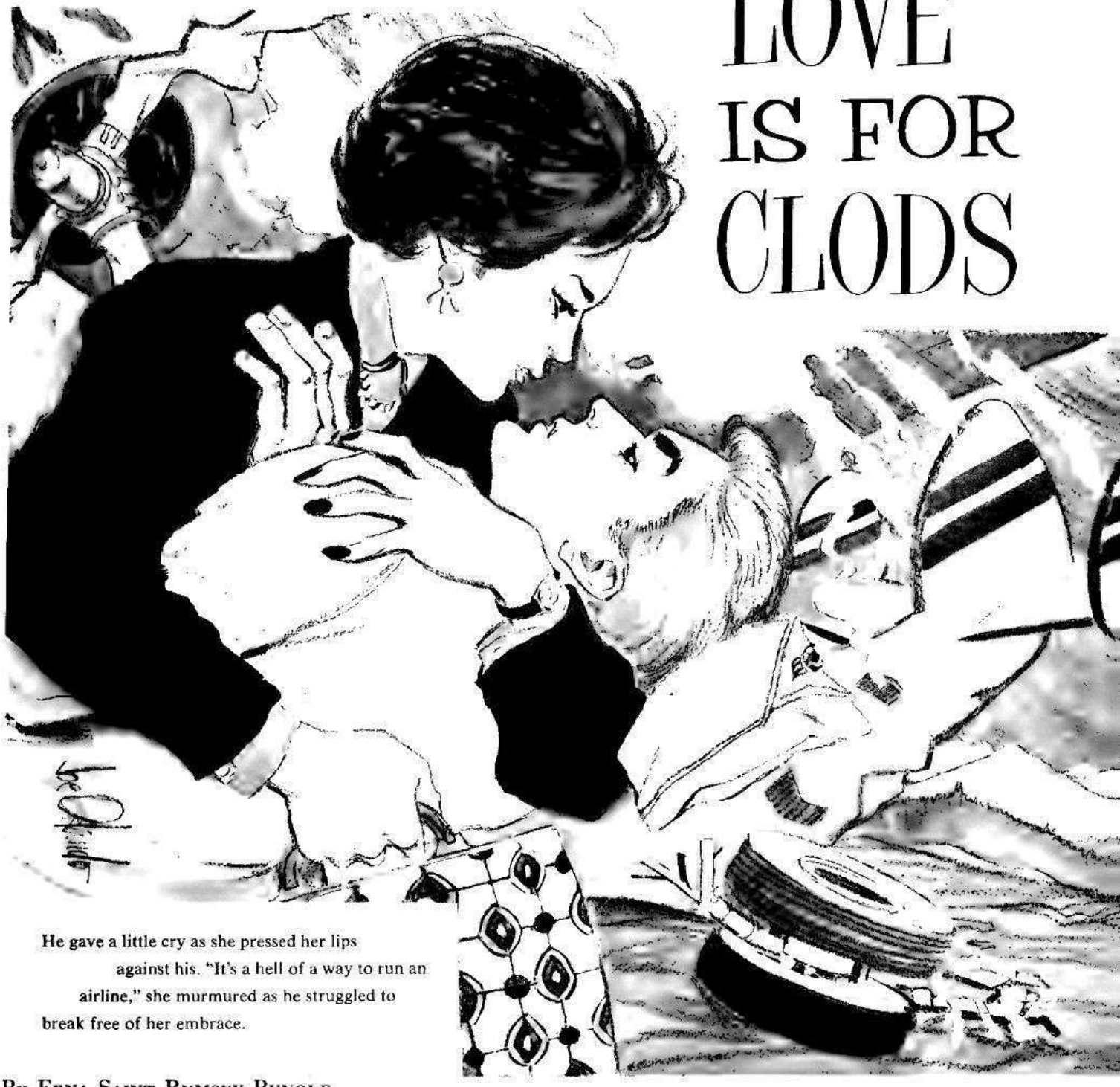
THE MARRIAGE COUNSELOR SAYS: "Clifford and Selma have a much greater chance for a happy marriage than either of them realize. Despite their differences, they have one important thing in common: they both recognize Clifford's inadequacies and shortcomings. When both the husband and wife agree that he is the enemy, this mutual contempt can often be utilized to draw the couple closer together.

"In addition, Selma's family has shown an interest in Clifford, and has done much to make him see what an inferior person he really is. Clifford says this upsets him. Yet if he had a physical affliction, he would certainly want other people to point it out. He must realize that emotional afflictions are no different. Only then will he be able to accept and utilize the helpful advice of his wife, his sister-in-law and his mother-in-law to stop acting like a ninny, and settle down to complete subservience."

"Clifford seems so indecisive at times, so unable to cope with responsibility. We all try to help and advise him, but he's a real nogoodnick."

His trim airline steward's uniform, and his coldly efficient "coffee-tea-or-milk?" manner told her he was probably one of those guys who thinks that . . .

LOVE IS FOR CLODS



He gave a little cry as she pressed her lips against his. "It's a hell of a way to run an airline," she murmured as he struggled to break free of her embrace.

By Erna Saint Rumsey Bungle

The five engines of the mammoth airliner droned monotonously as Tracy Batson leaned back in her seat, unfastened her safety belt, unfastened her girdle, and surveyed the steward as he made his way slowly up the aisle from the aft strut stabilizer to the forward propwash.

His honey hair and lavender eyes had caught Tracy's attention the minute she'd boarded the plane. She'd tried to engage him in conversation when they'd put down in Honolulu, and again when they'd landed at Midway. Perhaps she'd have better luck at Wake Island, she mused, as she studied his flashing smile, his soft moist lips.

Tracy cast a casual glance out the window of the big ship. Guys like him only took jobs on airliners because they were looking for rich wives, she told herself. All she had to do was play her cards right.

Through a fluffy cloud bank, Tracy glimpsed the blue Pacific far below. "This is a damned peculiar way of getting from Cleveland to Detroit," she said half aloud.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 617

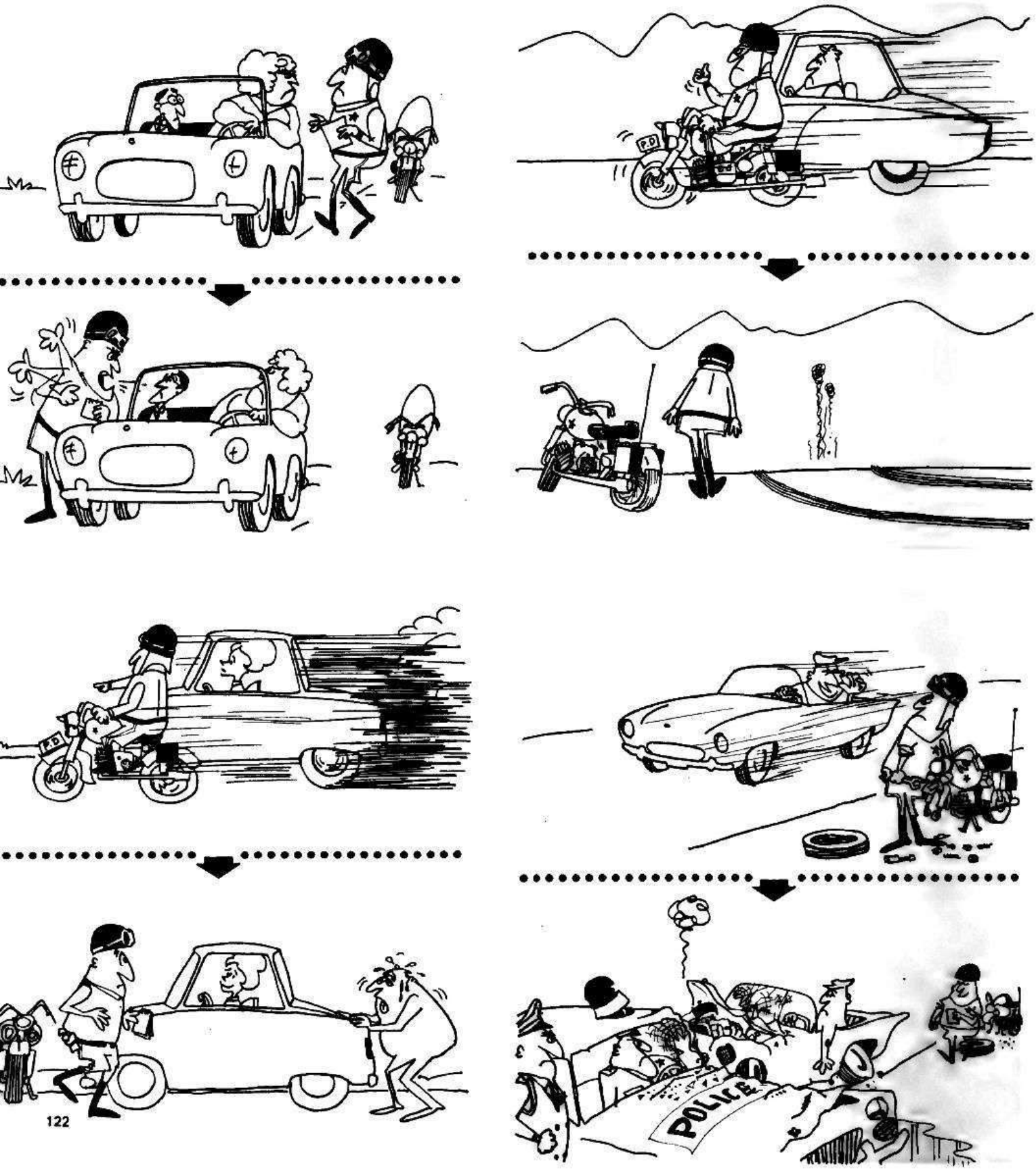
THE JOURNEY'S
COMPLETE IN ONE ISSUE CONDEMNED NOVEL

LOVE IS FOR CLODS
is soon to be published in book form by Random Madhouse under the title "The Life and Times of Dolly Madison"

WHERE'S THE FIRE DEPT.

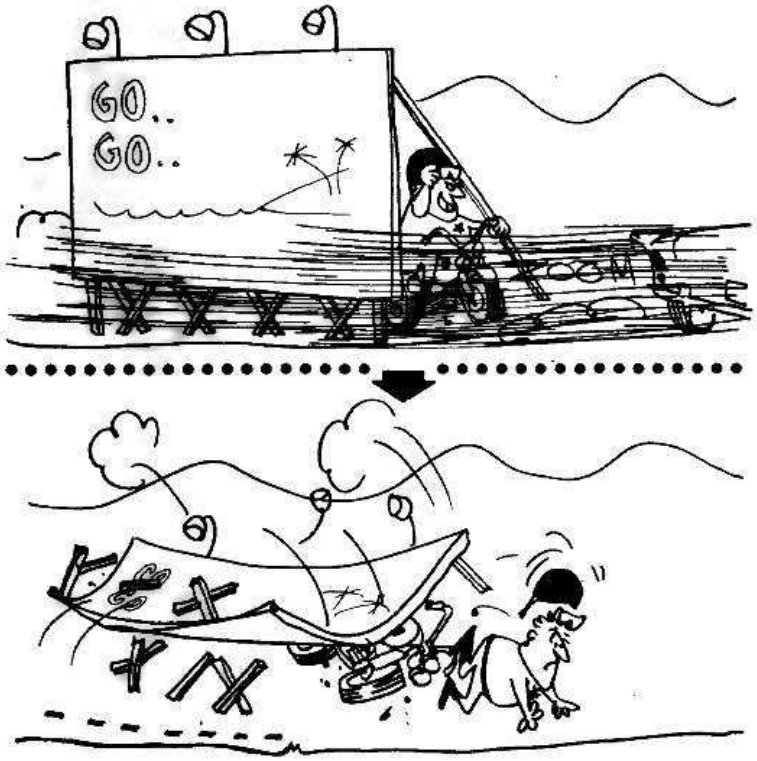
Sergio Aragones, who recently arrived at MAD from Mexico, made his début with the hilarious "A MAD Look at the U.S. Space Effort," and is currently

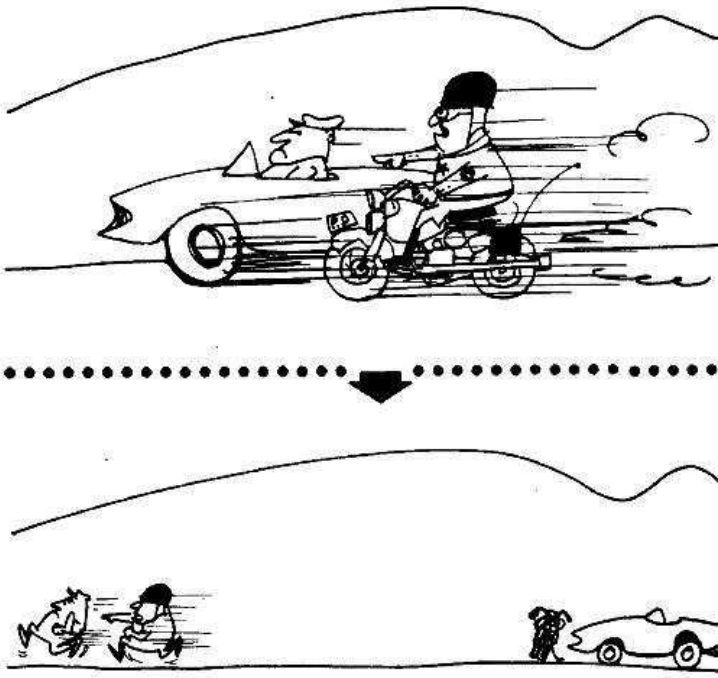
A MAD LOOK AT M

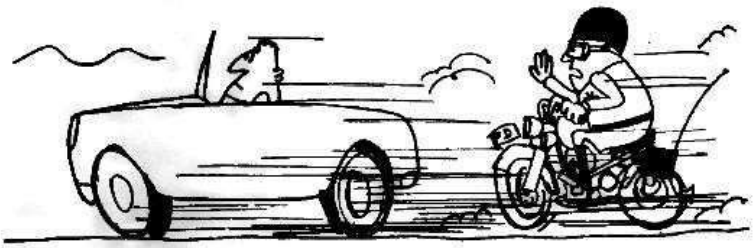


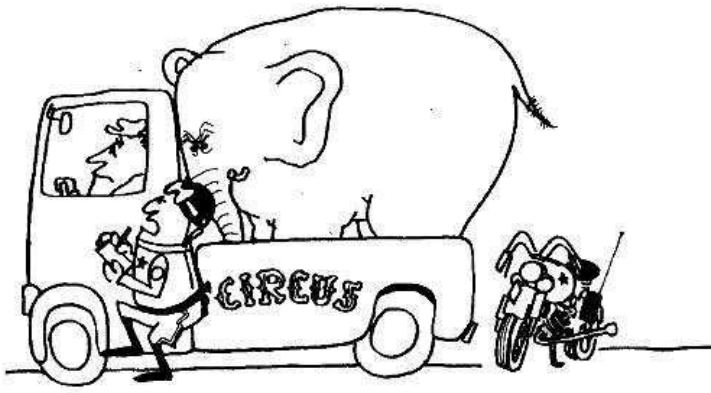
filling our margins with his delightful "Drawn-Out Dramas," now points his satirical pen at a usually un-funny U.S. phenomenon, and gives us

OTORCYCLE COPS





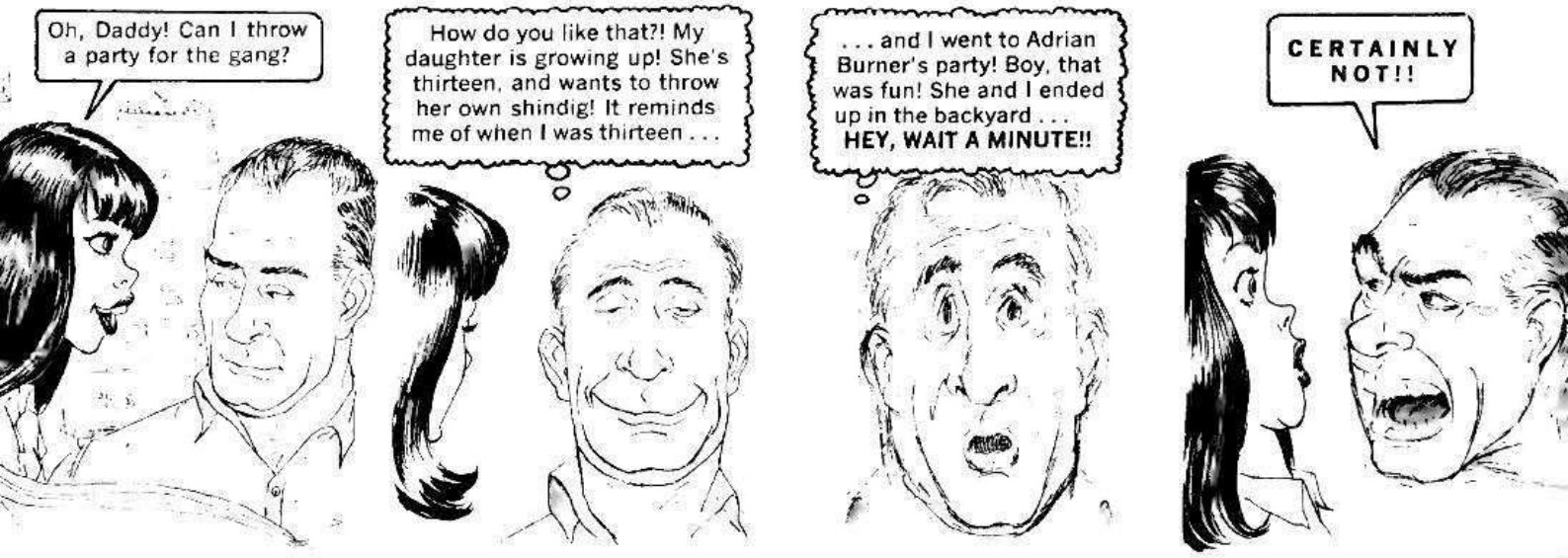


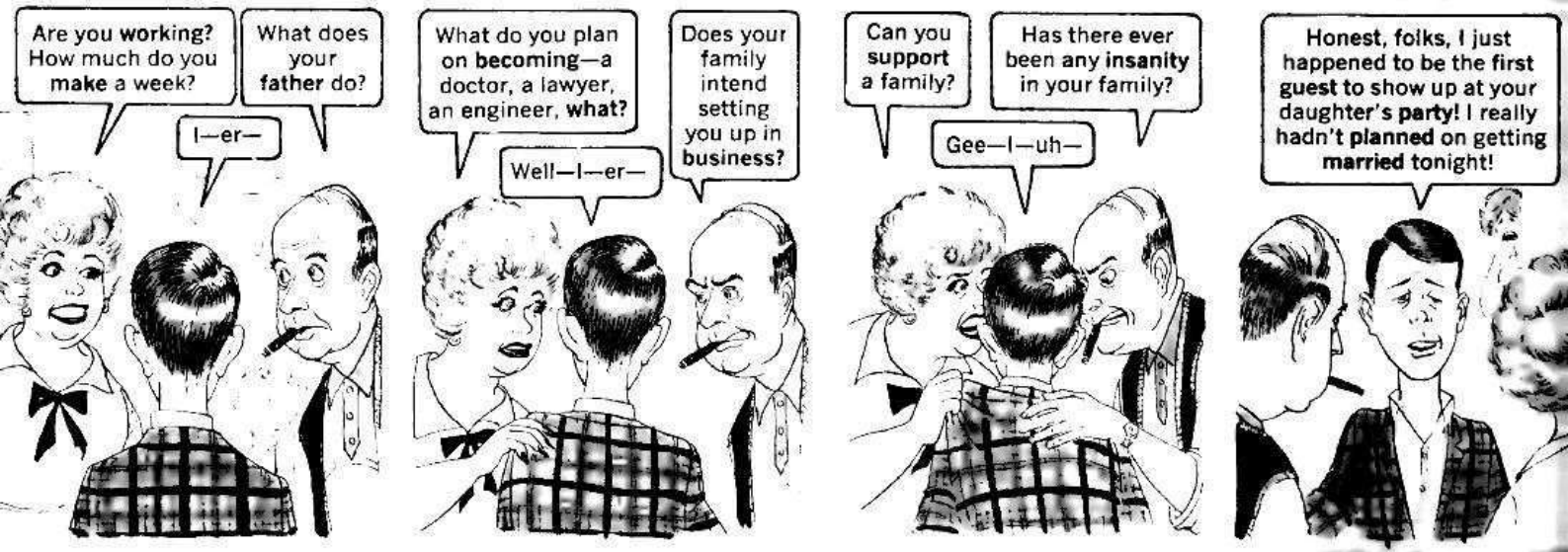


BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART II

Here we go with the 2nd of a three-part series on "Parties." Last issue we looked at "Adult Parties." Next issue we will cover "Kids' Parties." But this time, it's–

THE LIGHTER SIDE OF TEEN


Oh, Daddy! Can I throw a party for the gang?
How do you like that?! My daughter is growing up! She's thirteen, and wants to throw her own shindig! It reminds me of when I was thirteen . . .
. . . and I went to Adrian Burner's party! Boy, that was fun! She and I ended up in the backyard . . . HEY, WAIT A MINUTE!!
CERTAINLY NOT!!

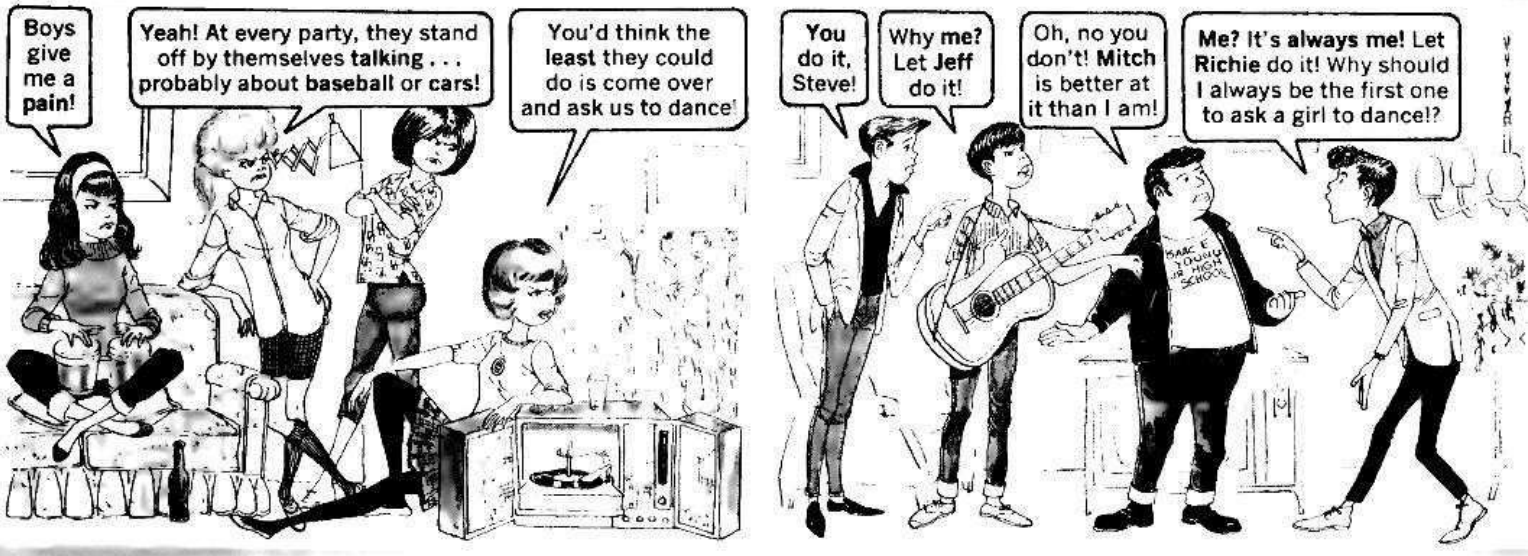

Are you working? How much do you make a week?
What does your father do?
I—er—
What do you plan on becoming—a doctor, a lawyer, an engineer, what?
Does your family intend setting you up in business?
Well—I—er—
Can you support a family?
Has there ever been any insanity in your family?
Gee—I—uh—
Honest, folks, I just happened to be the first guest to show up at your daughter's party! I really hadn't planned on getting married tonight!

Hey, quiet everybody! Quick! Turn out the lights! Here come those Mepham High Boys, looking to crash this party!
Oh-oh! They're stopping!
I can't understand how they always know exactly where there's a party to crash!
MEPHAM HIGH CRASHERS
THIS IS THE PLACE
20 DOLL GIRLS COUNT 'EM 20
30 CLOD BOYS FORGET 'EM! 30
PARTY!
FUN! FUN!

AGE PARTIES

ARTIST & WRITER: DAVE BERG

Are you nuts or something? Where do you think you're going with nine boys packed into one little convertible?
To a party, Dad . . .
. . . but first we have to pick up our **dates**!!


Boys give me a **pain**!
Yeah! At every party, they stand off by themselves **talking** . . . probably about **baseball** or **cars**!
You'd think the **least** they could do is come over and ask us to dance!
You do it, Steve!
Why **me**? Let **Jeff** do it!
Oh, no you don't! **Mitch** is better at it than I am!
Me? It's **always me**! Let **Richie** do it! Why should I always be the first one to ask a girl to dance!?

Gee, Roberta, you sure have swell parents!
They're footing the bill for this party—they're serving the food and drinks personally—
—and they're such good sports, they're even joining in the fun by dancing with the kids! Gee, Roberta, you sure have swell parents . . .
. . . BUT I WISH THEY'D GET THE HECK OUT OF HERE!
May I have this dance?
Okay!
We dance very well together!
Nancy's having a party! I sure would like to crash it! But I haven't got the nerve!
Me neither!
Same here!
Let's face it! Individually, we're all "chicken" . .
. . . but collectively we've got the courage of a lion!
Jill, it's time to go home! I promised your parents I'd get you in by twelve o'clock!
Jill, I also promised your folks I wouldn't try to kiss you or get fresh in any way, and I think I've kept my end of the bargain! I've acted like a perfect gentleman throughout the evening!
Jill, it's a quarter to twelve! We can just about make it to your house in time if we leave here right now!
Really, Jill, the least you can do is stop when I'm talking to you!!

Hey, gang! How about playing some party games like "Charades" or "Pass The Grapefruit" or . . .
What d'y'say, gang? How about we play some party games just for kicks? Huh? What d'y' say?
Ahh, what a bunch of squares! You don't know how to have fun at parties!!
What's all that singing coming from your house?
It's my daughter! She's having a "Hootenany Party"!
Listen to her . . . singing about pulling barges on the Erie Canal—and following the weavers' trade—and rowing boats ashore—and hammering all over this land . . .
. . . but just ask her to clean up her room!!
Short straw wins . . .
Too bad, ol' boy!
It has to be done!
After all, she is our hostess!!
A human sacrifice . . . that's what I am!!
May I have this dance, Agatha . . .
OH, MY GOODNESS! LOOK AT THIS MESS! LAMPS overturned! Windows smashed! A chair broken! My new coffee table scratched! The dining room set has cigarette burns! The rug is stained! Coke bottles and empty beer cans scattered all over the place! It looks like World War III took place in this house! THIS IS HORRIBLE!!
You're so right! It WAS horrible! It was the dullest party I've ever been to!!

HERE'S YOUR *SPECIAL* BONUS

MAD'S FULL-COLOR FOLD-OUT PASTE-ON PAPERBACK BOOK COVERS

ARE YOU ASHAMED TO BE SEEN READING TRASHY, SENSATIONAL PAPERBACK BOOKS?

Cover Them With Acceptable Titles Like:

CATCH 22

Advise and Consent

THE NAKED AND THE DEAD

King Leer

...And Avoid Any More Embarassment!

OR

ARE YOU ASHAMED TO BE SEEN READING DULL, INTELLECTUAL PAPERBACK BOOKS?

Cover Them With Sensational Titles Like:

Lady Chatterley's Liver

The Topic of Cancer

Lolita

SEX and LOVE

...And Look Like You're A Regular Clod!

MAD PAPERBACK

"The reason why I am hiding a trashy paperback novel behind this classy cover is because if I ever was found reading it, I'd

CATCH 22

clops in the head from my old man, or worse even!"

I wonder if

JOSEPH HELLER'S

kids have this problem?

IF I EVER WAS FOUND READING THIS TRASHY PAPERBACK, I'D

CATCH 22

CLOPS IN THE HEAD FROM MY OLD MAN

MAD

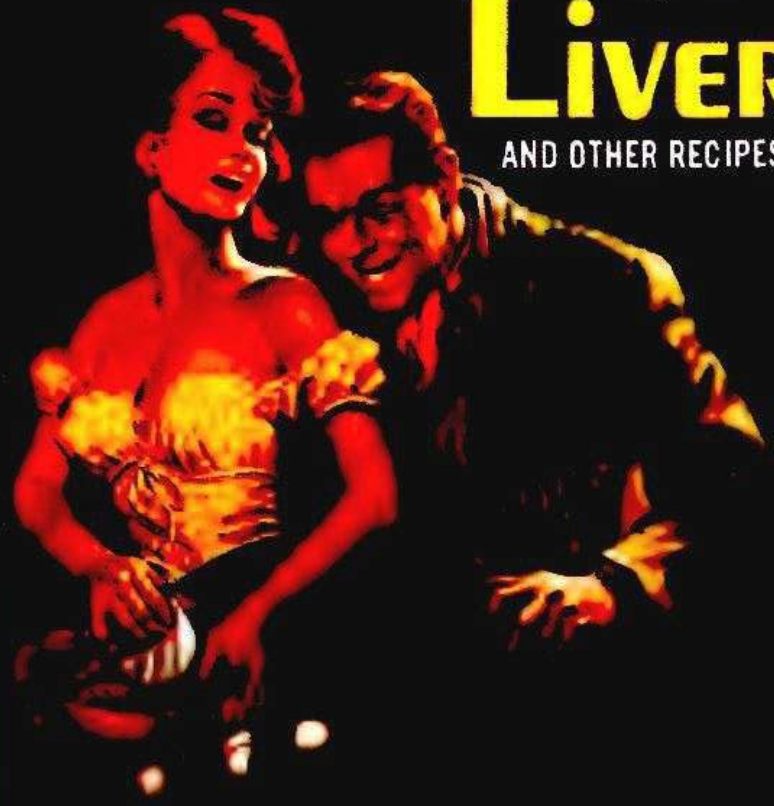
Lady Chatterley's Chopped Liver and other recipes

MAD

MAD PAPERBACK

Lady Chatterley's Chopped Liver

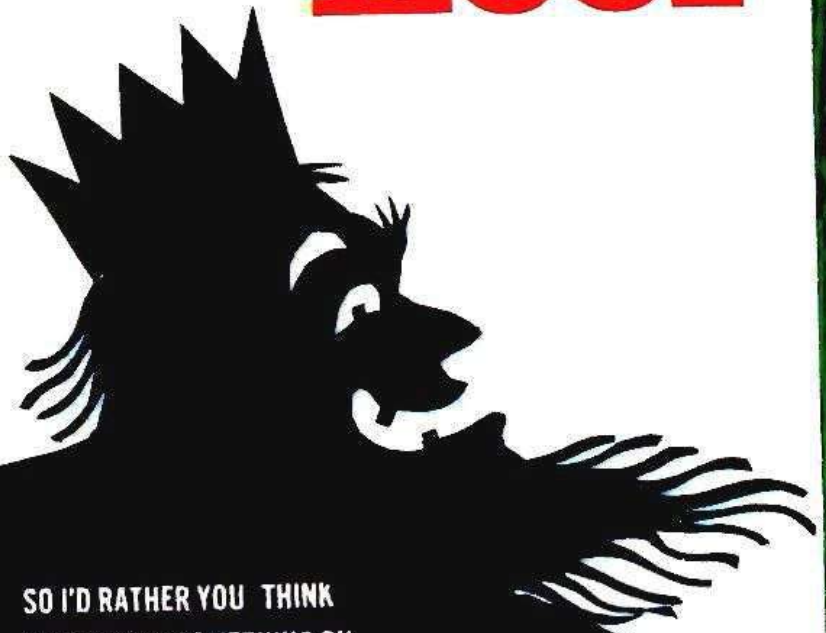
AND OTHER RECIPES



Are Contained In This Uninspired Paperback Cookbook

THE SEXY COVER ON THE PAPERBACK NOVEL THAT THIS PHONY ONE IS HIDING WOULD EVEN MAKE A

King Leer



SO I'D RATHER YOU THINK I'M READING SOMETHING BY

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THE SEXY COVER THIS ONE IS HIDING WOULD MAKE EVEN A

King Leer

SEX LOVE

SEX

LOVE

WHICH ALSO [illegible]

ELIZABETH TAYLOR

N. J., ALL THE WAY TO [illegible]

I'M TERRIBLY EMBARRASSED BY THE NAKED GIRLS AND THE DEAD BODIES ON THE COVERS OF PAPERBACK MYSTERIES

I AM TERRIBLY EMBARRASSED BY ALL

THE NAKED GIRLS AND THE DEAD

BODIES ON THE COVERS OF MYSTERY BOOKS— LIKE THIS ONE

SO I'M HIDING IT AND PRETENDING TO READ

norman MAILER

A PHONY PAPERBACK

MAD

Lolita

Lolita

VLADIMIR NABOKOV

MAD

A PHONY PAPERBACK
MAD

My mother would never

Advise and Consent

to my reading the sensational junk under this cover, and neither would

ALLEN DRURY

TO MY READING THIS SENSATIONAL JUNK

MAD

You can bet your life

HENRY MILLER

never looked up

The Topic of Cancer

IN THIS MEDICAL DICTIONARY

THE TOPIC OF CANCER

A PHONY PAPERBACK
MAD

in this boring Handy Home Medical Dictionary

USING THE SAME PRINCIPAL DEPT.

Our educational systems have a sneaky little gimmick (as far as the kids are concerned) called "Open School Week"—or "Open School Night"—in which the parents of the students are invited to come in and discuss their sons' and daughters' progress and problems with their teachers. As champions of justice, we believe that turnabout is fair play, and business organizations should invite children of parents to come in and discuss their Daddies' and Mommies' progress and problems with their bosses. In short, they ought to have

OPEN OFFICE WEEK

ORGANIZATION ENTERPRISES CORPORATION, INC.
12345 Conformity Way Businessville, U.S.A.
TOgetherness 2-2222

October 26th 1961

Dear Children:

Every year at this time, ORGANIZATION ENTERPRISES CORPORATION, INC., invites the offspring of our employees to visit our offices. This year, we have designated the week of October 30th 1961 as "Open Office Week."

Your Daddy's Department Head is looking forward to meeting you personally, and discussing your Daddy with you. Should you have any further questions concerning how he is getting along, I will also be available to talk things over with you during that week.

Hoping to see you soon, I remain,
Yours truly.

E. J. Organization
Chairman of the Board

P.S. Naturally, this invitation is also extended to those children whose mommies work for us, too.--EJO

ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER:

WELCOME CHILDREN

What a nice welcome! I understand the Daddies made all the decorations **themselves!**

Yes, my Daddy was **complaining** how he had to stay late painting signs!

I really don't know why we bother even **coming!** They **always** tell us that he's doing well!

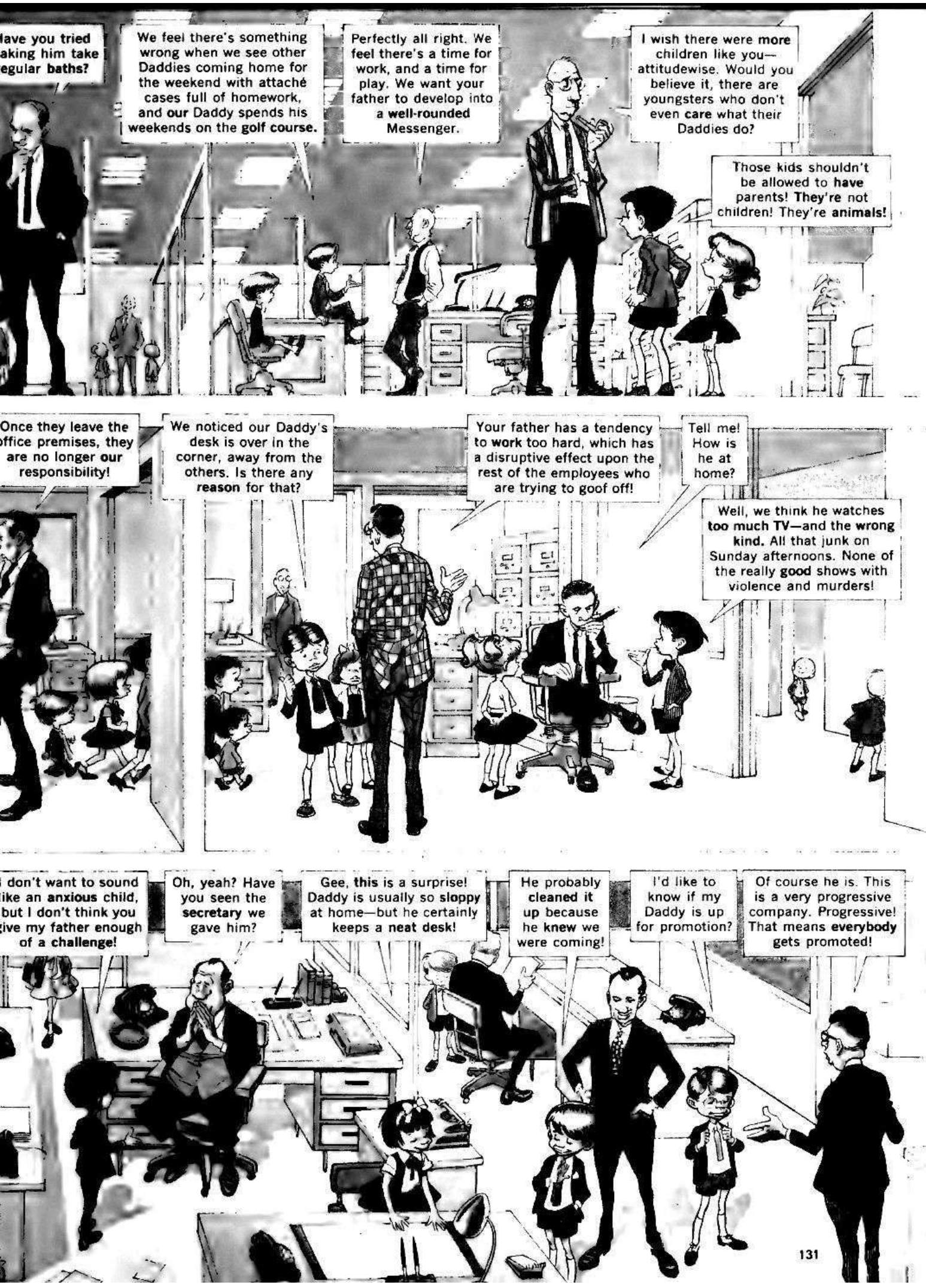
Our Daddy promised to raise our **allowances** if we didn't come!

Let me do the talking with his Department Head. You know how **emotional** you become whenever we discuss Daddy's intrapersonal relationships!

But our Mother promised **she'd** raise them if we **did!**

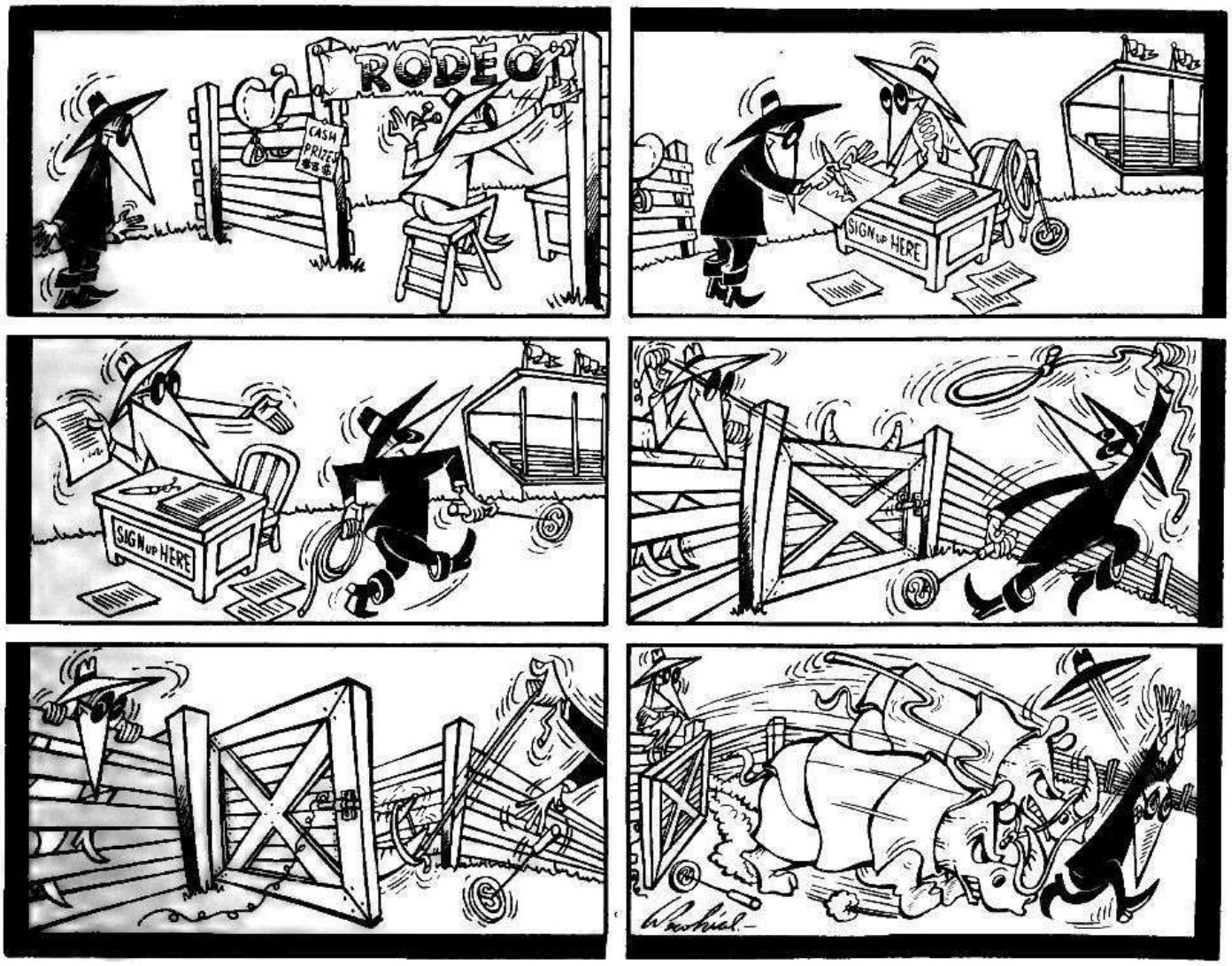
Ever since his fifth **divorce,** I've had the feeling that my father doesn't work well with others.

It's awfully nice of you to come!
Nice? It's our duty! What sort of children would we be if we didn't show an interest in our very own Daddy?
What can we do at home to help him?
Give him a lot of approval. Let him know you love him even if he isn't the best file clerk in the office. Being the best file clerk isn't the most important thing in life. One man can be good in File Clerking, and another can be good in Coffee Breaking. It takes all kinds.
My Daddy tells me that nobody in the office seems to want to have anything to do with him. Can you suggest anything?
One thing bothers me. Last week, I asked him what the company makes, and my Daddy didn't know. Shouldn't he care enough to even ask?
He might be afraid. This company is so large and diversified, nobody really knows what we make or do. You see, Daddies of your father's age have a basic need for security. He might be afraid to ask because they might find out we're not doing anything and fire all of us.
We can't understand why Mommie is always being kept in after work.
She's my secretary—and when you grow up, you'll understand!
I'd like to know how I can get my Daddy to come home directly after work instead of dawdling along the way at every bar and grill.
He's a fine Bookkeeper, but how come he's never come out for the Bowling Team?
Oh, we wouldn't let him! Daddy is very delicate—although you wouldn't think it to look at him.
Tell us honestly! Is he Vice-Presidential material?
You children must learn that not everybody should go on to be Vice-President! A person can still be considered successful without being Vice-President! Look at Henry Cabot Lodge!
I wanted to talk to you about a problem we've been having with your father. When we send him home with a paycheck that isn't very good, we know for a fact that he signs it himself!


lave you tried aking him take egular baths?
We feel there's something wrong when we see other Daddies coming home for the weekend with attaché cases full of homework, and our Daddy spends his weekends on the golf course.
Perfectly all right. We feel there's a time for work, and a time for play. We want your father to develop into a well-rounded Messenger.
I wish there were more children like you—attitudewise. Would you believe it, there are youngsters who don't even care what their Daddies do?
Those kids shouldn't be allowed to have parents! They're not children! They're animals!
Once they leave the office premises, they are no longer our responsibility!
We noticed our Daddy's desk is over in the corner, away from the others. Is there any reason for that?
Your father has a tendency to work too hard, which has a disruptive effect upon the rest of the employees who are trying to goof off!
Tell me! How is he at home?
Well, we think he watches too much TV—and the wrong kind. All that junk on Sunday afternoons. None of the really good shows with violence and murders!
don't want to sound like an anxious child, but I don't think you give my father enough of a challenge!
Oh, yeah? Have you seen the secretary we gave him?
Gee, this is a surprise! Daddy is usually so sloppy at home—but he certainly keeps a neat desk!
He probably cleaned it up because he knew we were coming!
I'd like to know if my Daddy is up for promotion?
Of course he is. This is a very progressive company. Progressive! That means everybody gets promoted!

Your father is everything we look for in a Junior Vice-President. He works well on his own, adjusts well to others, and—most important—he's **perfectly suited** for an executive position, because he shows absolutely **no** talent for making **decisions!**
I wouldn't worry about him. Considering the wonderful inspiration he must get from his two wonderful children, I'm sure he'll straighten out and turn into a **plain, average, ordinary human being** pretty soon—and **really** start getting ahead in the company.
Daddy is under the impression that you don't **like** him!
That's not true! I treat **all** our Accountants the **same!**
ARTHUR
He thinks we ought to have Daddy's **eyes** checked. He has a hunch Daddy may need **glasses**—because he never looks up at **the clock!**
Her supervisor said that Mommy tries much too hard at "Show and Tell"—so we should discourage her from wearing **sweaters** to work.
Here's a display of their office paper work. I wonder which one is **our** Daddy's?
Look for the one with the **worst handwriting!**
Daddy's supervisor said that a little gift now and then always helps when it's pay grade time, but apples are **not exactly** what he had in mind!
He thinks Daddy's work would improve if we discouraged him from hanging around with the **wrong element**—you know, that **office betting-pool crowd!**
They told me my father is deficient in social skills. But I don't care! After all, he's **only** the janitor!
He told me my father keeps sneaking **girlie books** into work and hiding them in his ledger book. If it wasn't for the **foldouts**, they **never** would have found out!
Can you imagine! He said that Daddy is **embarrassed** when we pick him up at work on rainy days with his **slicker** and **galoshes!**

JOKE & DAGGER DEPT. PART II



PUT THEM ALL TOGETHER, THEY SPELL—DEPT.

MOTH FOR $U

Since the custom these days seems to be for Mothers to spend less and less time with their children—if possible—it seems to us that they don't quite deserve all those Mother's Day Honors. Some recognition should really go to the people who help train and educate the child, and who just plain keep the little monster out of Mommy's hair. Therefore, we at MAD suggest these

Happy Mother's Day To An Ex-Teacher

Who taught me all my ABC's,
And P's and Q's, too, if you please?
You did!

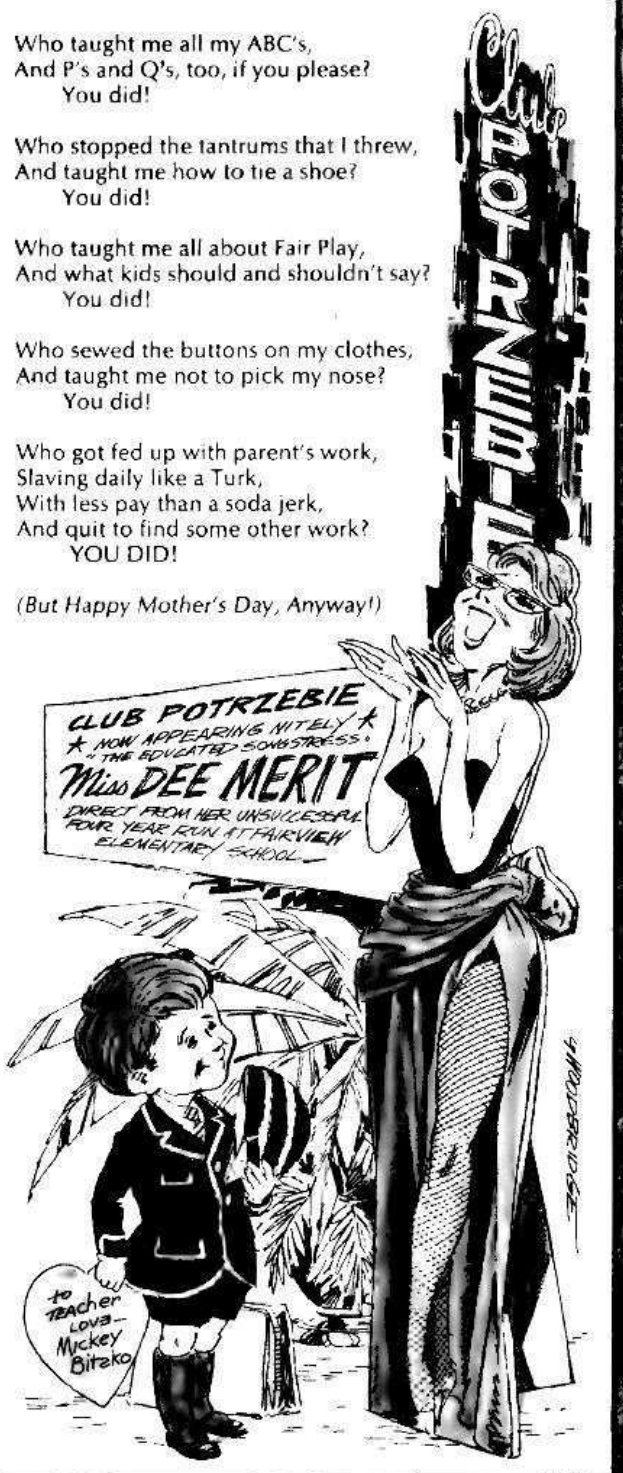
Who stopped the tantrums that I threw,
And taught me how to tie a shoe?
You did!

Who taught me all about Fair Play,
And what kids should and shouldn't say?
You did!

Who sewed the buttons on my clothes,
And taught me not to pick my nose?
You did!

Who got fed up with parent's work,
Slaving daily like a Turk,
With less pay than a soda jerk,
And quit to find some other work?
YOU DID!

(But Happy Mother's Day, Anyway!)


CLUB POTRZEBIE
NOW APPEARING NITELY
"THE EDUCATED SONGSTRESS"
Miss DEE MERIT
DIRECT FROM HER UNSUCCESSFUL FOUR YEAR RUN AT FAIRVIEW ELEMENTARY SCHOOL
to Teacher Love— Mickey Bitzko

To My Pediatrician On Mother's Day

I love you, Dr. Gittelson;
You are my second mother!
You cure me quick when I am sick
From one thing or another!
I love your dandy waiting room
With all the peachy toys there;
I love the chance I get to fight
With all the girls and boys there!
We have a ball and break some things;
Of kicks, we sure have many!
It's nearly worth the price I pay—
A hypo on my fanny!
The reason this is such a treat
Should be as plain as day-time:
The "home care" you prescribe for me
Leaves nothing left for play-time!

A Mother's Day Greeting To My Baby Sitter

You're my mommy when my folks
Go out, get smashed, and tell bad jokes.
As a mother, you're a doll—
You give me candy when I bawl.
You let me eat from kitty's dish,
And stroke and squeeze my Dad's gold fish.
You let me stay up late at night,
And wreck 'most everthing in sight.
I wish you'd "sit me" every day;
'Cause you're a dream in every way;
But just one thing offends my soul—
Must you play that "Rock 'n Roll"?

ER'S DAY CARDS
BSTITUTE MOTHERS

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE WRITER: PHIL HAHN

To My Camp Counselor On Mother's Day

Greetings to my Summer Mom!
I love you as a daughter:
You made my backhand murderous,
And cured my fear of water.

You stole my love without a fight,
No burglaries or stickups;
Cause my real mom can't swim a stroke,
And tennis gives her hiccups!

I really miss you, Summer Mom!
I'm sad, and here's the reason:
Until we meet at camp, I'm just
An orphan out of season!

A Mother's Day Tribute To An Inanimate Mother

My mummy is a picture tube;
I watch her 'til I'm dizzy!
She's better than my real one is,
'Cause that one's always busy!

She cheers me up when I feel sad;
She's there when I am lonely!
I get a lecture with each ad:
Like real ones, they're baloney!

Folks might call her CBS, or
Maybe even NBC!
But, far as I'm concerned she's just
A loving M-O-M to me!

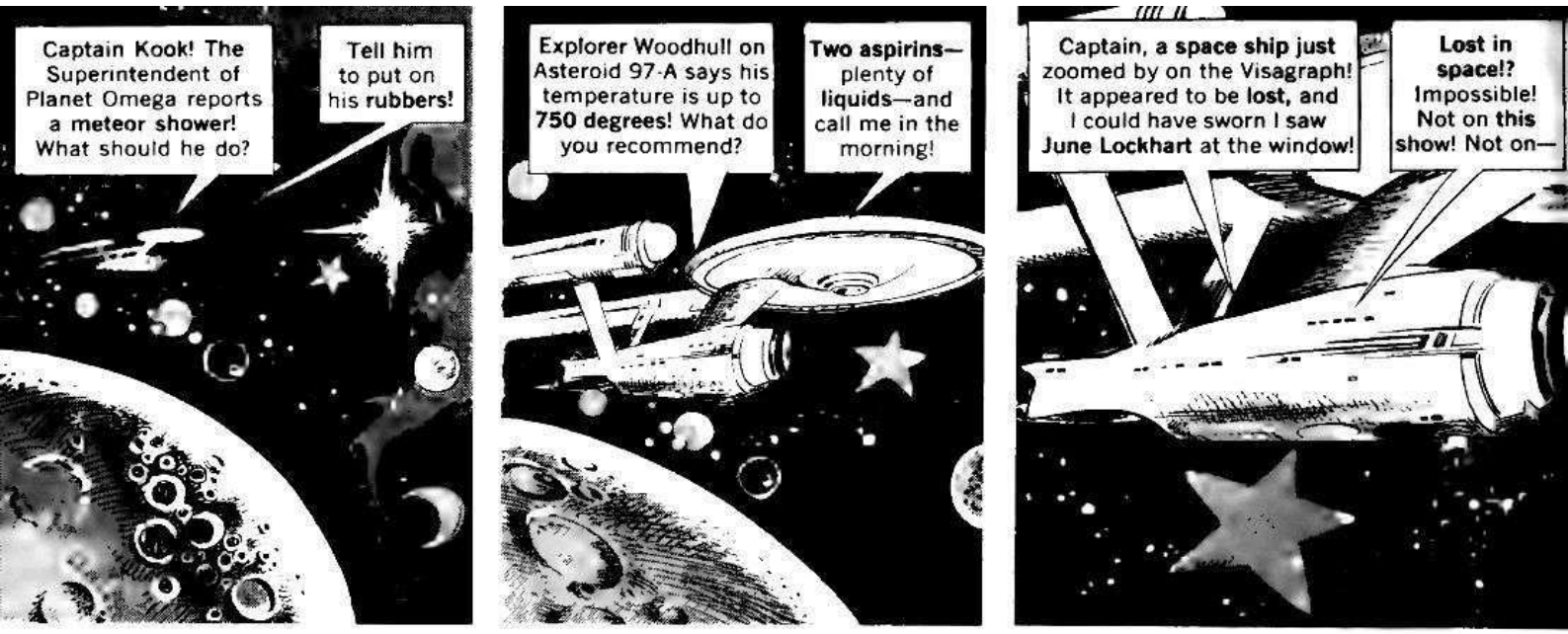
To My Housemother On Mother's Day

The first day I arrived at school
I was a lucky girlie;
I found someone to care for me
And see I got in early.

I found someone to screen my dates
And keep me safe from "fast" ones;
To stay my hand from girlish crimes,
And keep a list of past ones.

Yes, you, my "Mother" in the dorm
Prevented me from falling
Into those sins of college life
That you find so appalling!

And so I want you, dear, to know,
As efforts you re-double,
You've been just like a "Mom" to me—
And that's the #$%&!!#%! trouble!


Captain Kook! The Superintendent of Planet Omega reports a **meteor shower!** What should he do?
Tell him to put on his **rubbers!**
Explorer Woodhull on Asteroid 97-A says his temperature is up to **750 degrees!** What do you recommend?
Two aspirins—plenty of **liquids**—and call me in the morning!
Captain, a **space ship just** zoomed by on the Visagraph! It appeared to be **lost,** and I could have sworn I saw **June Lockhart** at the window!
Lost in space!? Impossible! Not on **this** show! Not on—

"THESE ARE THE VOYAGES OF THE STAR-SHIP 'BOOBY-PRIZE'! ITS MISSION, TO EXPLORE STRANGE

What say we beam down to that place where no man has gone before... **"THE PLANET PHI EPSILON NUDIST COLONY FOR WOMEN"?**
That's **not** what I had in mind when I suggested that we explore some **"heavenly bodies"**, Mr. Spook!
Message from Rama IV, sir! You haven't **forgotten** them, have you?
Of course not! I remember Rama!
Calling Rama IV! Calling Rama IV! It must be something **serious!** I'm getting no return signal from them!
Er—try your **other arm,** Sir! You're talking into your **wristwatch!** The odds are five to one that they'll **never** hear you through **THAT!**
Oh, yeah!? Well the odds are ten to one that you're gonna get **a belt in the mouth** if you don't stop acting like an **intelligent DONKEY!**
IT&T
IBM
FAST SWITCHING
PARKER TOY co.

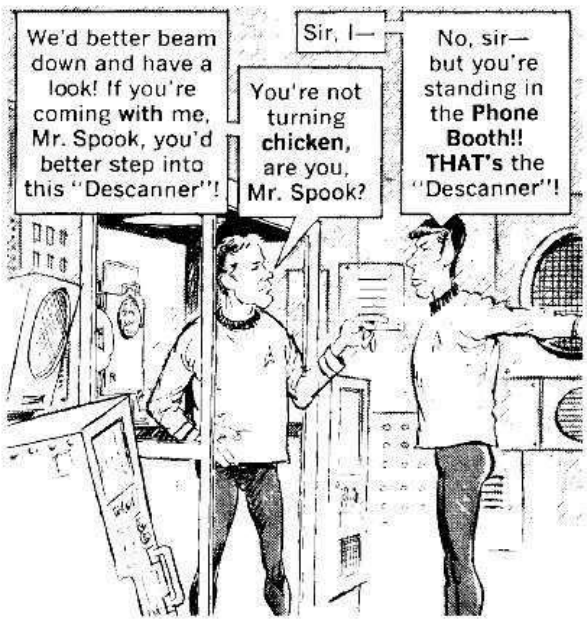
WASTE OF SPACE DEPT

STAR BLECCH

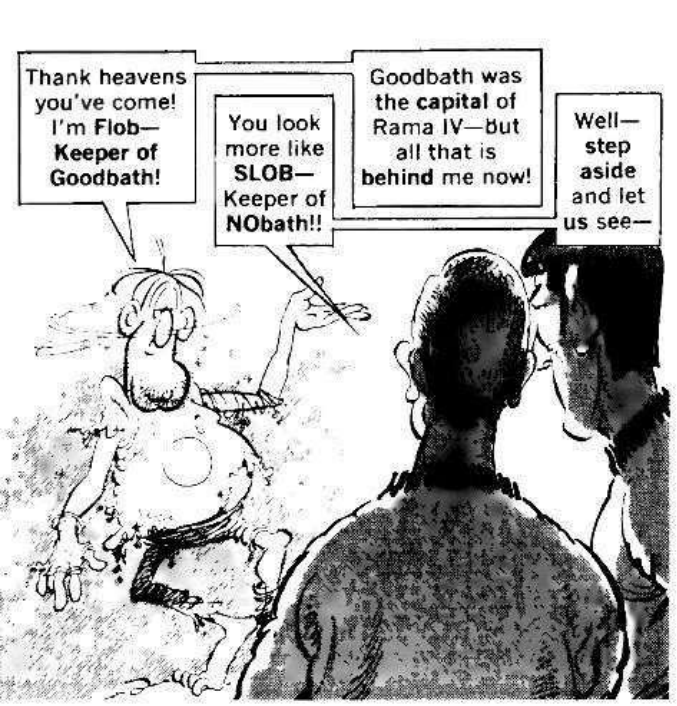
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: DICK DE BARTOLO

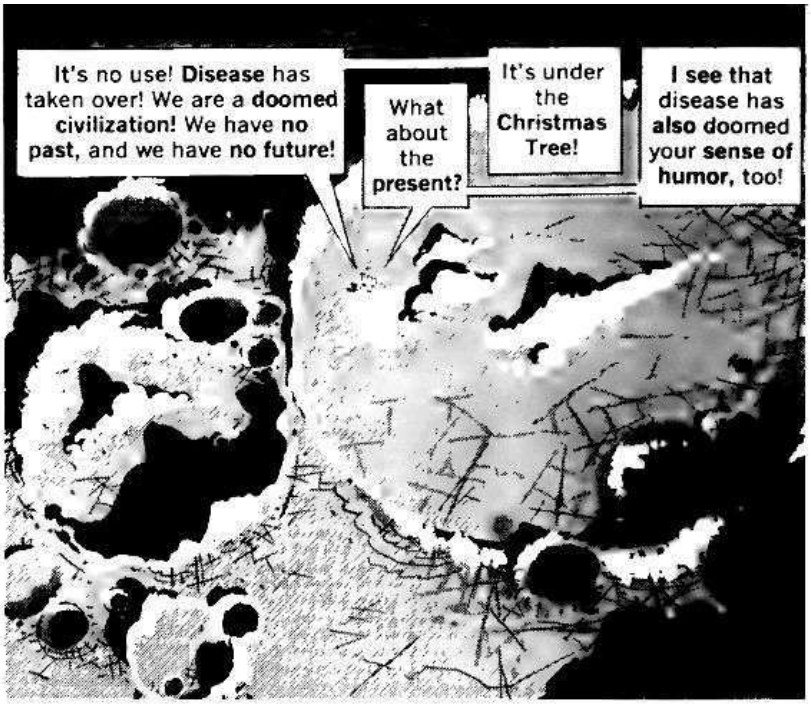
NEW WORLDS, TO SEEK OUT NEW LIFE, AND TO BOLDLY GO WHERE NO MAN HAS EVER GONE BEFORE!"

This is the Star Ship "Booby-Prize" . . . calling Rama IV . . .
This is Rama IV! We need help **immediately!** We're suffering from **landslides, earthquakes, poisoned air,** and . . .
I'm not sure if I'm talking to **Rama IV** or **The Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce!**


We'd better beam down and have a look! If you're coming **with** me, Mr. Spook, you'd better step into this "Descanner"!
Sir, I—
You're not turning **chicken,** are you, Mr. Spook?
No, sir— but you're standing in the **Phone Booth!! THAT's** the "Descanner"!

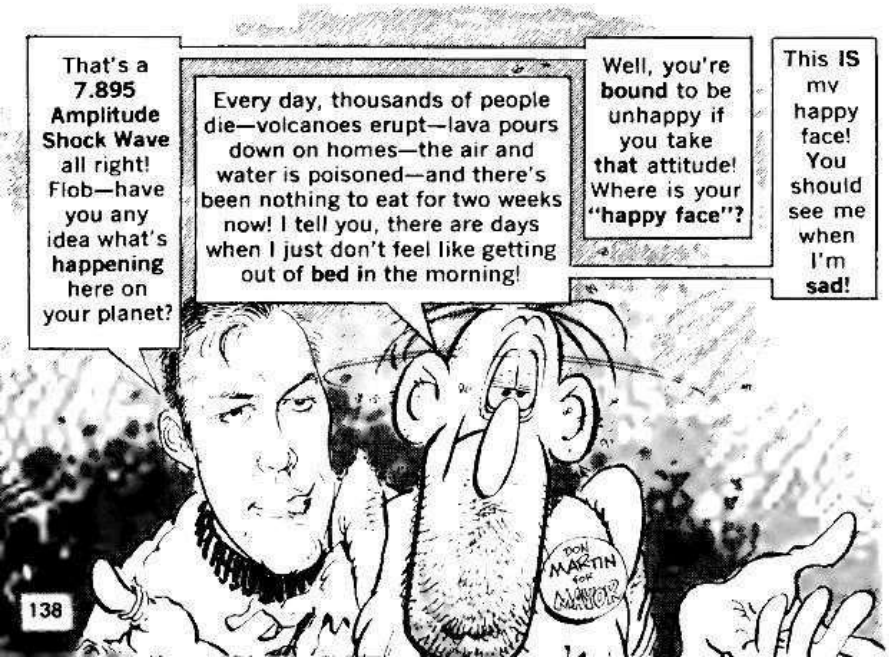
Here—let me help you pull yourself together!
Better **hurry**— because I've got the strangest feeling that my **face** wants to **sit down!**

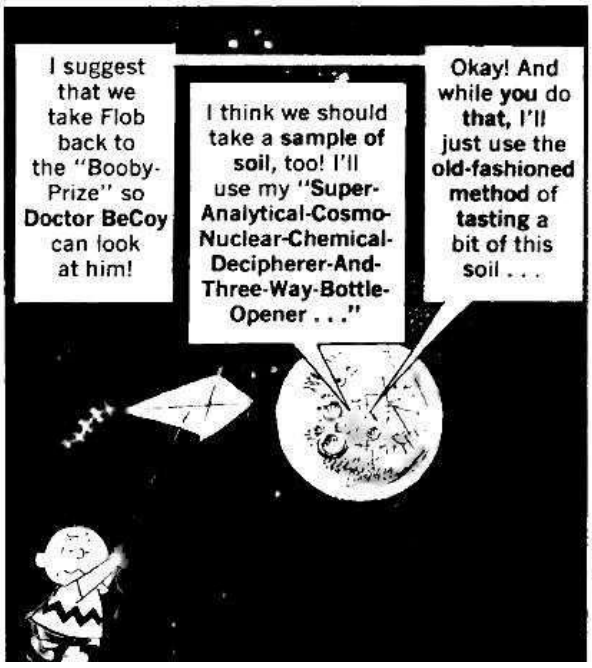

Thank heavens you've come! I'm **Flob—Keeper of Goodbath!**
You look more like **SLOB—** Keeper of **NObath!!**
Goodbath was the **capital** of Rama IV—but all that is **behind** me now!
Well—**step aside** and let us see—

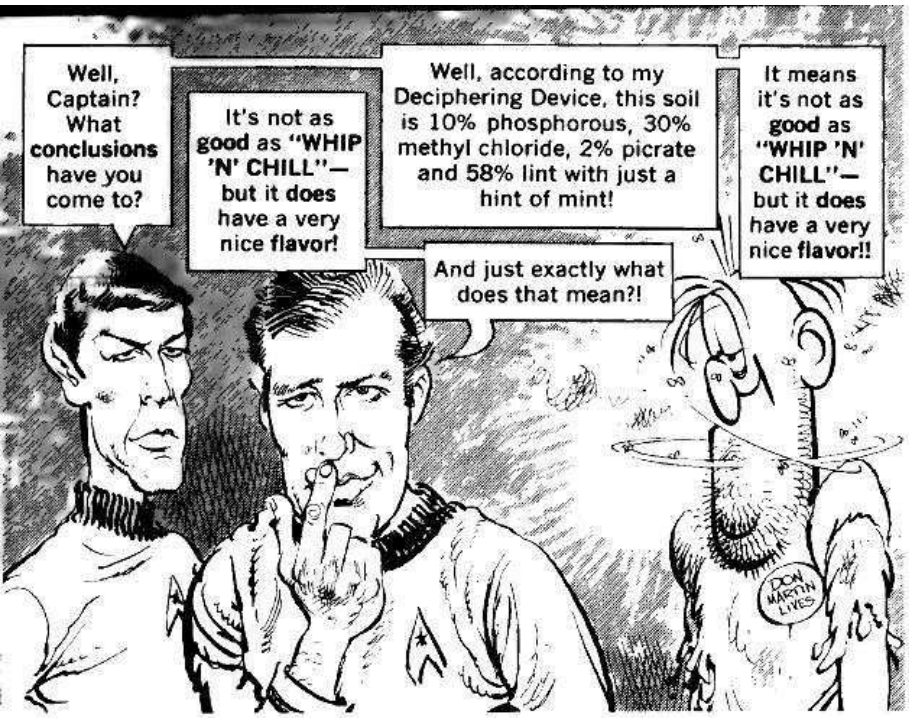

It's no use! **Disease** has taken over! We are a **doomed civilization!** We have **no past,** and we have **no future!**
What about the **present?**
It's under the **Christmas Tree!**
I see that disease has also doomed your sense of humor, too!

BAROOM!!

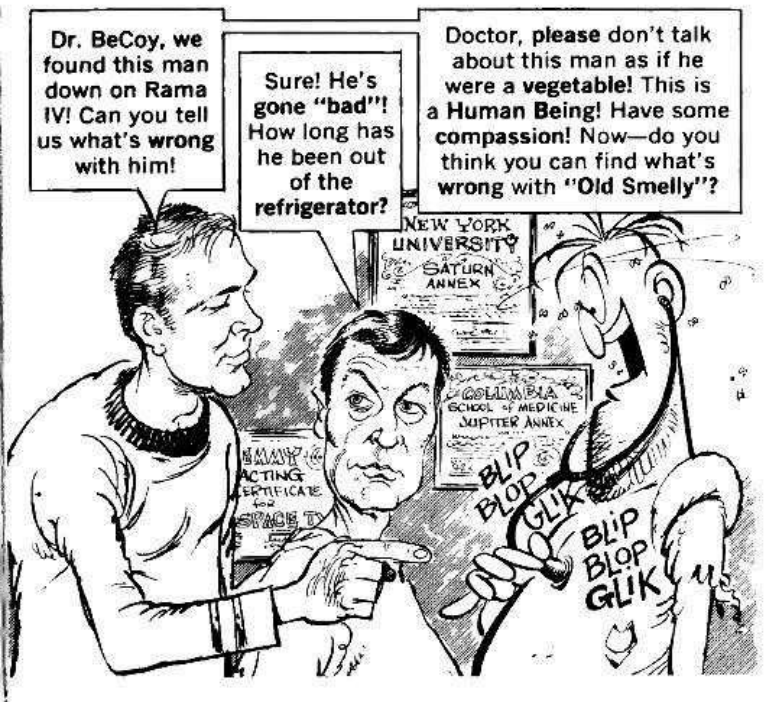
What in the world was **THAT?!**
THAT was a **7.895 Amplitude Shock Wave!**
That big? Are you **sure?**
Positive! Look at this instrument! **See?** The little hand fell off Donald Duck!

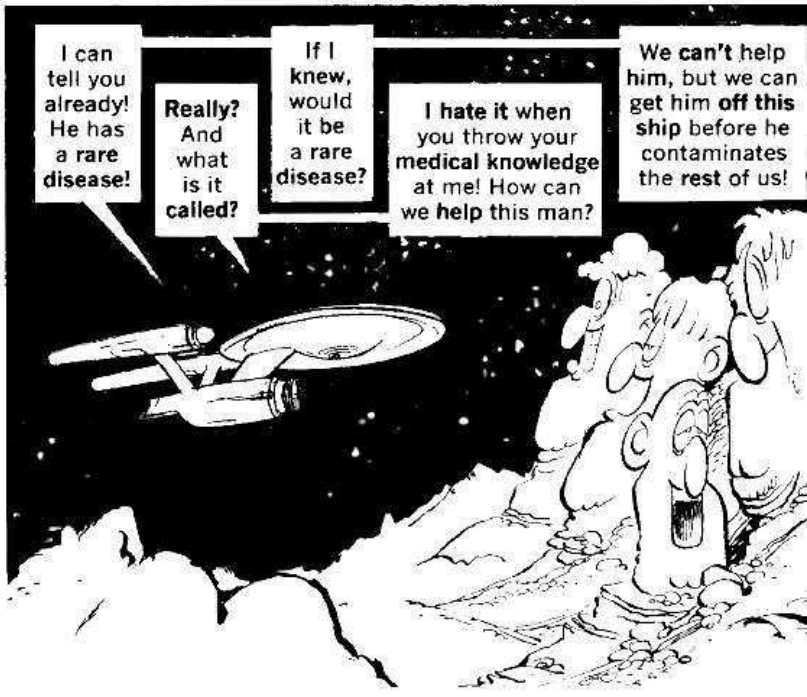

That's a **7.895 Amplitude Shock Wave** all right! Flob—have you any idea what's **happening** here on your planet?
Every day, thousands of people die—volcanoes erupt—lava pours down on homes—the air and water is poisoned—and there's been nothing to eat for two weeks now! I tell you, there are days when I just don't feel like getting out of **bed** in the morning!
Well, you're **bound** to be unhappy if you take **that** attitude! Where is your **"happy face"?**
This **IS** my happy face! You should see me when I'm **sad!**
DON MARTIN FOR MAD

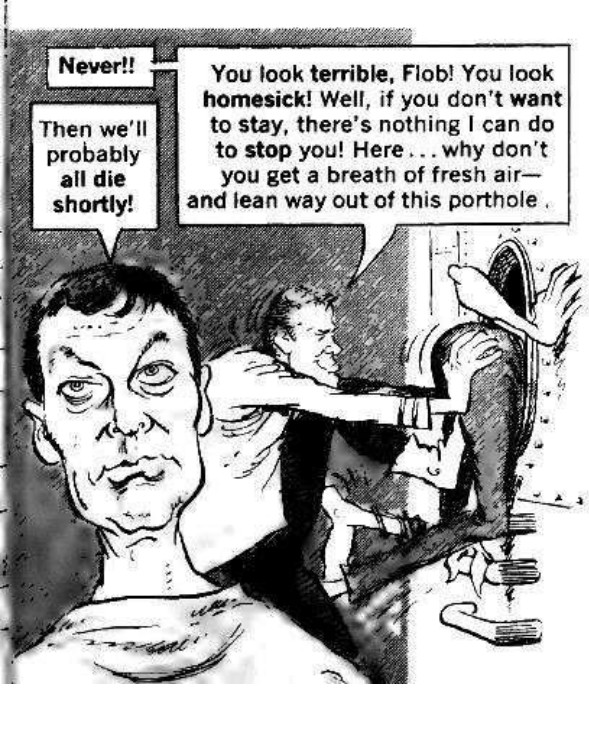

I suggest that we take Flob back to the "Booby-Prize" so **Doctor BeCoy** can look at him!
I think we should take a **sample of soil,** too! I'll use my **"Super-Analytical-Cosmo-Nuclear-Chemical-Decipherer-And-Three-Way-Bottle-Opener . . ."**
Okay! And while **you** do **that,** I'll just use the **old-fashioned method** of **tasting** a bit of this soil . . .

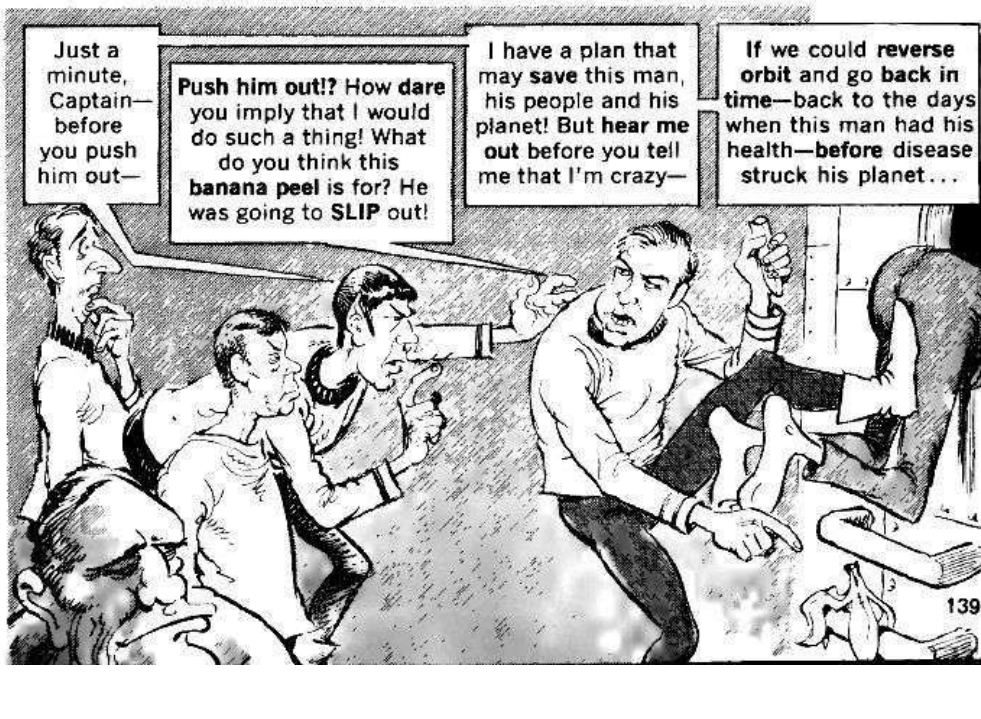

Well, Captain? What conclusions have you come to?
It's not as good as "WHIP 'N' CHILL"—but it does have a very nice flavor!
Well, according to my Deciphering Device, this soil is 10% phosphorous, 30% methyl chloride, 2% picrate and 58% lint with just a hint of mint!
And just exactly what does that mean?!
It means it's not as good as "WHIP 'N' CHILL"—but it does have a very nice flavor!!
DON MARTIN LIVES

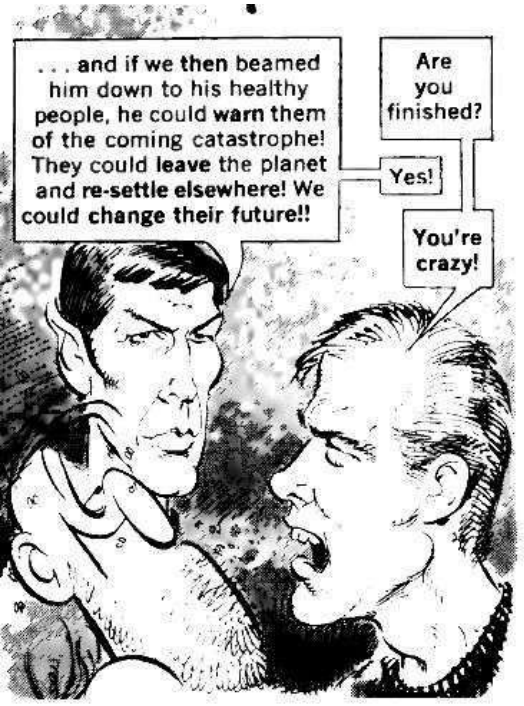
It also means the soil is radio-active!
Which means our lives are in danger! Well, we won't take any chances!
Good! I see you brought the "Anti-Radio-Active Spray"—
Actually, I picked the wrong can! This is "Ice-Blue Secret"! But it's better than nothing—especially with "No-Bath" here!

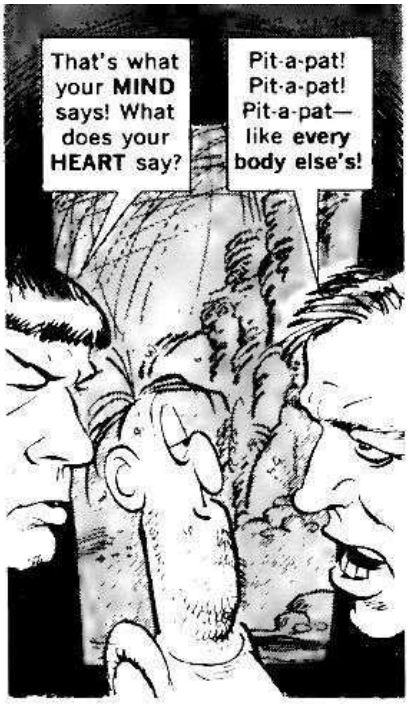

Dr. BeCoy, we found this man down on Rama IV! Can you tell us what's wrong with him!
Sure! He's gone "bad"! How long has he been out of the refrigerator?
Doctor, please don't talk about this man as if he were a vegetable! This is a Human Being! Have some compassion! Now—do you think you can find what's wrong with "Old Smelly"?
NEW YORK UNIVERSITY
SATURN ANNEX
COLUMBIA SCHOOL of MEDICINE JUPITER ANNEX
BLIP BLOP GLIK
BLIP BLOP GLIK

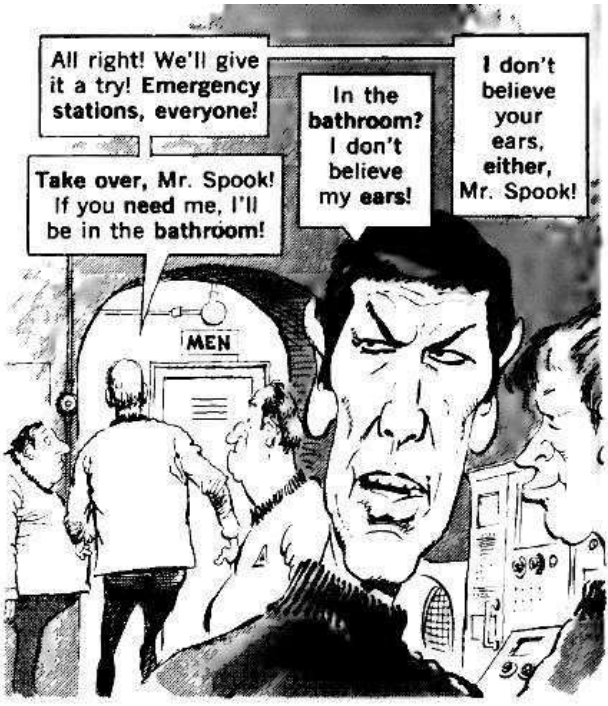

I can tell you already! He has a rare disease!
Really? And what is it called?
If I knew, would it be a rare disease?
I hate it when you throw your medical knowledge at me! How can we help this man?
We can't help him, but we can get him off this ship before he contaminates the rest of us!

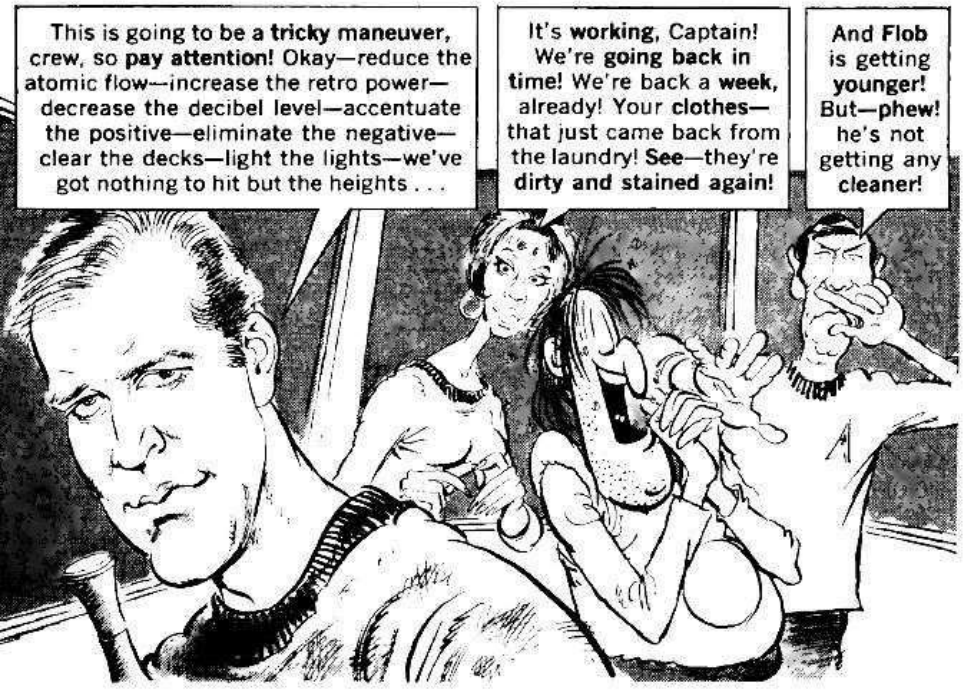

Never!!
Then we'll probably all die shortly!
You look terrible, Flob! You look homesick! Well, if you don't want to stay, there's nothing I can do to stop you! Here . . . why don't you get a breath of fresh air—and lean way out of this porthole .


Just a minute, Captain—before you push him out—
Push him out!? How dare you imply that I would do such a thing! What do you think this banana peel is for? He was going to SLIP out!
I have a plan that may save this man, his people and his planet! But hear me out before you tell me that I'm crazy—
If we could reverse orbit and go back in time—back to the days when this man had his health—before disease struck his planet . . .

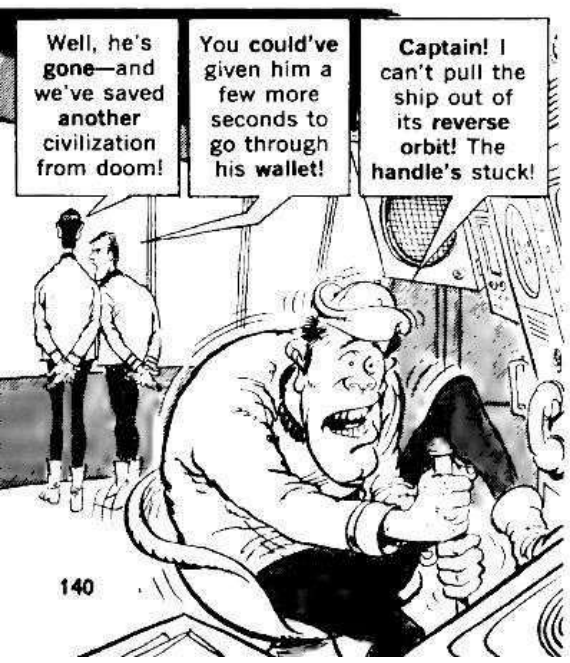

. . . and if we then beamed him down to his healthy people, he could warn them of the coming catastrophe! They could leave the planet and re-settle elsewhere! We could change their future!!
Are you finished?
Yes!
You're crazy!


That's what your MIND says! What does your HEART say?
Pit-a-pat! Pit-a-pat! Pit-a-pat—like every body else's!


All right! We'll give it a try! Emergency stations, everyone!
Take over, Mr. Spook! If you need me, I'll be in the bathroom!
In the bathroom? I don't believe my ears!
I don't believe your ears, either, Mr. Spook!
MEN


This is going to be a tricky maneuver, crew, so pay attention! Okay—reduce the atomic flow—increase the retro power—decrease the decibel level—accentuate the positive—eliminate the negative—clear the decks—light the lights—we've got nothing to hit but the heights . . .
It's working, Captain! We're going back in time! We're back a week, already! Your clothes—that just came back from the laundry! See—they're dirty and stained again!
And Flob is getting younger! But—phew! he's not getting any cleaner!

We're approaching the time when all was well on your planet, Flob, so get ready to "De-Scan" and go back to your people!
Captain, I can't find enough words to thank you!
Do you think maybe you can find a little cash?
Into the Descanner, Flob! This is your departure point!


Well, he's gone—and we've saved another civilization from doom!
You could've given him a few more seconds to go through his wallet!
Captain! I can't pull the ship out of its reverse orbit! The handle's stuck!

Oops! Now it's just broken!
Well, don't panic! Do you hear me? DON'T PANIC . . . #$%&*"@¢!! I WILL NOT TOLERATE PANIC!
We're doomed, Captain! We're going to travel back in time and crash in the Pre-Historic Ages . . . when Man was savage and bloodthirsty and cruel!

You mean . . .
Yes—we're headed for 1967!!
WALT BRUCKER

These 15 Razor Blade Manufacturers just had a close shave!

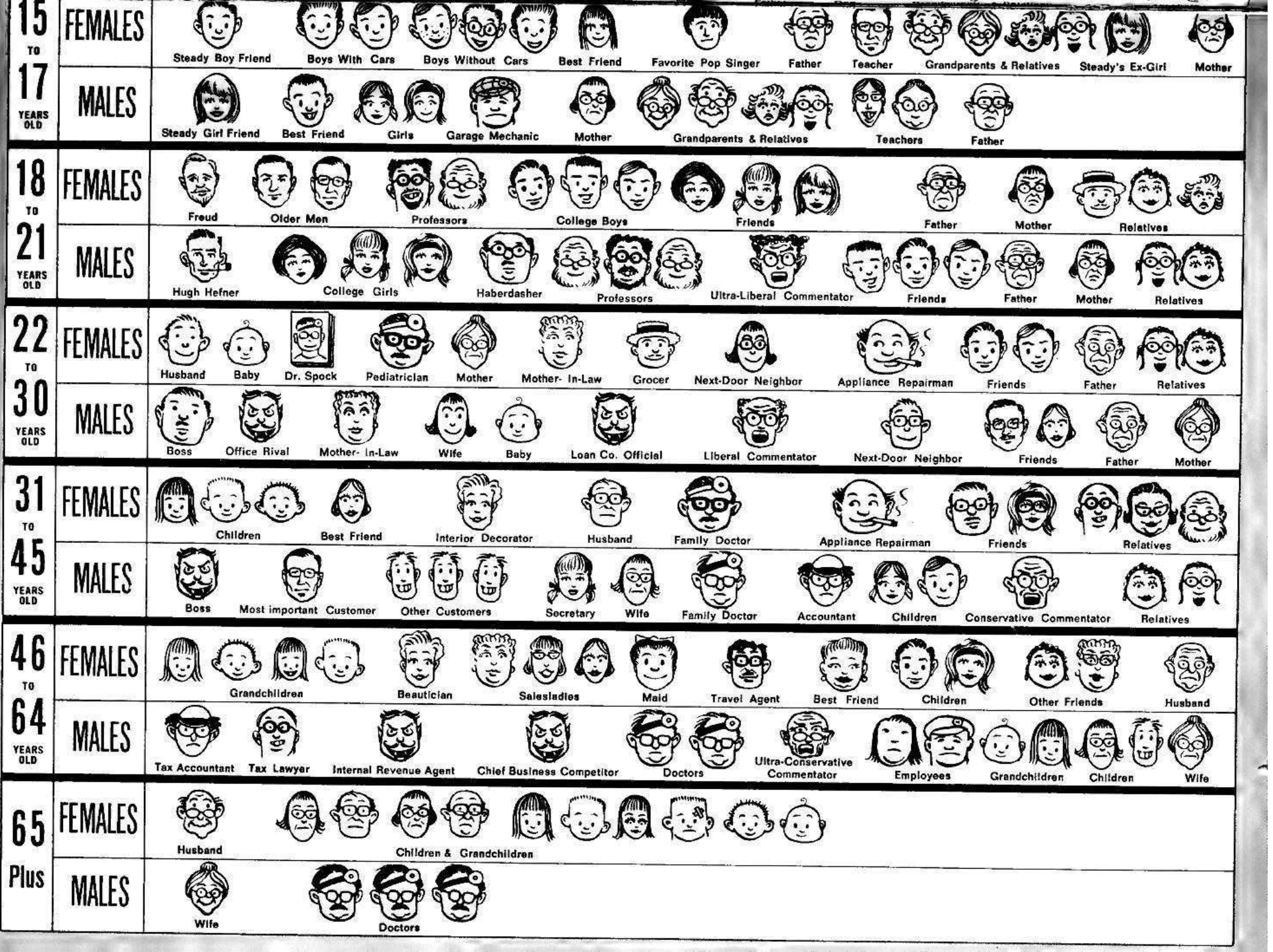
...mainly because this imported Stainless Steel blade nearly knocked them all out of business! Suddenly, Americans discovered that "the sharpest edges ever honed" weren't quite—and it wasn't necessary to "push-pull, click-click—change blades that quick" any more, something the English, Swedes and Swiss have known for decades. However, in the spirit of open competition, with typical American ingenuity, these manufacturers are now turning out stainless steel blades ■ finally replacing their old inferior soft steel blades they've been milking the public with for years.

WILKINSON SWORD

SUPER SWORD-EDGE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LESTER STYOTIC KRAUSS

AGE	SEX	PEOPLE WHO AFFECT OUR LIVES (IN ORDER OF IMPORTANCE!)
0 TO 2 YEARS OLD	FEMALES	Mother, Pediatrician, Father
	MALES	Mother, Pediatrician, Father
3 TO 4 YEARS OLD	FEMALES	Mother, Sitter, Pediatrician, Father
	MALES	Mother, Sitter, Pediatrician, Puppy, Father
5 TO 8 YEARS OLD	FEMALES	Friend Next Door, Teacher, Sitter, Kitten, Mother, Father, Grandparents, Relatives
	MALES	Friend Next Door, Frog, Favorite Cowboy Star, Cowboy Star's Horse, Dog, Sitter, Mother, Father, Grandparents, Relatives, Teacher
9 TO 11 YEARS OLD	FEMALES	Best Friend, Worst Rival, Teacher, 2nd Best Friend, Boys, Cat, Father, Mother, Sitter, Grandparents, Relatives
	MALES	Best Friend, Neighborhood Bully, Little League Coach, 2nd Best Friend, Dog, Mother, Father, Grandparents & Relatives, Teacher, Girls
12 TO 14 YEARS OLD	FEMALES	Best Friend, Boys, Favorite Pop Singer, Father, 2nd Best Friend, 3rd Best Friend, First Male Teacher, Other Teachers, Mother, Grandparents & Relatives, Cat
	MALES	[illegible], [illegible], [illegible], [illegible], Mother, Father, Dog, Grandparents & Relatives, Teachers

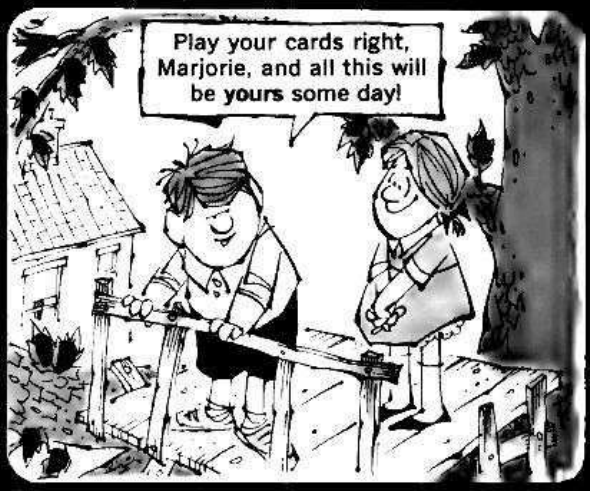

15 TO 17 YEARS OLD
FEMALES
Steady Boy Friend
Boys With Cars
Boys Without Cars
Best Friend
Favorite Pop Singer
Father
Teacher
Grandparents & Relatives
Steady's Ex-Girl
Mother
MALES
Steady Girl Friend
Best Friend
Girls
Garage Mechanic
Mother
Grandparents & Relatives
Teachers
Father
18 TO 21 YEARS OLD
FEMALES
Freud
Older Men
Professors
College Boys
Friends
Father
Mother
Relatives
MALES
Hugh Hefner
College Girls
Haberdasher
Professors
Ultra-Liberal Commentator
Friends
Father
Mother
Relatives
22 TO 30 YEARS OLD
FEMALES
Husband
Baby
Dr. Spock
Pediatrician
Mother
Mother- In-Law
Grocer
Next-Door Neighbor
Appliance Repairman
Friends
Father
Relatives
MALES
Boss
Office Rival
Mother- In-Law
Wife
Baby
Loan Co. Official
Liberal Commentator
Next-Door Neighbor
Friends
Father
Mother
31 TO 45 YEARS OLD
FEMALES
Children
Best Friend
Interior Decorator
Husband
Family Doctor
Appliance Repairman
Friends
Relatives
MALES
Boss
Most important Customer
Other Customers
Secretary
Wife
Family Doctor
Accountant
Children
Conservative Commentator
Relatives
46 TO 64 YEARS OLD
FEMALES
Grandchildren
Beautician
Salesladies
Maid
Travel Agent
Best Friend
Children
Other Friends
Husband
MALES
Tax Accountant
Tax Lawyer
Internal Revenue Agent
Chief Business Competitor
Doctors
Ultra-Conservative Commentator
Employees
Grandchildren
Children
Wife
65 Plus
FEMALES
Husband
Children & Grandchildren
MALES
Wife
Doctors

OFF THE BEATEN SOUND-TRACK DEPT.

With all the old movies being shown on television nowadays, our young people are suffering the same fate we older folks suffered: Mainly, they're being deluged by that corny old "Sure-Fire Dialogue." And so, this next article is MAD's idea of what it'd be like—

IF KIDS USED MOVIE CLICHÉS IN EVERYDAY LIFE

ARTIST: PAUL COKER, JR.
WRITER: HARRY PURVIS

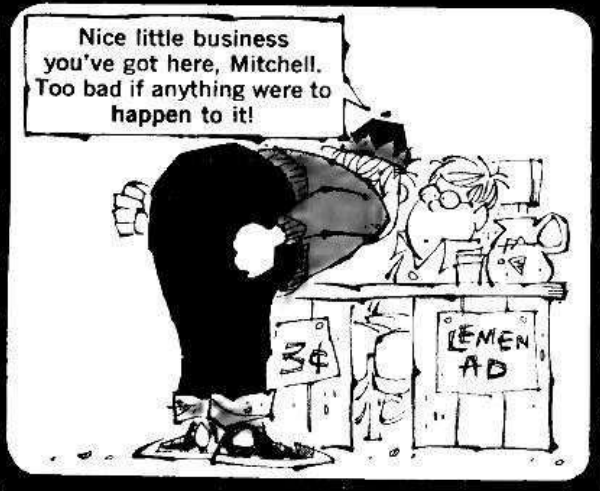


Oh, Brad, you've taught me how to laugh again!

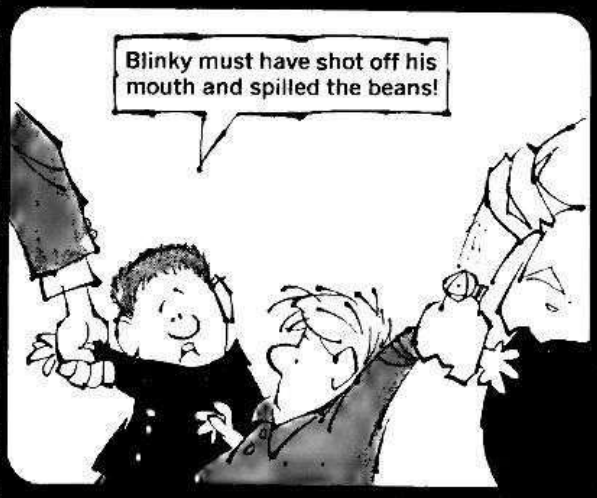
Now you know why I can never marry you, Arnold. You see, that's my father!

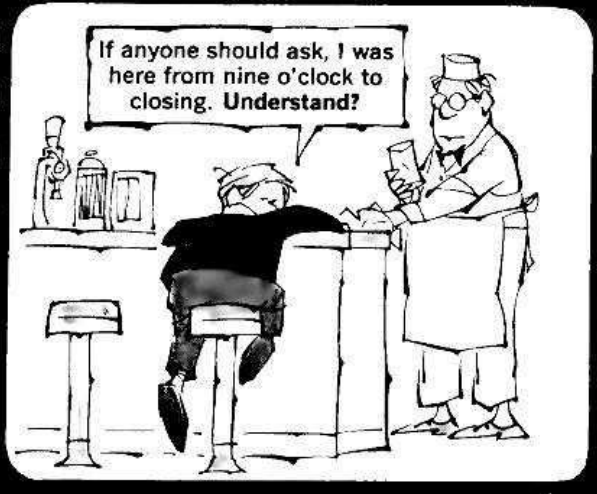
Don't forget—if anyone stops us —let me do the talking!

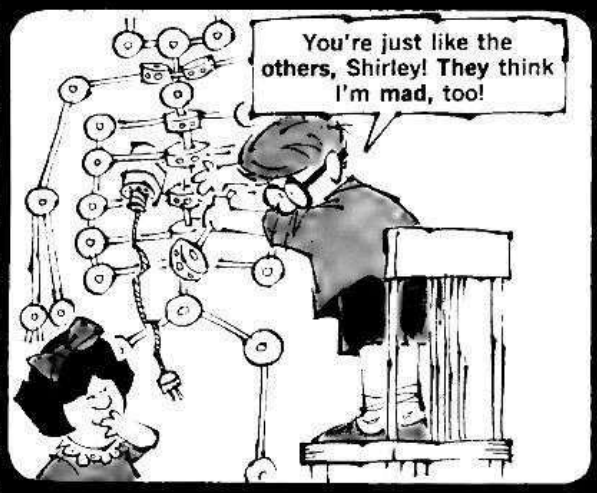
Sure you won't change your mind, Doris? This kind of money can buy a lot of pretty things.


Nice little business you've got here, Mitchell. Too bad if anything were to happen to it!
3¢
LEMEN AD

A guy does an awful lot of growing up in five years, Jenny.


Blinky must have shot off his mouth and spilled the beans!


If anyone should ask, I was here from nine o'clock to closing. Understand?


You're just like the others, Shirley! They think I'm mad, too!

She's ruined half a dozen men to my knowledge!

You know, Susan, this is the kind of life you were meant for!

Looking for something, my dear?

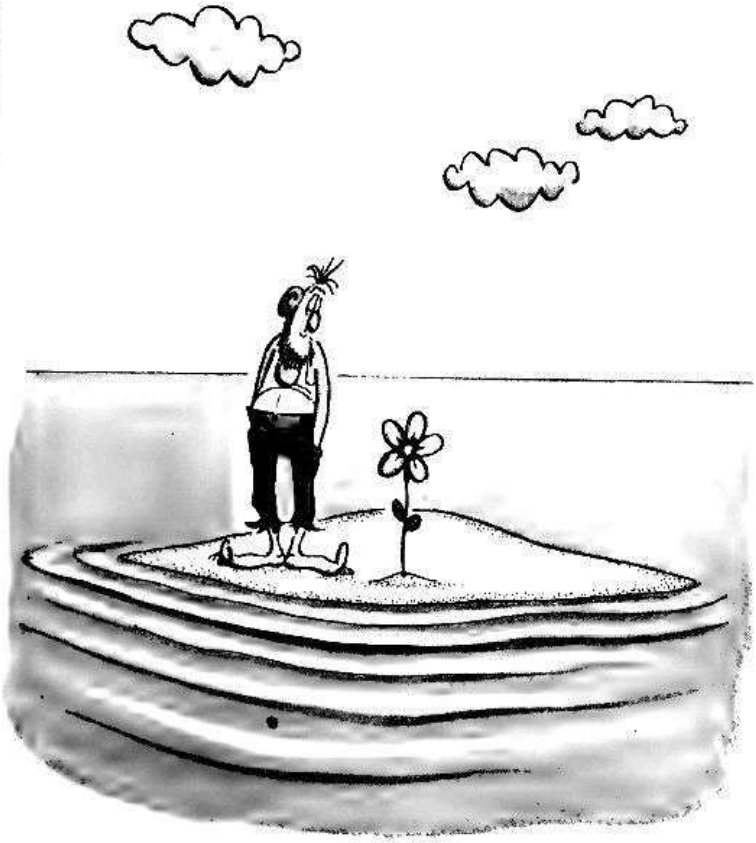
You're a funny sort of kid, Marcia. I never know exactly how to take you!

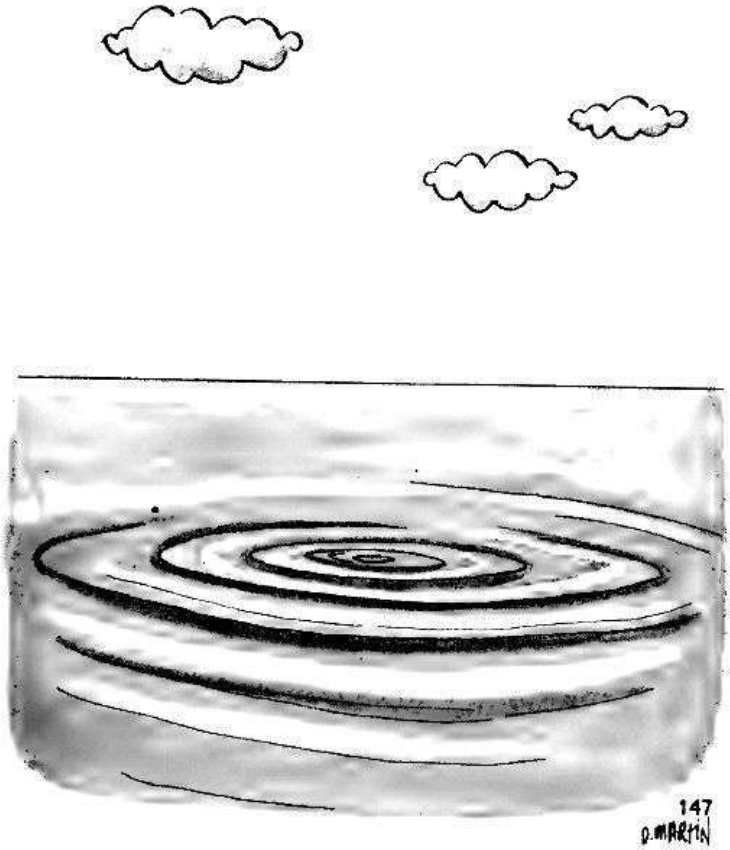
Hear that, Darling, they're playing OUR SONG!

I'm not the same Johnny Jones you knew back in Kindergarten, Sally. If you know what's good for you, you'll forget all about me!

I don't give a damn what your parents say. Now that I've found you, I'm not going to let you go out of my life without a fight!

SHIPWRECKED





D.MARTIN

EDITORIAL "I" DEPT.

It's a well-known fact today that more and more newspapers are going out of business, and more and more cities are becoming what are known as "one-newspaper towns." Naturally, the "only newspaper" in a town controls what everyone reads, and can be pretty obnoxious, opinionated, and in-

ALL THE NEWS THAT WE FEEL LIKE PRINTING, AND IF YOU DON'T LIKE IT . . . TOUGH!

The Daily

"Festerville's **LEADING** Newspaper—b

FEBRUARY 15, 1963 ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO WEATHER: There will be no appearing on TV,

DAILY MONOPOLY WINS COVETED "HENRY R. LUCE AWARD" FOR EXCELLENCE IN NEWS REPORTING

NEW YORK, Feb. 13 — Henry R. Luce, Editor-in-Chief of LIFE and TIME Magazines, presented *The Daily Monopoly* with his annual award for "Excellent News Reporting" today.

"Of all the newspapers considered," said Luce, "*The Daily Monopoly* most closely follows the long-established journalistic traditions of LIFE and TIME, in not allowing such mundane and unimportant things as facts to stand in the way of the personal feelings and prejudices of its publisher and editor in the presentation of straight news."

Accepting the coveted award for *The Daily Monopoly* at ceremonies held in The Waldorf-Astoria Hotel was publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester. After the presentation, a lousy roast beef dinner was served, which should have been filet mignon, considering importance of the occasion.

We believe that in a Free Press, there is one side to every question

OUR DYNAMIC PUBLISHER ADDRESSES MEETING OF TOWN CONSERVATIVES

Dynamic right-wing publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester spoke to leading town Conservatives at the Czar Nicholas Club on Elm St. last night. Subject of his talk was: "The Danger of Losing America to the Reds if Someone Starts Another Newspaper in this Town." Here you see, (right to extreme right) Mr. Thorpe-Fester; Amos Gorgg, founder of the "Kublai Khan Idealists"; Stanley Nobnock, Chairman, the "Louis XIV Dreamers"; and Sophie Ulster, Pres. of the "Daughters of the American Cavemen." Denied admission to lecture was Carl Pfrinz of the leftist "John Birch Society."

SOMETHING HILARIOUS HAPPENS ON THE CORNER OF MAIN AND THIRD

Something hilarious happened o the corner of Main and Third Street last night. Every time we think abou it, we laugh so hard we think we' burst.

Originally, we had planned to re port the details here. But now we'v changed our minds. We're saving i so we can be the first to tell it at cock tail parties and social functions—be fore it gets around.

Brainy, Gorgeous Publisher's Wife Concludes Fabulously Absorbing Story

Selma Thorpe-Fester, the bright witty, and lovely wife of publishe Humphrey Thorpe-Fester, informe *The Daily Monopoly* today that th dramatic and absorbing story of he appendicitis operation, which ha been running daily in this paper i serial form for some time now, i finally over.

Charming Mrs. Selma Thorpe-Fester

Following is a run-down of some o the unimportant news stories whic we were forced to omit to make roo for Mrs. Thorpe-Fester's lengthy bu fascinating account of her operation

Sept. 2, 1945—World War II offi cially ended today when Japan sur rendered aboard the battleship Mis souri. Accepting their surrender o behalf of the victorious allies, Gen Douglas MacArthur *(Cont. Pg. 13*

dependent in its attitude toward the public. And the way things look now, these "only" newspapers are going to be even more obnoxious, opinionated and independent than ever. In fact, if you live in a "one-newspaper town," you may be reading something like this in the very near future . . .

Monopoly

use it's Festerville's **ONLY** Newspaper"

34,875 Homes Now Receive **The Monopoly** Every Day. Why Not? There's Nothing Else To Read!

er Report today because our Publisher is u're supposed to stay home and watch him. WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL PRICE: $1.50 PER COPY And we can get it, too!

President Makes Ridiculous, Asinine, diotic Tax Suggestion To Congress

WASHINGTON, D.C., Feb. 14 — Miserable Democratic President John F. Kennedy, in a peech to a joint session of Congress yesterday, made one of the most insane tax suggestions n recent history. Honest to God, when we found out about it, we reporters who are writing his straight, unbiased news story got so sick to our stomachs we thought we'd die.

Do you know what this man who aughingly calls himself a "President" ants to do with *your money?*

Can you keep a straight face?

He wants all entertainment expenes that are not directly connected ith actual business procedures disalowed for deduction purposes on inome tax reports. Now if that isn't a lap in the face to all American busiessmen, and particularly to courageous, dynamic newspaper publishers ith yachts and summer homes and hauffeur-driven Cadillacs to support, e don't know what is! Really, no kidding, do you think this is fair? We ean, how Communistic can you get?

Remember this: The Senate missed impeaching Andrew Johnson by just *one vote* in 1868. Let's make sure they don't miss *this time!* Write your Senator immediately! And make sure you send him a copy of this objective, unbiased, straight news story—together with the blistering Editorial on page 8, written by our courageous, dynamic newspaper publisher.

You may not agree with what we say, but you've got no choice

EXCLUSIVE

Daily Monopoly Reporter Scores Big News Scoop

by Godfrey Zinn

In a town like Festerville, which as only one newspaper, it is naturlly quite difficult to score a big news coop on another paper. For that reaon, we energetic, quick-thinking ournalists on *The Daily Monopoly* ave to do the next-best thing. We ave to scoop each other!

I have information from a highlyeliable, unimpeachable source (namey our type-setter) that on Page 13 f today's paper there will be a poignnt letter in the "Advice To The ovelorn" column from somebody ho calls herself "Worried." It seems hat "Worried's" husband has been oing out with another woman all long and when *(Cont. on page 12)*

MAYOR CALLS PRESS CONFERENCE

Mayor Fenwick Himp called a press conference in the Civic Auditorium yesterday to bring to the people the details of his new, highly-controversial City Traffic Control Plan, which this newspaper is against. Representatives of all the various newspapers in town are shown here: (left to right) Hollis Schnabble, of *The Daily Monopoly*. We won't bother you with details of the Mayor's ridiculous plan.

OVER THE YEARS with The Daily Monopoly

25 YEARS AGO TODAY: A brilliant, handsome, dynamic son was born today to *Daily Monopoly* publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester and his beautiful wife, Selma. The flawless child, named Henry, was delivered by Caesarian operation.

20 YEARS AGO TODAY: Publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester's brilliant five-year-old son, Henry, said his first word today: "Money!". He was also introduced to his mother for the first time. The latter had been away on a five-year tour of the Midwest, discussing her Caesarian operation.

15 YEARS AGO TODAY: Ten-year-old Henry Thorpe-Fester, gifted son of *Daily Monopoly* publisher, Humphrey Thorpe-Fester, was given a new lake today as a school promotion gift by his proud father. Tomorrow, Henry goes on to second grade. Congratulations, and lots of luck, Hank.

5 YEARS AGO TODAY: Twenty-year-old Henry Thorpe-Fester, publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester's brilliant and creative son, flunked out of Journalism School today for giving the five "W's" of news reporting as: Wine, Women, Welshing, Wasting, and Woolgathering.

TODAY: Twenty-five-year-old Henry Thorpe-Fester, talented son of publisher Humphrey Thorpe-Fester, today was turned down for a check at the Unemployment Bureau because of his inability to sign his name. He joins the staff of *The Daily Monopoly* tomorrow. Best of luck in your new job as Editor-In-Chief, Hank!

THE INQUIRING PUBLISHER

QUESTION

Why are you so proud of me as a courageous dynamic publisher?

WHERE ASKED

Various places around my house.

Edna Thorpe-Fester

Loving Mother

Son, I'm proud of you for the same reason that any other average news-hungry citizen is proud of a newspaper publisher in an age of anxiety brought on by the threat of nuclear annihilation. First, because you always wear your muffler when it's cold outside. Second, because you drink your milk every day at 3 o'clock without me telling you to. Third, because you never holler on your children. And finally, because you make more money than a doctor even.

Horace Greeley Fester

Devoted Father

Gee, I don't know what to say! I mean, I'm so excited – to think – of all people in this whole wide house, you chose to interview me, a total father to you! Gosh-all-criminentlies. . . . Okay, enough of this humility garbage! You know damn well why I'm proud of you! You took a ridiculous, opinionated newspaper I founded 60 years ago, and kept it going as a family plaything. But if you ever change one Neanderthal policy, I'll break your courageous, dynamic neck!

Selma Thorpe-Fester

Loyal Wife

Humphrey, darling, I am proud of you because you have given me the opportunity to leave home and travel around the country for years on end, to bring to an eagerly awaiting nation the absorbing details of my various operations, despite the personal sacrifice and loneliness it meant to you.

Flora LaVie

Adoring Upstairs Maid

Humphrey, darling, I am proud of you because you have given your wife the opportunity to leave home and travel around the country for years on end, to bring to an eagerly awaiting nation the absorbing details of her various operations, so that you and I – what are you shushing me for?

LETTERS TO THE PUBLISHER

SHOCKED

Dear Sir:

I read your highly-opinionated, arch-conservative editorial of Feb. 10th, and was absolutely shocked by the terrible things you said about organized labor, medical care for the aged, Quentin Reynolds and Eleanor Roosevelt.

Westbrook Pegler,
New York City

NOTES

Dear Sir:

We realize that your newspaper is pretty much of a personal family thing with you, but may we make a small request? In the future, kindly leave notes to our milkmen in empty bottles outside your door at home, instead of publishing them on the editorial page of your paper. Sometimes, they are hard to find.

The Dairyfresh Milk Co.
Festerville

TIME CAPSULE

Dear Sir:

Thank you for offering to donate a copy of *The Daily Monopoly* for the new time capsule to be buried at the 1964 World's Fair in New York, to give future generations an idea of the quality of newspapers in one-newspaper towns. Unfortunately, we have already planned to include a copy of Pravda in the capsule, and we feel that your newspaper would be a duplication.

Robert Moses
New York City

CANDIDATE

Dear Sir:

Regarding your ultra-right-wing editorial of February 8th, we are pleased that you have expressed your desire to be a Republican candidate for office in 1964. However, we regret to inform you that, as of now, there are no plans for a contest for the office of "Emperor" in your state that year.

William F. Miller
Chairman, Republican Party
Washington, D.C.

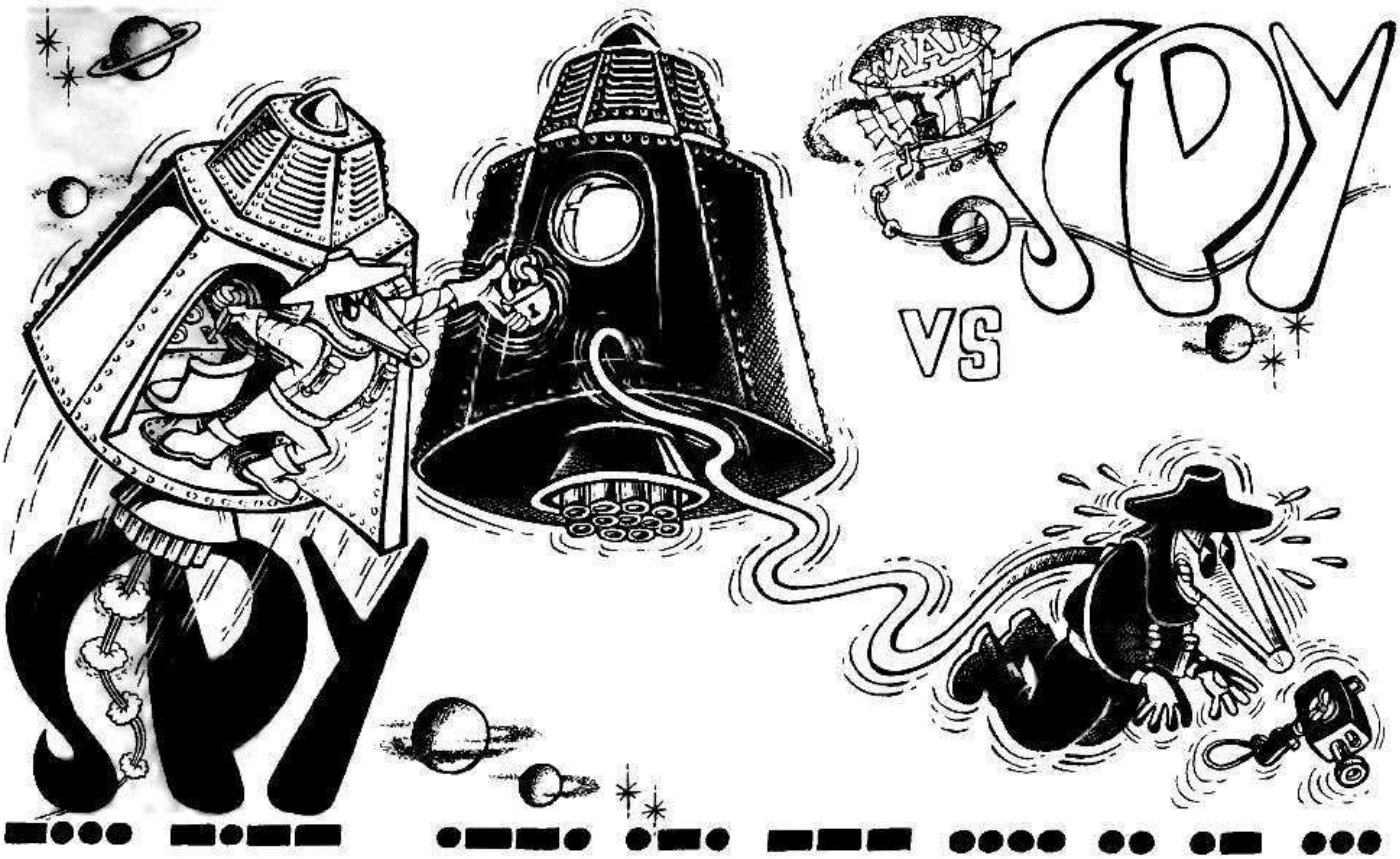
PUZZLED

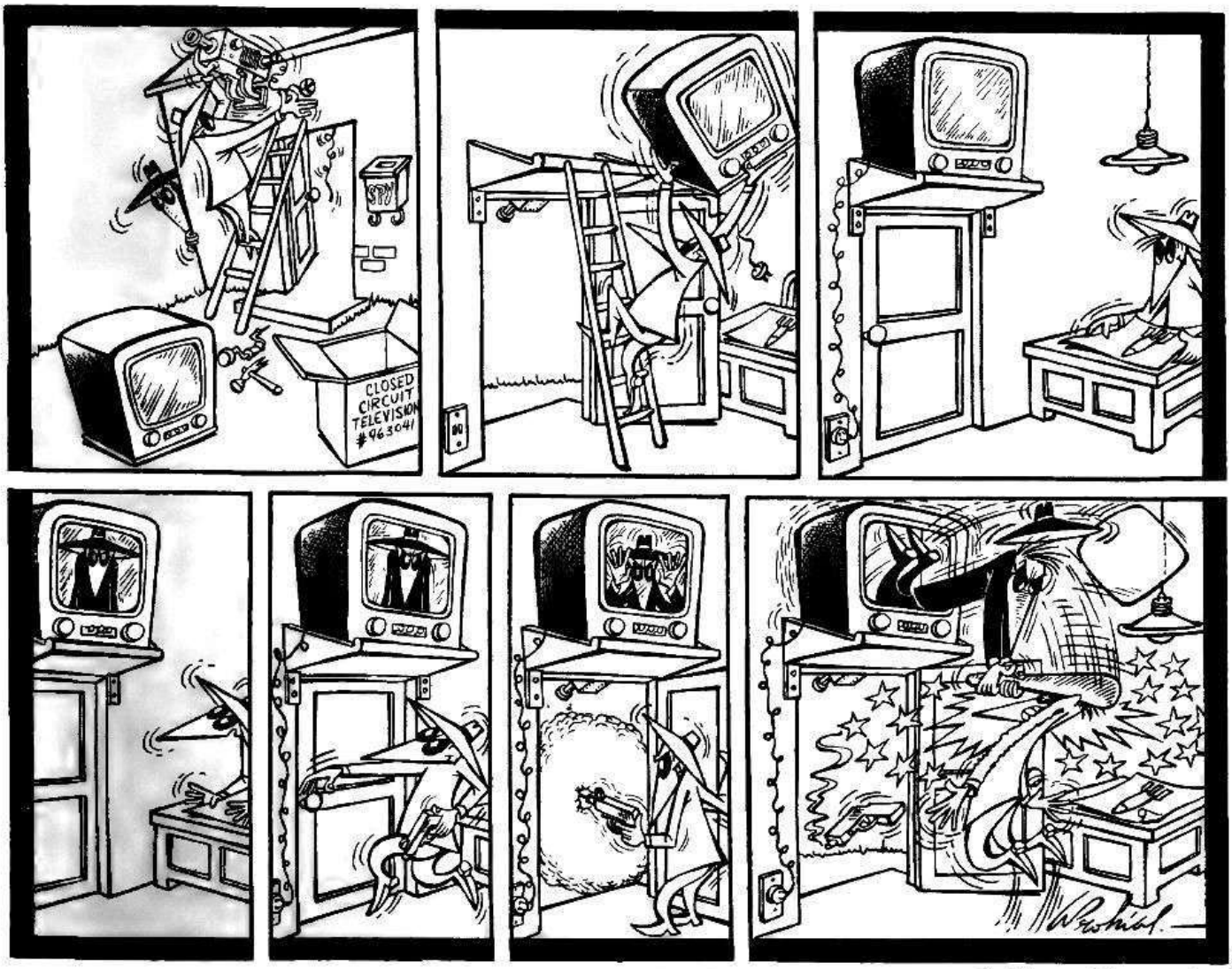
Dear Sir:

I realize that you don't give a damn about your readers, but there is such a thing as going too far. What I mean is, if you are going to run daily crossword puzzles, at least have the decency to use legitimate words. I have just seen the answer to your puzzle of Feb. 11, and I am positive that there is no such thing as a "Left-handed herniated Hopi Indian" called a "BVRTZ" or a "Southern Israel potato bug" called a "KRNXTL."

Margaret Farrar
New York City

JOKE-AND-DAGGER DEPT. PART III



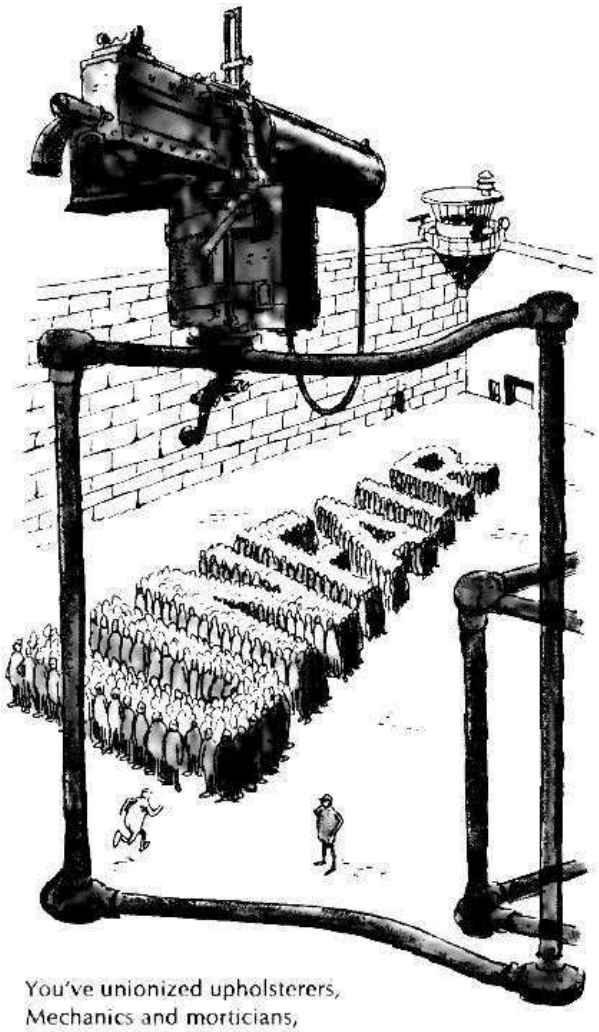


EXECUTIVE SUITE-TALK DEPT.

With Labor Day almost upon us, everybody is getting ready to salute the Labor Unions of America... Everyone, that is, except the people who have to bargain with them, namely Management. MAD feels it is only fitting that Management should have the opportunity to pay its sincere respects to Organized Labor on Labor Day. And so, slightly choked up with sentiment, we now present this 1962 selection of

LABOR DAY
FROM MANAGEMEN

TO A CONVICTED LABOR ORGANIZER



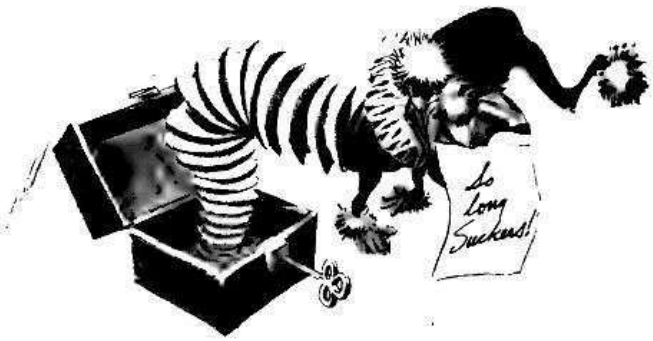
You've unionized upholsterers,
Mechanics and morticians,
You've unionized biologists,
Explorers and magicians;

You've unionized from coast to coast—
From Hollywood to Trenton;
And now you've 10 to 20 years
To unionize San Quentin!

TO A SUCCESSFUL STRIKING LOCAL

Your strike has lasted 40 weeks
And shows no sign of ending;
Your Union Boss is tough and firm
And shows no sign of bending;
You've made your point! We see no need
For further arbitration!
Surprise! We've used these 40 weeks
To put in automation!

TO AN UNSUCCESSFUL STRIKING LOCAL



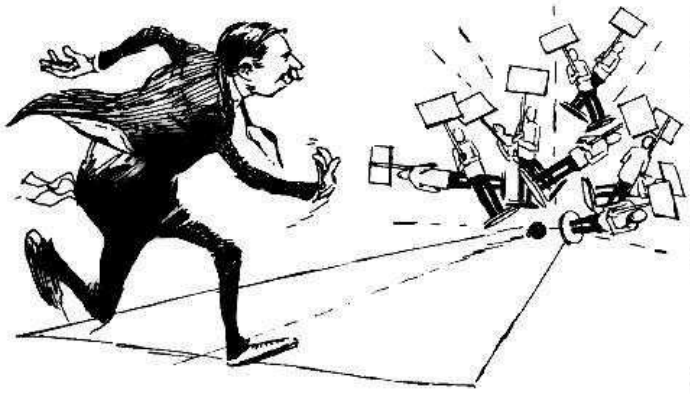
A pity that your walkout failed,
Oh, Local 905!
We thought your Strike Fund's million bucks
Would keep your strike alive!
How could you know the money that
You filled your Union "till" with
Your ever-loyal Treasurer
Would run off to Brazil with?

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

CARDS
T TO LABOR

TO A HIRED GANG OF PROFESSIONAL PICKETS

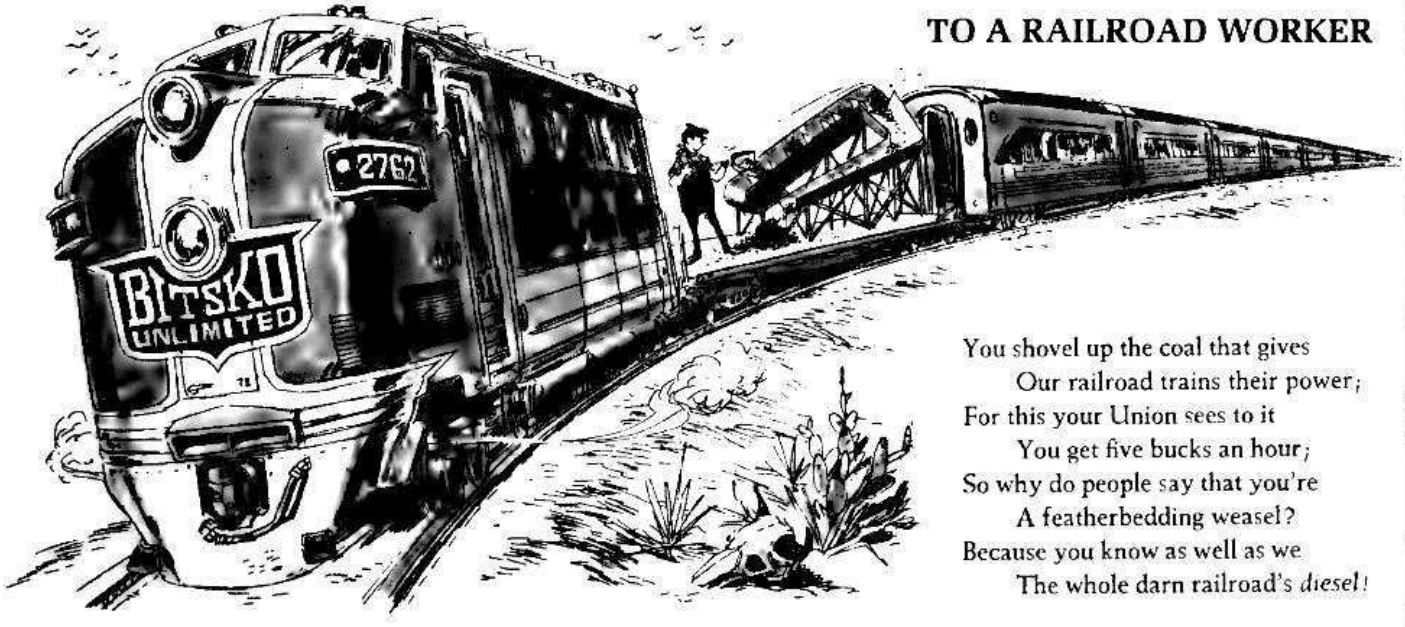
You rabbit-punched our president
And overturned his car;
You smashed our gates and pelted eggs;
But now you've gone too far!
No matter how you threaten us
Or yell or shout or scream–
We'll never, never let you join
Our Monday bowling team!



TO A RED-HOT LABOR NEGOTIATOR

You've won your 20-hour week,
And that is not to mention
Your triple time for overtime,
Your pay hike, and your pension!
The contract we were forced to sign
No other firm will top;
Too bad you won't enjoy it, cause
We've had to close up shop!

TO A RAILROAD WORKER



You shovel up the coal that gives
Our railroad trains their power;
For this your Union sees to it
You get five bucks an hour;
So why do people say that you're
A featherbedding weasel?
Because you know as well as we
The whole darn railroad's *diesel!*

BUT JUST TO KEEP THINGS FAIR . . . HERE ARE SOME

LABOR DAY CARDS

FROM LABOR TO MANAGEMENT

FROM THE UNITED AUTO WORKERS TO GENERAL MOTORS CORP.

We'll soon be sitting down with you
to see if there's a way
To get the GM Management
to raise our rate of pay.

200,000 workers simply
cannot be ignored;
Cause if we are, we'll all go out
and buy a brand new Ford!

FROM THE CONSTRUCTION WORKERS TO THE BUILDING CONTRACTORS OF AMERICA

In case you think of turning down
The pay hike we demand;
The next time that we mix cement
There may be too much sand;
The girders may not stay in place—
But do not think the worst;
We'll have your building up in time—
Unless it falls down first!

FROM THE UNITED STEEL WORKERS TO U.S. STEEL

You tried to raise the price of steel,
But much to your dismay,
You found instead you only raised
The wrath of JFK.
So now you fellows are despised
Throughout the New Frontier,
While Labor's loved—at least until
We meet again next year!

FROM THE AMERICAN FEDERATION OF MUSICIANS TO THE NEW YORK PHILHARMONIC

Other unions have their woes, but
us—we haven't any;
If we walked out, you'd only have
our music stands and Lenny;
The threat of automation fills us
with no fears and qualms;
'Cause automation just can't work
with Mozart, Bach and Brahms!

BIG-TIME OPERETTA DEPT.

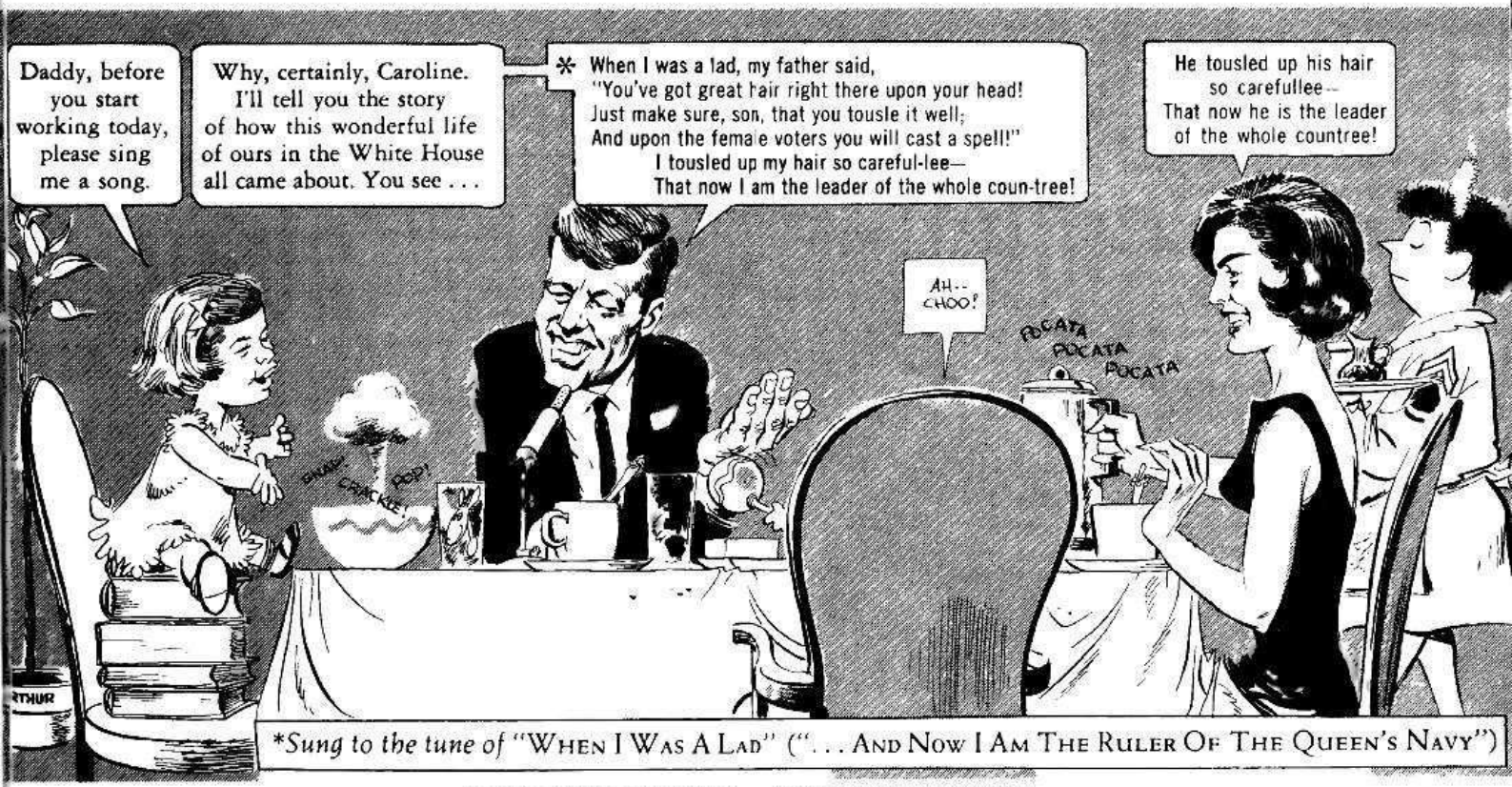
Gilbert and Sullivan are famous for their operettas, and will long be remembered for their clever and light-hearted satire. MAD, on the other hand is notorious for its articles, and will hardly be remembered for its idiotic and heavy-handed satire. So, in a desperate effort to alter its corporate image, the clod-staff of

MAD MAGAZINE

(With apologies to Gilbert and Sullivan)

PRESENTS

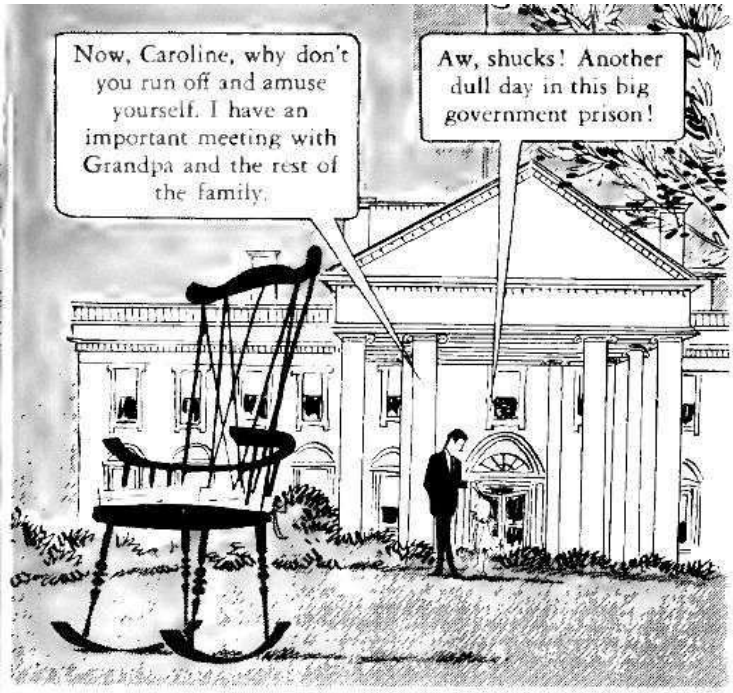
A DAY WITH J-F-K

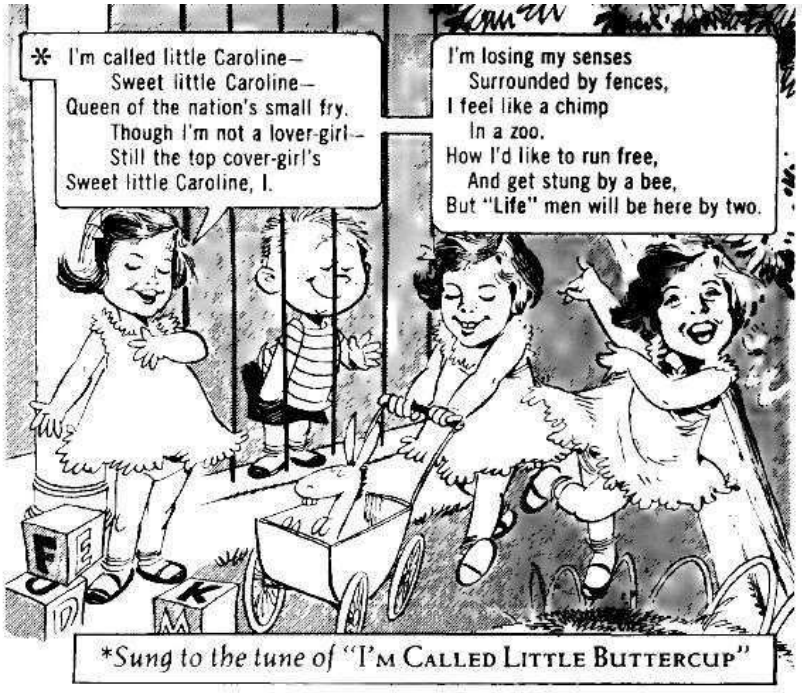

Daddy, before you start working today, please sing me a song.
Why, certainly, Caroline. I'll tell you the story of how this wonderful life of ours in the White House all came about. You see . . .
* When I was a lad, my father said, "You've got great hair right there upon your head! Just make sure, son, that you tousle it well; And upon the female voters you will cast a spell!" I tousled up my hair so careful-lee— That now I am the leader of the whole coun-tree!
He tousled up his hair so carefullee— That now he is the leader of the whole countree!
AH-- CHOO!
POCATA POCATA POCATA
BANG CRACKLE POP!
*Sung to the tune of "WHEN I WAS A LAD" ("... AND NOW I AM THE RULER OF THE QUEEN'S NAVY")

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

s I grew up, I so quickly learned hat a penny saved is like a penny earned. t pennies saved none could match my kin; or the primaries my Daddy bought me Wis-con-sin! He bought Wisconsin with his dough for me— And now I am the leader of the whole countree!
He bought Wisconsin with his dough for thee— And now you are the leader of the whole countree!
Now young men there, whoever you may be, If you want to rise to the top of the tree, Make sure that you've a head of tousled locks, And your Daddy owns a great big stack of solid stocks. And if you find a wo-man like Jackee— You too may be the leader of the whole countree!
And if you find a wo-man like Mommee— You too may be the leader of the whole countree!
ooo!

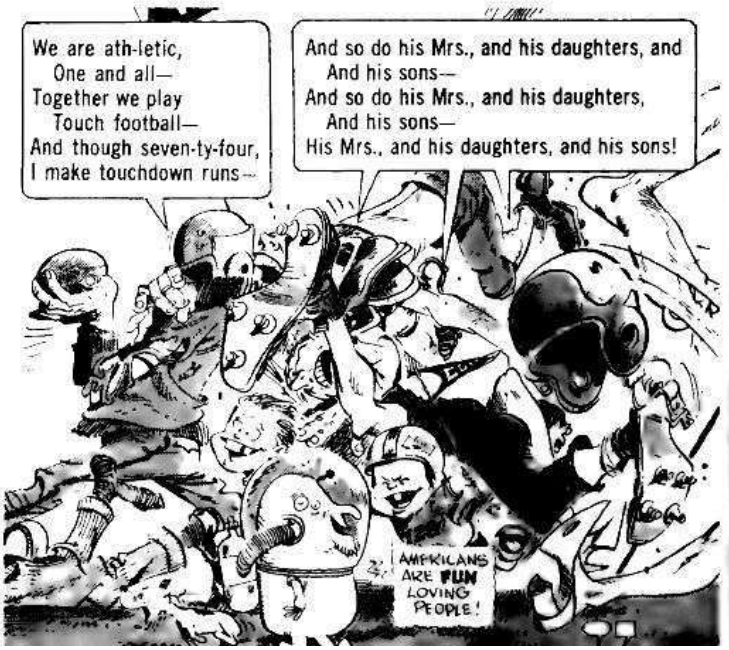

Now, Caroline, why don't you run off and amuse yourself. I have an important meeting with Grandpa and the rest of the family.
Aw, shucks! Another dull day in this big government prison!


* I'm called little Caroline—
Sweet little Caroline—
Queen of the nation's small fry.
Though I'm not a lover-girl—
Still the top cover-girl's
Sweet little Caroline, I.
I'm losing my senses
Surrounded by fences,
I feel like a chimp
In a zoo.
How I'd like to run free,
And get stung by a bee,
But "Life" men will be here by two.
*Sung to the tune of "I'm Called Little Buttercup"

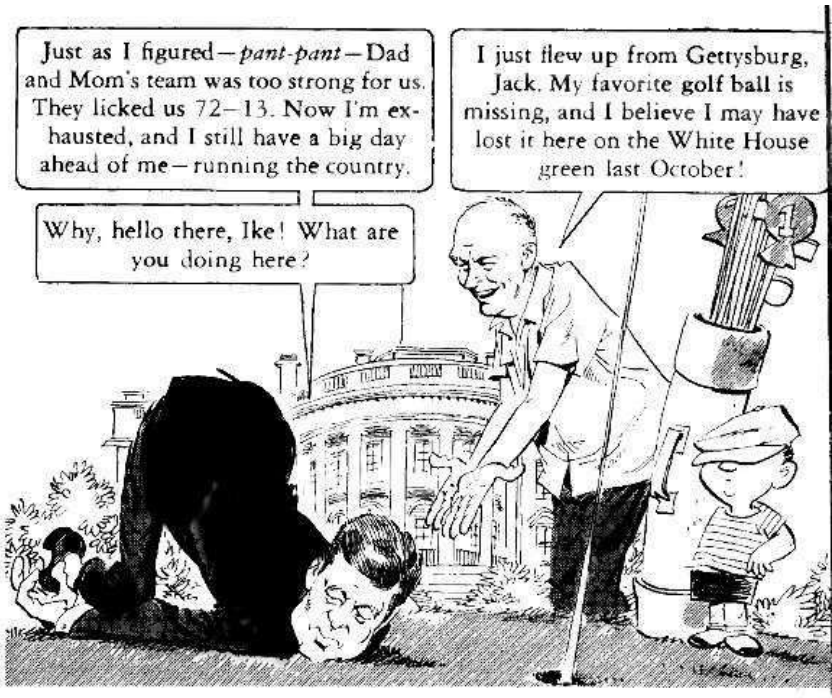
I'd love to play house
And chase after a mouse,
But things like that
I can not do.
Instead I must walk with,
And make dull small talk with
Attachés from Bonn and Peru.
Won't someone help Caroline—
Please help free Caroline—
From special guards
With their guns.
Please, people, free Caroline—
Poor little Caroline—
Vote Dad out next time he runs!

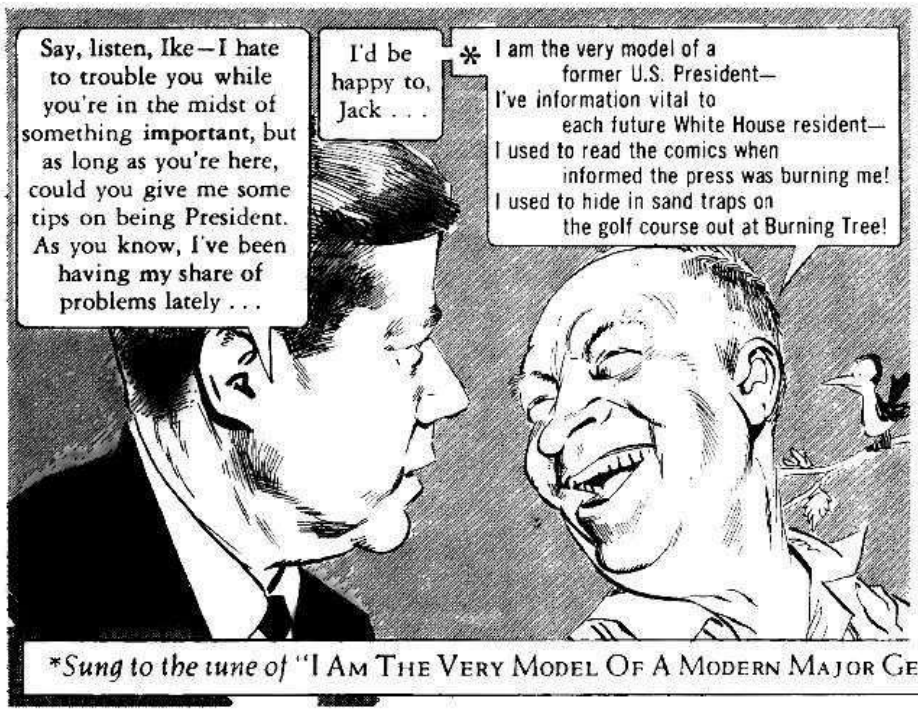
Hi, Jack! You're just in time for the touch football game. Dad and I already chose sides. Dad's first choice was Mom, and I picked you!
Aw, nuts! Mom's the best running back in the whole family! We don't have a chance!
Before we start the game, gang—everybody gather around me for a bit of family reorientation!
MOM
NOTE FROM ARTIST:
IN THIS SPACE TRY TO IMAGINE MANY MORE MEMBERS OF THE KENNEDY FAMILY WITH THEIR MANY CHILDREN. WITH TODAY'S PRICES, I GOTTA CONSERVE ON INK!
Art Drucker

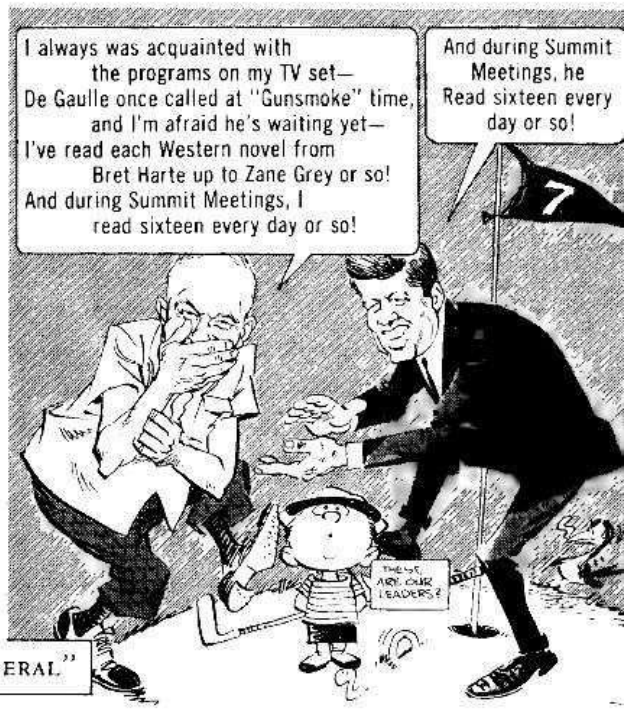
* I am the Monarch,
If you please—
The ruler of the Kennedys—
Whose great big wallet
Weighs two tons—
And so does his Mrs.', and his daughters',
And his sons'—
And so does his Mrs.', and his daughters',
And his sons'—
His Mrs.', and his daughters', and his sons'!
*Sung to the tune of "I Am The Monarch Of The Sea"


We are ath-letic,
One and all—
Together we play
Touch football—
And though seven-ty-four,
I make touchdown runs—
And so do his Mrs., and his daughters, and
And his sons—
And so do his Mrs., and his daughters,
And his sons—
His Mrs., and his daughters, and his sons!
AMERICANS ARE FUN LOVING PEOPLE!

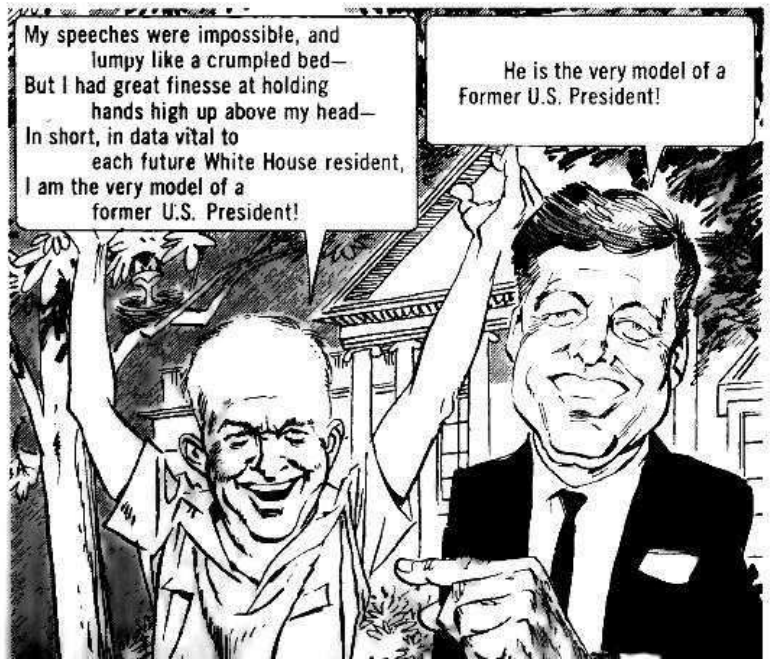
So when I tire
Of politics—
And all those
Smokey bailiwicks—
Then the Redskins I'll join—
I mean Washington's—
And so will his Mrs., and his daughters,
And his sons—
And so will his Mrs., and his daughters,
And his sons—
His daughters and his Mrs.—
His fleet-footed Mrs.—
And . . . his . . . sons!


Just as I figured—*pant-pant*—Dad and Mom's team was too strong for us. They licked us 72–13. Now I'm exhausted, and I still have a big day ahead of me—running the country.
I just flew up from Gettysburg, Jack. My favorite golf ball is missing, and I believe I may have lost it here on the White House green last October!
Why, hello there, Ike! What are you doing here?

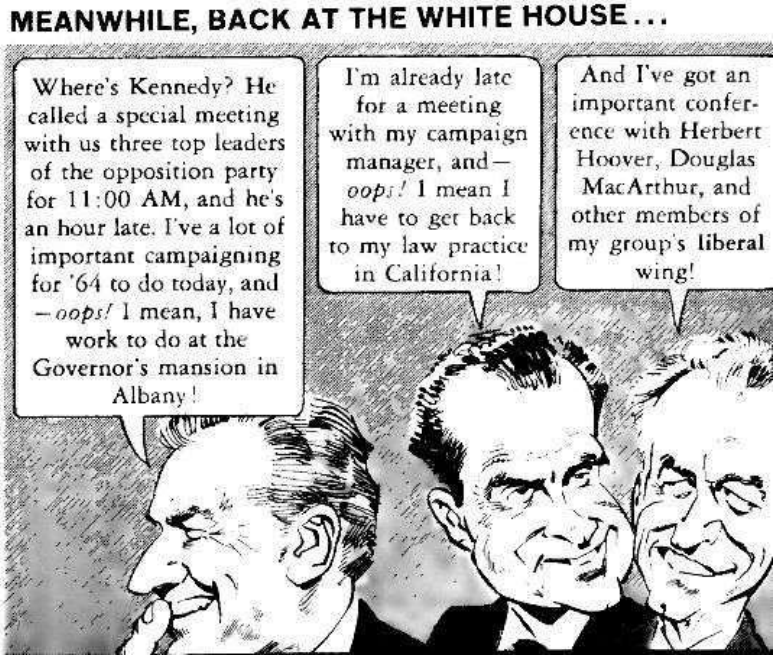

Say, listen, Ike—I hate to trouble you while you're in the midst of something important, but as long as you're here, could you give me some tips on being President. As you know, I've been having my share of problems lately . . .
I'd be happy to, Jack . . .
* I am the very model of a former U.S. President—
I've information vital to each future White House resident—
I used to read the comics when informed the press was burning me!
I used to hide in sand traps on the golf course out at Burning Tree!


I always was acquainted with the programs on my TV set—
De Gaulle once called at "Gunsmoke" time, and I'm afraid he's waiting yet—
I've read each Western novel from Bret Harte up to Zane Grey or so!
And during Summit Meetings, I read sixteen every day or so!
And during Summit Meetings, he Read sixteen every day or so!
7
THESE ARE OUR LEADERS?

Sung to the tune of "I Am The Very Model Of A Modern Major General"


My speeches were impossible, and lumpy like a crumpled bed—
But I had great finesse at holding hands high up above my head—
In short, in data vital to each future White House resident,
I am the very model of a former U.S. President!
He is the very model of a Former U.S. President!

MEANWHILE, BACK AT THE WHITE HOUSE . . .


Where's Kennedy? He called a special meeting with us three top leaders of the opposition party for 11:00 AM, and he's an hour late. I've a lot of important campaigning for '64 to do today, and—*oops!* I mean, I have work to do at the Governor's mansion in Albany!
I'm already late for a meeting with my campaign manager, and—*oops!* I mean I have to get back to my law practice in California!
And I've got an important conference with Herbert Hoover, Douglas MacArthur, and other members of my group's liberal wing!

Three little candidates are we,
Waiting for '64 with glee,
Each a potential nominee—ee . . .
Three little candidates—

One represents the liberal left—

As a middle-roader one is deft—

The right side's where one gets his heft—

Three little candidates—

Sung to the tune of "THREE LITTLE MAIDS FROM SCHOOL ARE WE"

Three candidates who wait and tarry,
Watching the polls so cool and wary,
Nelson and Dick and good old Barry—
Three little candidates—

One candidate's got a winning smile—

One Candidate's quite versatile—

One's got that 19th Century style—

Three little candidates—

Take . . . two candidates away from three—
One candidate remains and he—
Carries the ball for the G.O.P.
Three little candidates—

Three little candidates who wait and tarry,
Watching the polls so cool and wary,
Nelson and Dick and good old Barry—
Three little candidates—
Three little **CAN**-di-dates!

Hi, Dick! What happened to Nelson and Barry?

They had to leave, Jack. You know—pressing engagements. They told me to tell you to contact them again next week and reschedule our meeting. Now, if you'll excuse me, I've got to run also . . .

Gosh, it was nice seeing Dick again. The last time we chatted was down in Florida right after I beat him in the election. I can remember that little talk we had as if it were yesterday . . .

* In a house by the ocean Dick Nixon cried out,
"Damn that TV, damn TV, damn TV!"
And I said to him, "Dickie-boy, why do you shout,
'Damn that TV, damn TV, damn TV!'?
"Is it Westerns you hate so intensely?" I cried,
"Do those Private Eye shows make you sick deep inside?"
"None of those, it's the lousy debates!" he replied.
"Damn TV, it killed me, damn TV!"

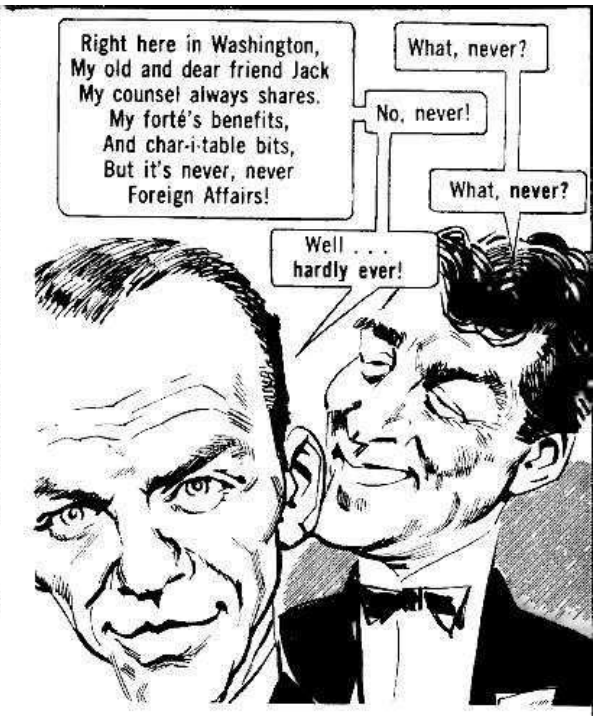
Now I feel that as sure as I still hear him moan,
"Damn that TV, damn TV, damn TV!"
That he had every right to so sadly intone,
"Damn that TV, damn TV, damn TV!"
And so when re-election time comes rolling by,
Should I find my opponent more handsome than I,
You can bet that you'll hear me
give out with this cry:
"No TV! No TV! No TV!"

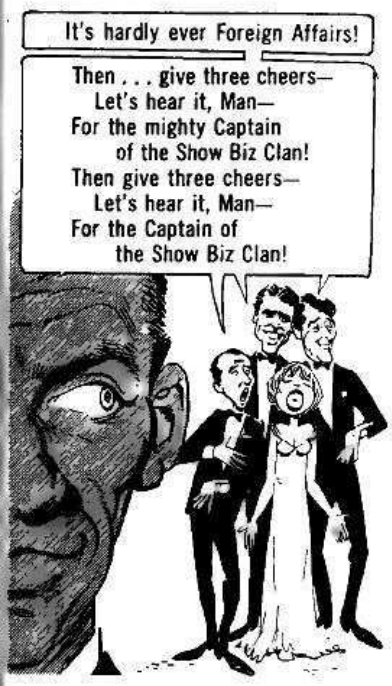
**Sung to the tune of* "TIT WILLOW"

Well, thank goodness another day is over. I just have time to shave and dress for the White House ball. Pierre, as my **Press Secretary**, I hope you have arranged everything!

Yes, Jack. I've **pressed** your tuxedo, and I've **pressed** your dress shirt and white tie . . .

Hello, Frank! Quite a party you've got going here tonight. I must say that I owe you and your group a vote of thanks for the fine shindigs you've been throwing for me here in the White House since I was elected . . .
Aw, forget it, buddy-boy! After all . . .
I am the Captain of the Show Biz Clan, And a right good Captain, too! I've been for J-F-K . . . You might say "All The Way". . . And so was my right good crew!
He's been for J-F-K . . . You might say "All The Way". . . And so was his Right good crew!
RING A DING DING!
*Sung to the tune of "I Am The Captain Of The Pinafore"

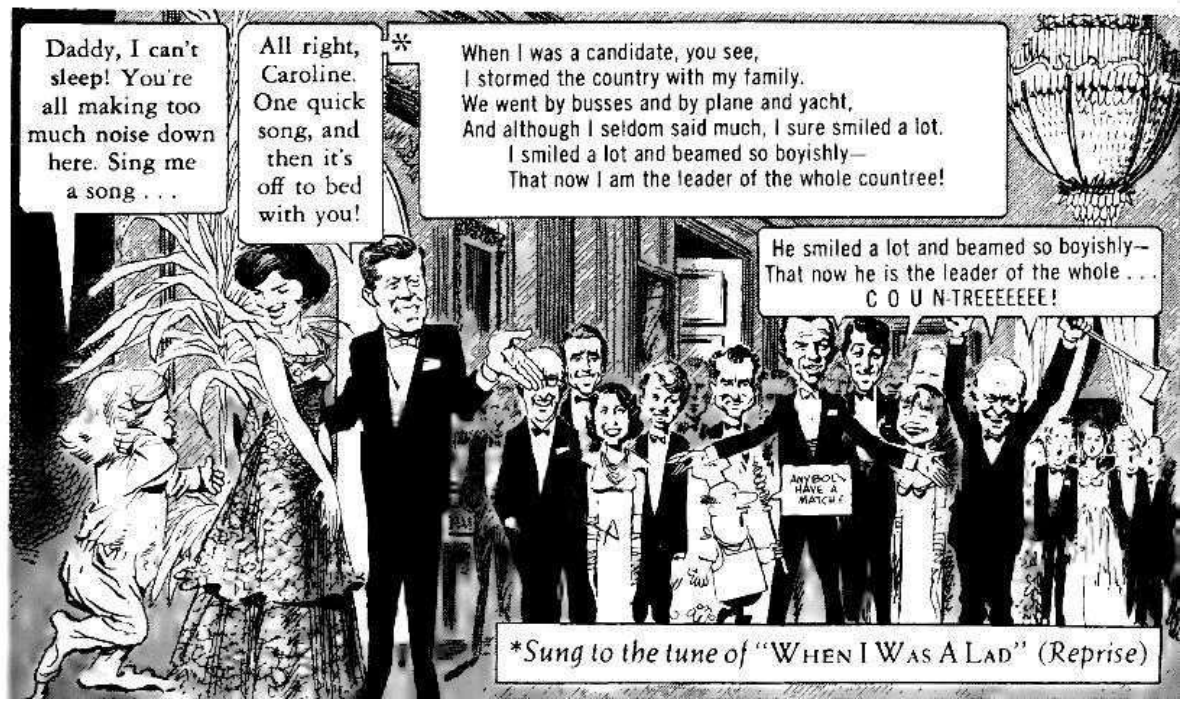

Right here in Washington, My old and dear friend Jack My counsel always shares. My forté's benefits, And char-i-table bits, But it's never, never Foreign Affairs!
What, never?
No, never!
What, never?
Well . . . hardly ever!


It's hardly ever Foreign Affairs!
Then . . . give three cheers— Let's hear it, Man— For the mighty Captain of the Show Biz Clan! Then give three cheers— Let's hear it, Man— For the Captain of the Show Biz Clan!

I'm always there when Jack needs me most, With my hip Show Business train. With Jo-ey, Pete, and Dean, And Sam, I make the scene— Not to mention Shirl MacLaine!
With Joey, Pete, and Dean, And Sam, he makes the scene— Not to mention Shirl MacLaine!

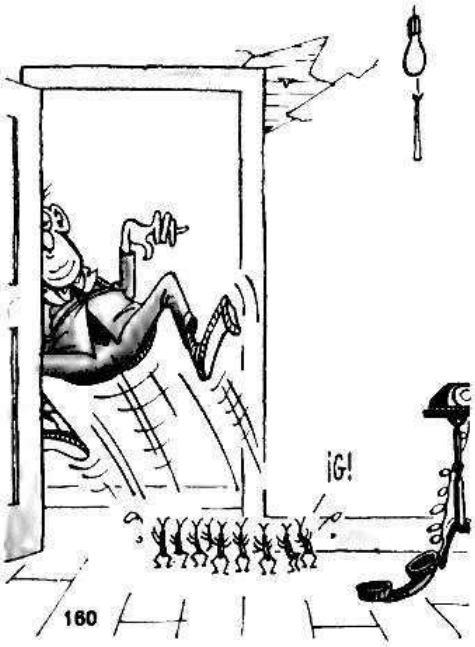
I dig this White House pad; It's just a gasser, Dad; Its assets I must applaud. I love to come and crash Each fancy white tie bash, But I never steal a Senator's broad!
What, never?
No, never!
What, never?
Well . . . hardly ever!
I WOULDN'T HAVE MISSED THIS PARTY FOR ANYTHING!
THAT FRANK SURE CAN THROW A PARTY!

He rarely steals a Senator's broad!
Then . . . give three cheers— Let's hear it, Man— For the might Captain of the Show Biz Clan! Then give three cheers— Let's hear it, Man— F O R . . . the Captain of the Show Biz Clan!


Daddy, I can't sleep! You're all making too much noise down here. Sing me a song . . .
All right, Caroline. One quick song, and then it's off to bed with you!
When I was a candidate, you see, I stormed the country with my family. We went by busses and by plane and yacht, And although I seldom said much, I sure smiled a lot. I smiled a lot and beamed so boyishly— That now I am the leader of the whole countree!
He smiled a lot and beamed so boyishly— That now he is the leader of the whole . . . C O U N-TREEEEEEE!
ANYBODY HAVE A MATCH?
*Sung to the tune of "When I Was A Lad" (Reprise)

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART VI

In The Acme Ritz Central Arms Waldorf Plaza Hotel



Clerk! This place is **lousy with cockroaches!** I can't **stand** cockroaches, do you hear? Filthy, despicable beasts! **I'll goosh every one of them!** I'll **goosh** them in the **rooms!!** I'll **goosh** them in the **halls!!!** I'll **goosh** them –
BING
BING
BING
BING
BING

MAD
Our Price
30¢
CHEAP
TURN ON TUNE IN DROP DEAD

MAD'S Modern Believe It or Nuts!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE WRITER: ARNIE KOGEN

G.G. GLICK, a New York Men's Wear Manufacturer, ONCE HAD SUCH A BAD SEASON THAT HE ACTUALLY **FIRED HIS SON-IN-LAW!**

THE REALLY UNBELIEVABLE THING ABOUT THIS WAS... HIS SON-IN-LAW DIDN'T EVEN WORK FOR HIM!

IF A SONG AND DANCE MAN WERE TO START TAP DANCING WITH A STRAW HAT AND CANE AND CONTINUE FOR **15 YEARS WITHOUT STOPPING** ...

...IT'S LIKELY THAT HE'D EITHER BE "COMMITTED" OR EVENTUALLY ELECTED A SENATOR FROM CALIFORNIA!

Clarke

G. Plimpton, a writer and reporter, LIVED WITH THE **PITTSBURG STEELERS** FOR SIX MONTHS WHILE POSING AS ONE OF THEM

AND YET, NEVER WROTE A BOOK ABOUT IT!

HOWEVER, SHE DID SELL HER STORY TO "TRUE CONFESSIONS"!

ON FEB. 12, 1967, A DESPONDENT MAN STOOD ON A 12th FLOOR LEDGE OF THE BOSTON HILTON, ABOUT TO COMMIT SUICIDE .... AND YET,

THE CROWD DID NOT YELL FOR HIM TO JUMP!

THE CROWD DID, HOWEVER, SCREAM FOR HIM TO SET FIRE TO HIMSELF!

THE **FOUNTAINROC SANDS**

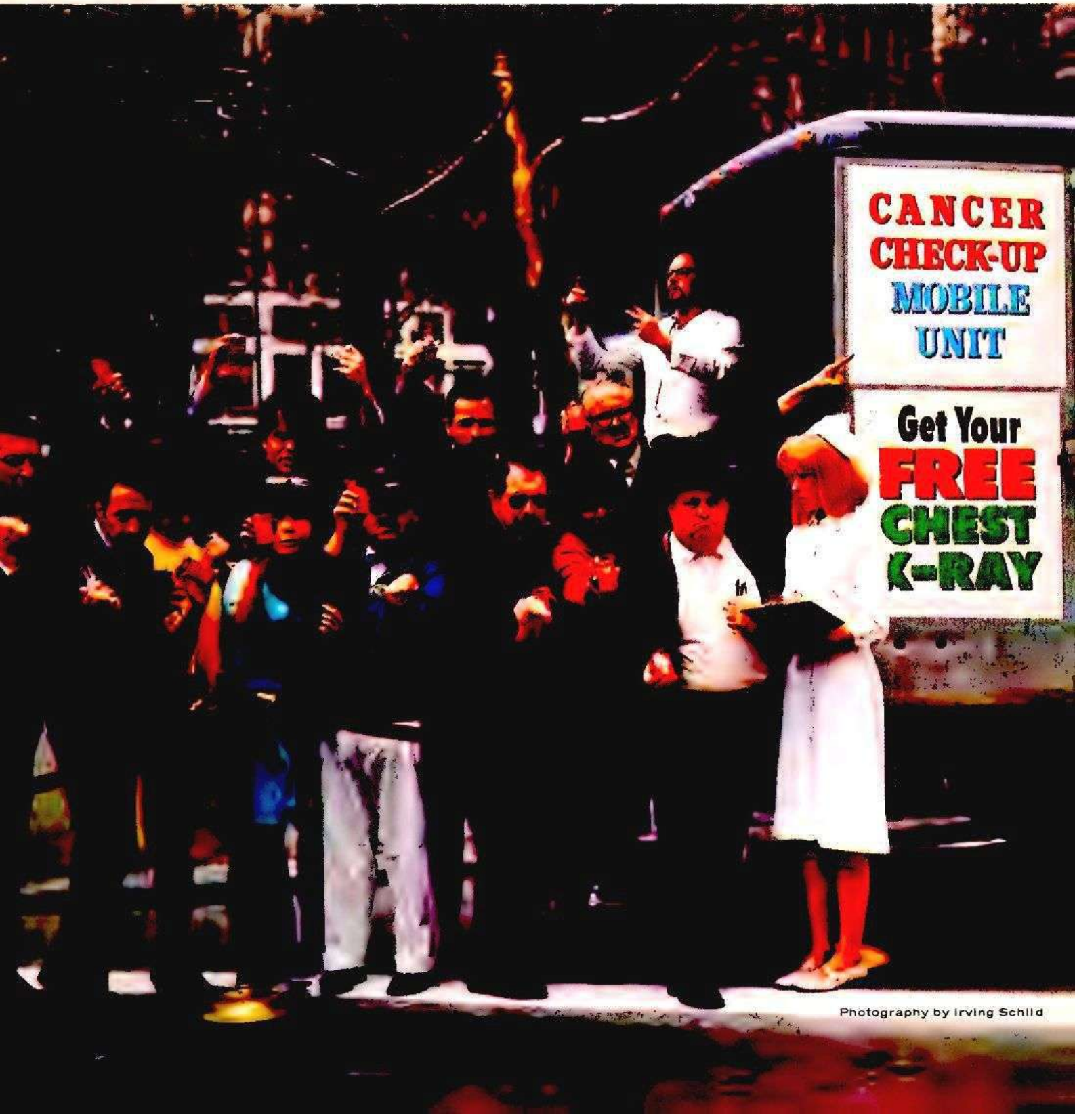
...A 35 STORY LUXURY RESORT HOTEL WAS ERECTED IN 1965, AND TO THE AMAZEMENT OF ALL, WAS *NOT* **OSTENTATIOUS** OR **GAUDY**

BUT WAS BUILT ON THE PRINCIPAL OF SIMPLE ELEGANCE AND QUIET GOOD TASTE!

THE HOTEL WENT BANKRUPT AFTER TWO WEEKS

MAD's Great Moments In Advertising

THE DAY THE "*SHOW US YOUR 'LARK' PACK*" CAMERA CREW PASSED THE WRONG GROUP OF SMOKERS

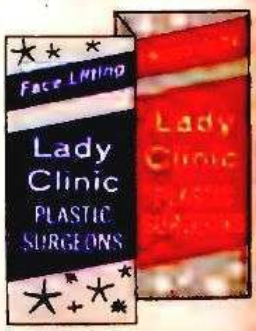


Photography by Irving Schild

Is it true... blondes have more fun?

Just being a blonde is no guarantee, honey! Take our word for it! Because even if you do suffer thru 3 or 4 hours . . . stripping your hair of its old color with cream developer and protinator (which burns like hell), then washing the gook out, then towel-drying it, **then coloring your hair** with chemicals and peroxide, then rinsing, setting, combing it out, and starting all over again in a week — when the roots begin to show . . . Well, men will *still* get nauseous when they see you — if you happen to be ugly in the first place!

Even hairdressers will tell you an ugly blonde's best friend is **Lady Clinic** Plastic Surgeons

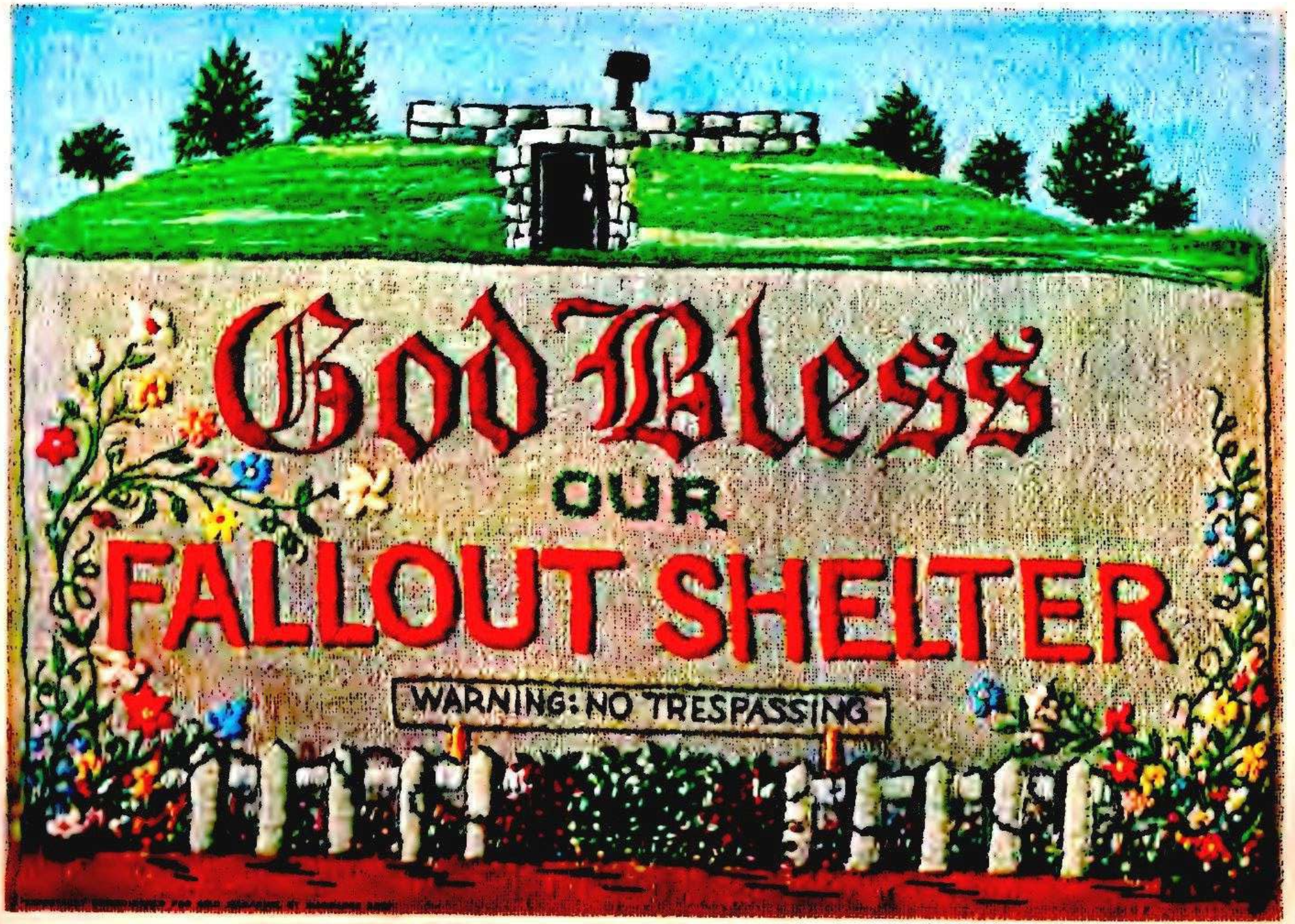


SEND FOR THIS FOLDER TODAY!

I'm the guy who puts eight great tomatoes in that little bitty can!!

All day long – squashing, squooshing, slamming, splattering . . . Yeccch, what a mess! Thank goodness it's my last week at this gooky job! Next week my company starts using a new-type can, and I'll be able to stuff those eight great tomatoes in that little bitty can without ending up looking like I've been attacked with a meat cleaver. Mainly because our new "little bitty can" expands into a "biggy wiggy can" like an accordion.

A MAD SAMPLER



SUITABLE FOR FRAMING

MAD's Great Moments In Advertising

Photography by IRVING "*Breakthrough*" SCHILD

THE DAY THAT "AJAX" GOT THE HOUSEWIFE OUT OF THE KITCHEN A LITTLE TOO FAST!

WEATHER FORECAST: Temperature in the high sickies

★ EXTRA ★

WEATHER FORECAST: Perverse is yet to come

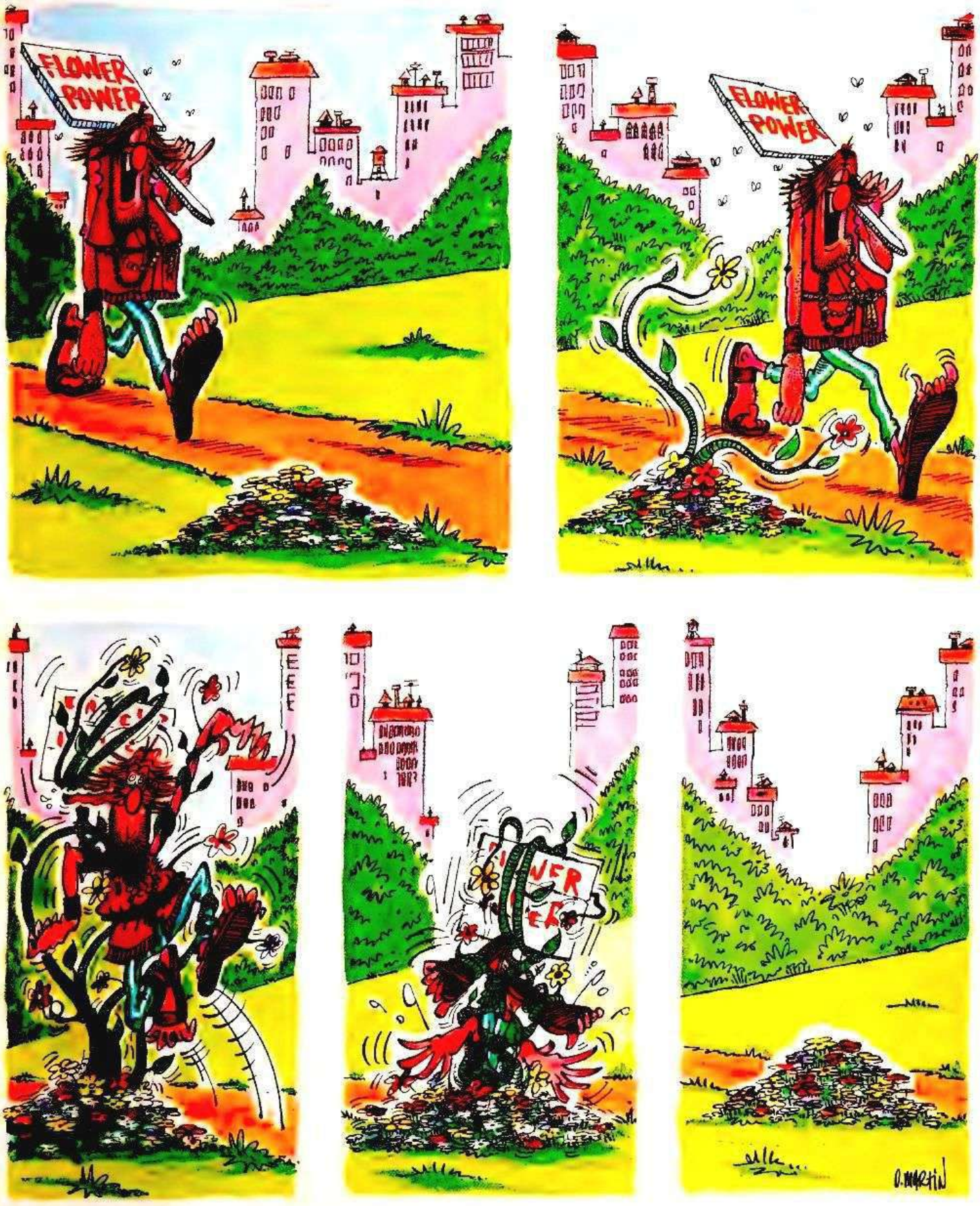
SECTION 1 — CASTING AN EYE ◉ ON THE MIXED-UP LEADING THE NATION — PAGE 1

AMERICA'S GOING DRAG!

Photography by Irving Schild

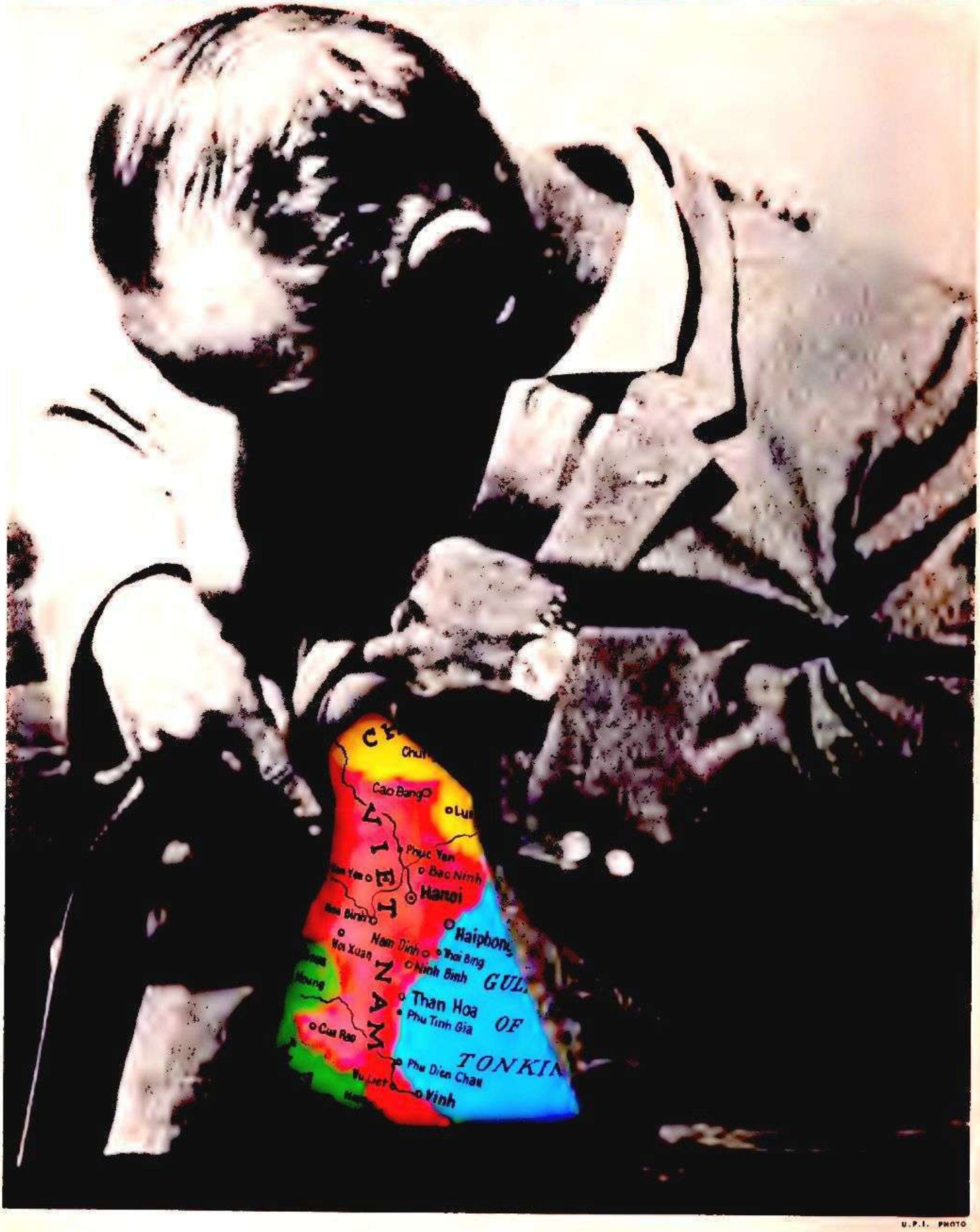
There's a strange take-over happening in America—and it's even spreading into Madison Ave. ads. It's a very strange take-over! In fact, it's queer!

ONE DAY IN THE PARK

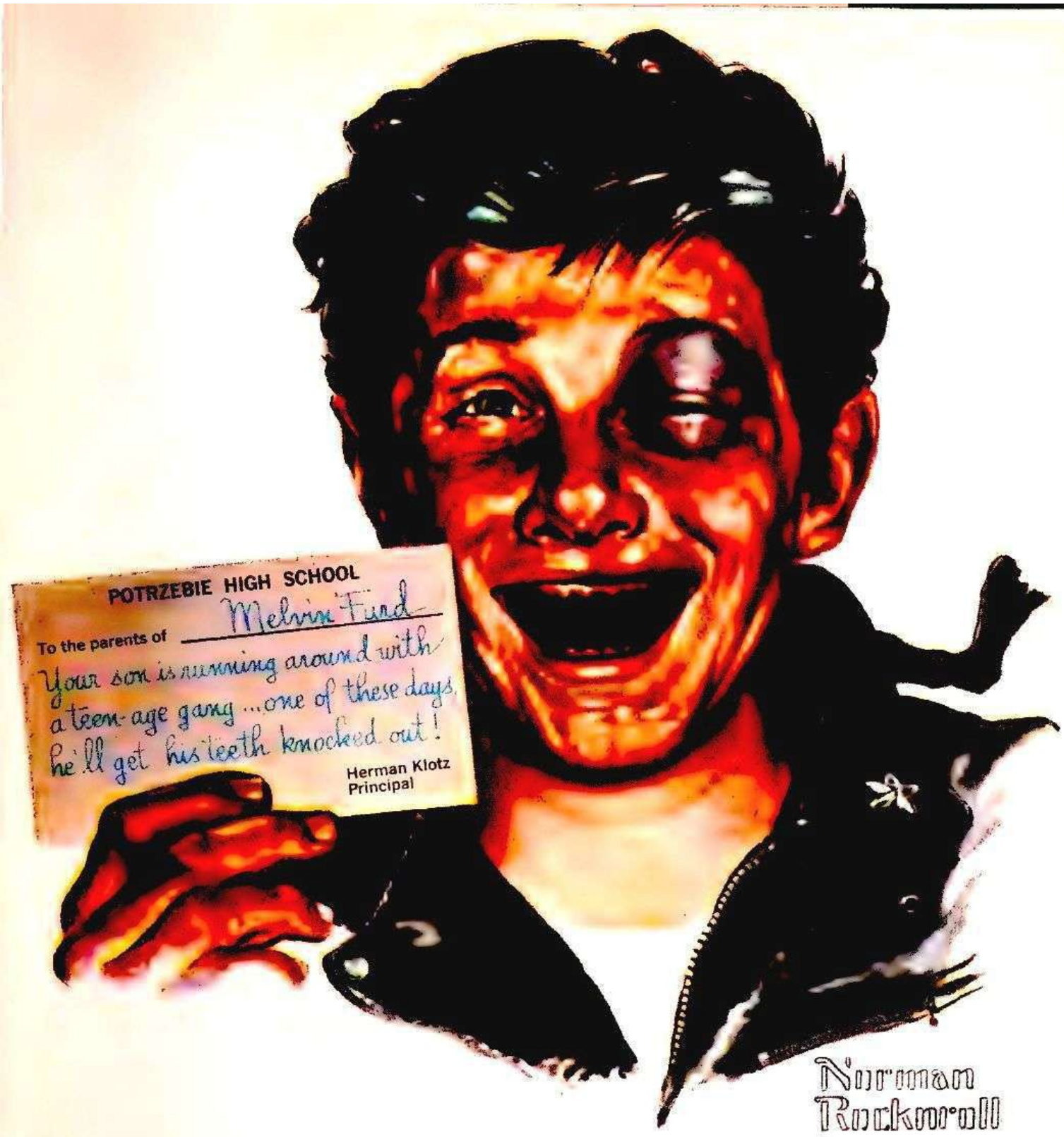


WRITER & ARTIST: DON MARTIN

MAD's Great Moments In Politics



U.P.I. PHOTO


POTRZEBIE HIGH SCHOOL
To the parents of Melvin Furd
Your son is running around with a teen-age gang ...one of these days, he'll get his teeth knocked out!
Herman Klotz
Principal
Norman Rockwell

"Look, Mom–no more cavities!"

Crust Gumpaste helps gums take the place of teeth by coating them with a hard white enamel finish! Just the thing for punks who get their teeth knocked out from running around with teen-age gangs.

COMMENDED BY THE NATIONAL INSTITUTE OF RING MAGAZINE

Guaranteed by Good Housewrecking

Fluidsteel is a trademark for Proctor & Rumble's exclusive liquid metal gum-coater.

© 1958, The Proctor & Rumble Co.

The further she is...the closer you should look!*

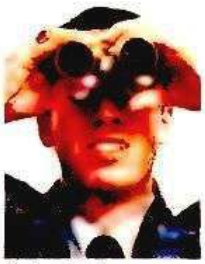
"Mod" Clothes and Hair-Styles so similar, it invites embarrassing problems close up!*

Distance may have lent enchantment in the old days, but with today's "Mod" look . . . with everybody wearing long hair and tight pants and blousey shirts . . . the only thing that distance does is add to the confusion! So why risk the embarrassment (and a possible punch in the mouth) by running to meet a girl half-way and having her suddenly turn out to be a boy close-up?

With a pair of Clear-All "Spot 'em Easy" Field Glasses, you can get that all-important close-up look while there's still time to make out the few subtle differences that distinguish a boy from a girl in today's "Mod" world. No more embarrassing mistakes with Clear-All! Remember . . .

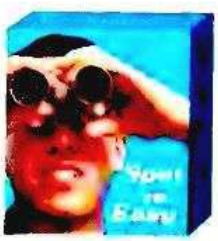
The further she is . . . the closer you should look —mainly because she could turn out to be a boy!

See a "Mod" . . .
Is it a boy or girl?



Take a look . . .
Crazy! It's a girl!

Go get 'er! Spot 'em
Easy avoids mistakes!



CLEAR-ALL
FIELD GLASSES
FOR THE "MOD" LOOK

New! Spot 'em Easy with Clear-All

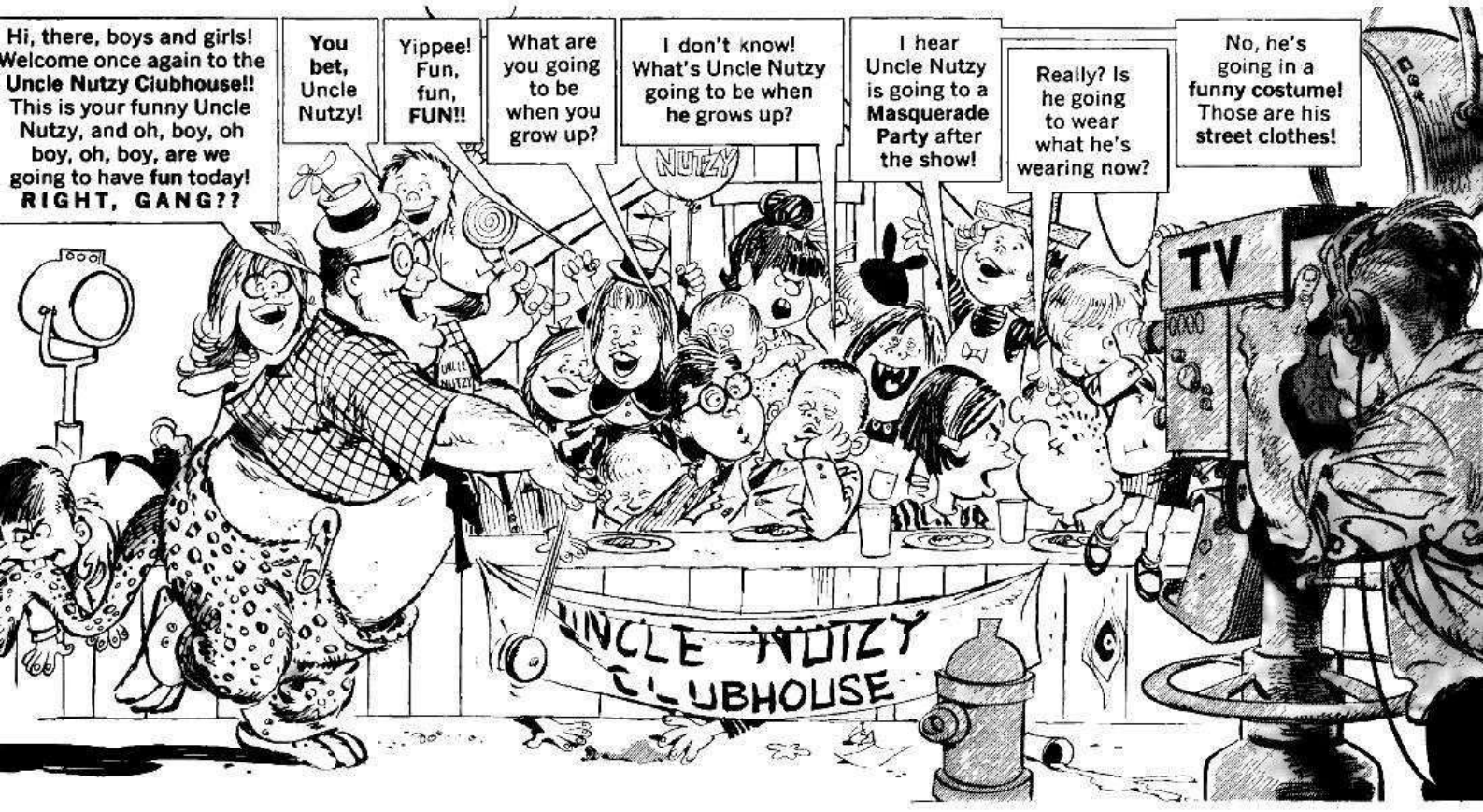
THE VISUAL ASSISTANCE
FIELD GLASSES
FOR TODAY'S "MOD" LOOK

MOPPET UP DEPT.

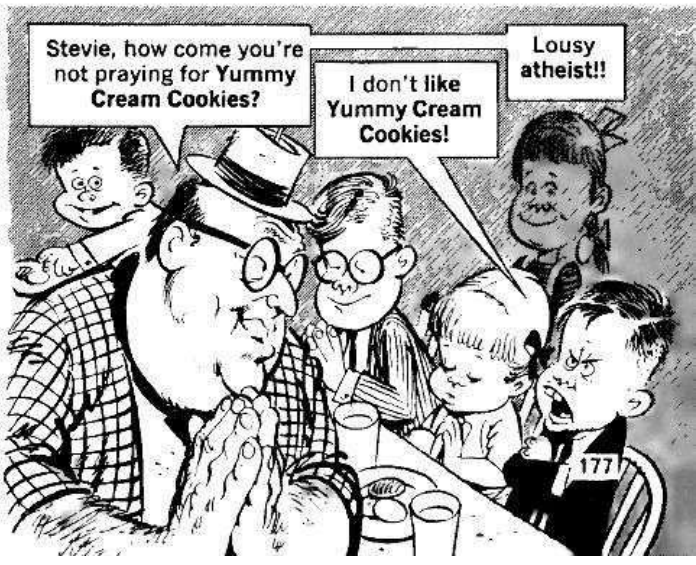
Since MAD's Official Article-Introduction Writer is ill this month, we've assigned Sidney Gwirtzman, MAD's Accountant, to serve as Guest Introduction Writer for the following article. Here is Mr. Gwirtzman's Introduction: *"The law provides a credit against tax dividends received from qualifying domestic corporations. This credit is equal to 4 percent of these dividends in excess of those which you may exclude from your income. The credit may not exceed: (a) the total income tax reduced by foreign tax credit; or (b) 4 percent of the . . ."* But enough of this hilarity. Let's save the jokes for the story as

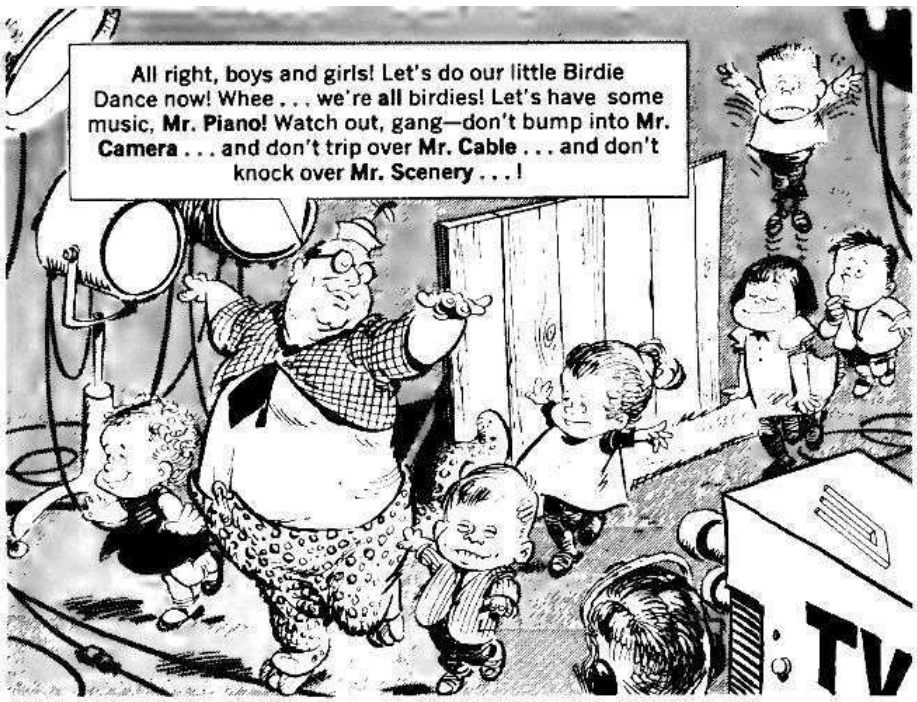
MAD LOOKS AT A TYPICAL KIDDIE TV SHOW

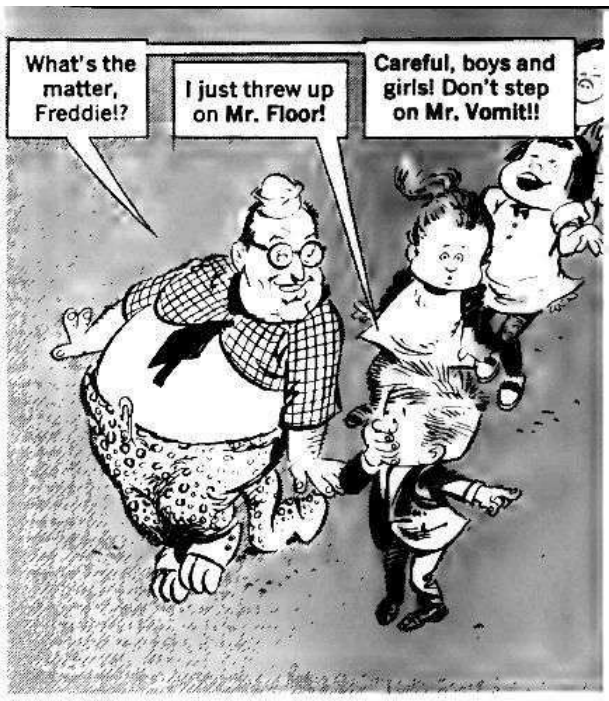
ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL


Hi, there, boys and girls! Welcome once again to the Uncle Nutzy Clubhouse!! This is your funny Uncle Nutzy, and oh, boy, oh boy, oh, boy, are we going to have fun today! RIGHT, GANG??
You bet, Uncle Nutzy!
Yippee! Fun, fun, FUN!!
What are you going to be when you grow up?
I don't know! What's Uncle Nutzy going to be when he grows up?
I hear Uncle Nutzy is going to a Masquerade Party after the show!
Really? Is he going to wear what he's wearing now?
No, he's going in a funny costume! Those are his street clothes!
NUTZY
TV
UNCLE NUTZY
CLUBHOUSE

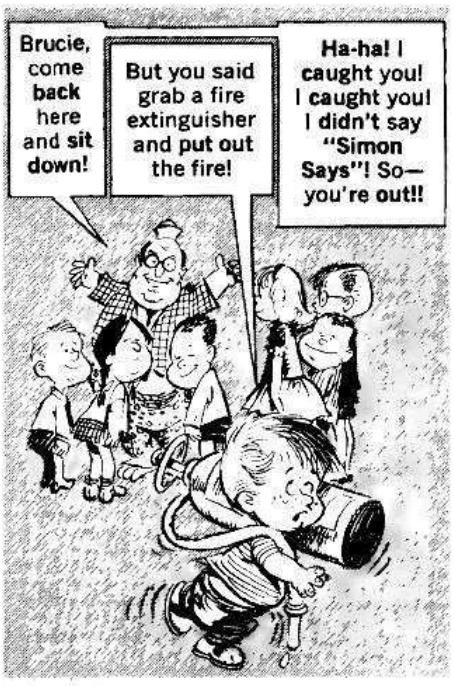
Okay, gang! Let's start off the show with our daily prayer! Repeat after me . . . Bless Mommy and Daddy and Brother and Sister and our house and our milk and especially our delicious, lip-smacking Yummy-Cream Cookies—put out by the Monopoly Biscuit Company—a fine American Corporation, and a great sponsor . . .




All right, boys and girls! Let's do our little Birdie Dance now! Whee . . . we're **all** birdies! Let's have some music, **Mr. Piano!** Watch out, gang—don't bump into **Mr. Camera** . . . and don't trip over **Mr. Cable** . . . and don't knock over **Mr. Scenery** . . . !
TV

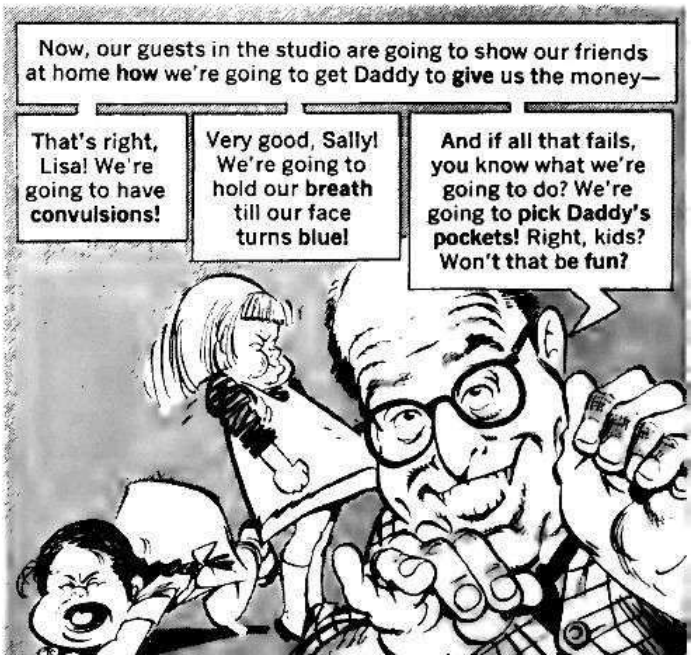

What's the matter, Freddie!?
I just threw up on **Mr. Floor!**
Careful, boys and girls! Don't step on Mr. Vomit!!

Well, that was fun, right Gang? Now for a little **"Simon Says"!** Ready . . . ? Simon says hands on hips! Simon says hands down! Simon says hands on head!
Oh-oh! There's a **fire** in the Control Room! Brucie, grab a **fire extinguisher** and put it out!
Okay, Uncle Nutzy!


Brucie, come **back** here and **sit down!**
But you said grab a fire extinguisher and **put out** the fire!
Ha-ha! I **caught** you! I **caught** you! I **didn't** say **"Simon Says"!** So—you're **out!!**

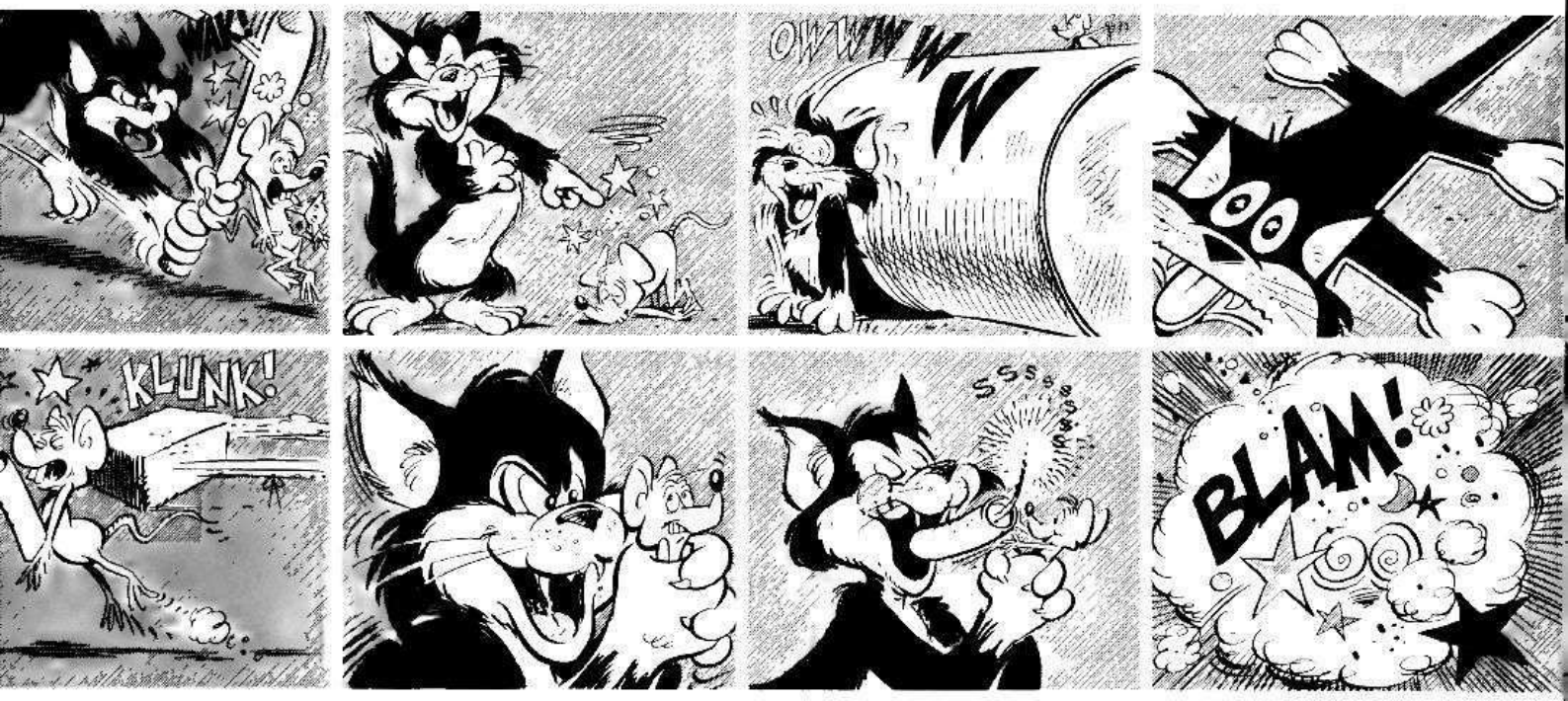
Now—Simon says **Tommy** grab a **fire extinguisher** and put out the . . . Oh-oh! Simon Says it looks pretty **bad** in the Control Room! Simon Says it's **too late** for a fire extinguisher! Simon says Mr. Piano—play **"Taps"!**

How about it, kids? Wasn't that a **great game**—and a great **fire?** You bet!! And now for an important message: Gang, remember how we got Daddy to shell out $84.00 for this beautiful **"Bubbie Doll"** and her boy friend doll **"Ben"??** And then we got Daddy to shell out $128.00 for scrumptious **wardrobes** for both? Well, guess what? The fashions have **changed** again . . . and Bubbie and Ben now need complete new **Spring Outfits!** Isn't that wonderful news? Especially for Daddy who'll have to come up with **148 more bucks?**


Now, our guests in the studio are going to show our friends at home **how** we're going to get Daddy to **give** us the money—
That's right, Lisa! We're going to have **convulsions!**
Very good, Sally! We're going to hold our **breath** till our face turns **blue!**
And if all that fails, you know what we're going to do? We're going to **pick Daddy's pockets!** Right, kids? Won't that be **fun?**

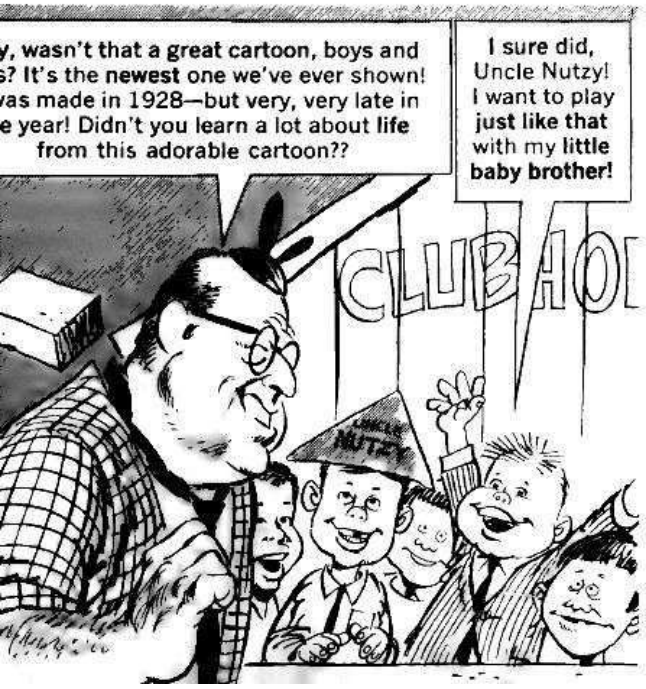
n, say, kids! There have been some complaints from various **"square" parent groups** about us selling you **"Teeny"**—the little **baby** doll that belongs to Bubbie and her boy-friend doll, Ben. You know . . . they think it's a rather **unhealthy arrangement!** So guess what the Bubbie Doll Company is going to do in order to make everything **wonderful** and **decent** again? For just $31.00, you can get Daddy to buy you a **"Preacher Doll"** and you can stage your very own **wedding** for Bubbie and Ben! Better late than never, we always say! Ha-ha!

And now, guess what, boys and girls? Time for a **cartoon!** I'm sure you're going to like **this** one! You know how I know? Because you liked it **yesterday,** and you liked it the day **before** yesterday, and you liked it **last week,** and **last month,** and **212 times last year!** Okay—here we go!



y, wasn't that a great cartoon, boys and s? It's the **newest** one we've ever shown! vas made in 1928—but very, very late in e year! Didn't you learn a lot about **life** from this adorable cartoon??

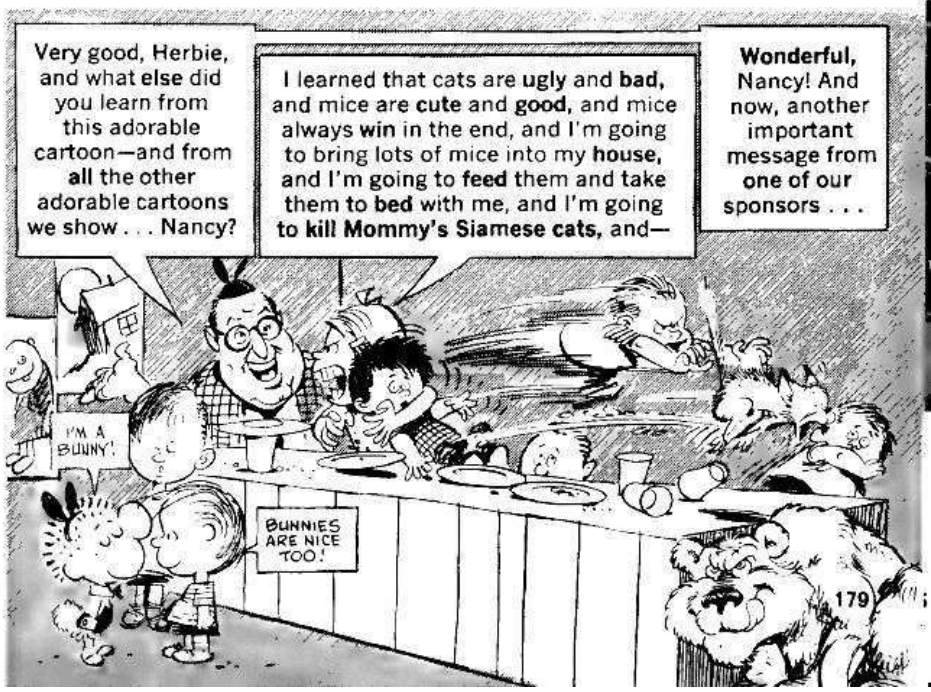
I sure did, Uncle Nutzy! I want to play **just like that** with my **little baby brother!**



Very good, Herbie, and what **else** did you learn from this adorable cartoon—and from **all** the other adorable cartoons we show . . . Nancy?

I learned that cats are **ugly** and **bad,** and mice are **cute** and **good,** and mice always **win** in the end, and I'm going to bring lots of mice into my **house,** and I'm going to **feed** them and take them to **bed** with me, and I'm going to **kill Mommy's Siamese cats,** and—

Wonderful, Nancy! And now, another important message from **one of our** sponsors . . .



IT'S HERE, Boys and girls!! The great new fun-toy you've been waiting for! **"DEATH—26"**!! Yes, kids, **"Death—26"** is **26** real fun-weapons combined into one magnificent toy! It's a combination rifle, machine gun, rocket-launcher, grenade-thrower, bazooka, mortar, H-bomb detonator, and so much **more!**

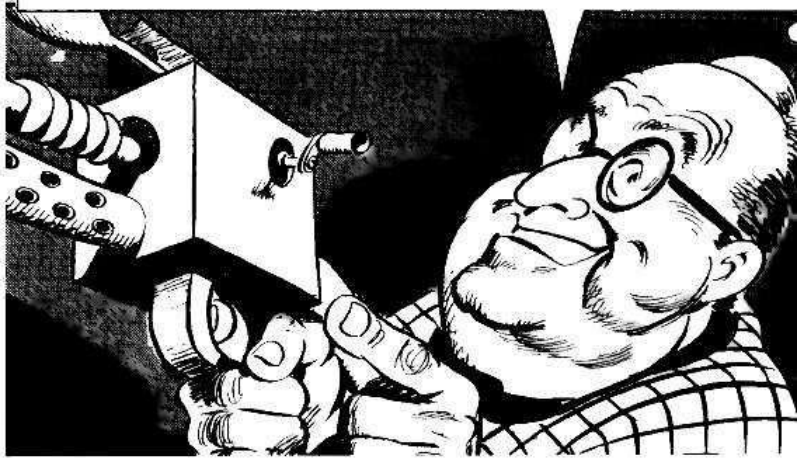
Can't you just picture yourself destroying the entire **Russian Army** with your "Death—26"?

. . . and laying to waste **¾ of the world . . . ?**

. . . and eliminating all the **competitors** of Yummy Cream Cookies . . . ?

. . . and all the other **Kiddie Show Emcees** except your Uncle Nutzy? **You bet you can!!**

"Death—26" is a product of Educational Toys Corporation and costs just $212.00 wherever all fine toys are sold! And, kids, remember our sensational **"Free Trial Offer"!** We'll **send** you a **"Death—26" at no charge** for **one whole week!** Think of what you can **do** with it: Frighten your friends, scare shell-shocked war veterans . . . and even make Daddy **come across** with $212.00 so you can **keep** your "Death—26" toy after the free trial week is over . . . **OR ELSE!!**



Well, that's it for today, boys and girls! Remember . . . buy **"Death—26"** for $212 . . . and buy the whole **Bubbie Doll Family** for $391 . . . and buy the **Uncle Nutzy Fun Hat** for $18 . . . and buy the **Uncle Nutzy Fun Suit** for $43 . . . and buy the **Uncle Nutzy Fun Mask** for $14 . . . and make Mommy take you downtown to the **Tip-Top Theater on Main Street** tomorrow afternoon where Uncle Nutzy will be making a **Personal Appearance at $2.50 a head!** Goodbye, out there!!

Great show, Uncle Nutzy! Er—your **wife** is on the phone!

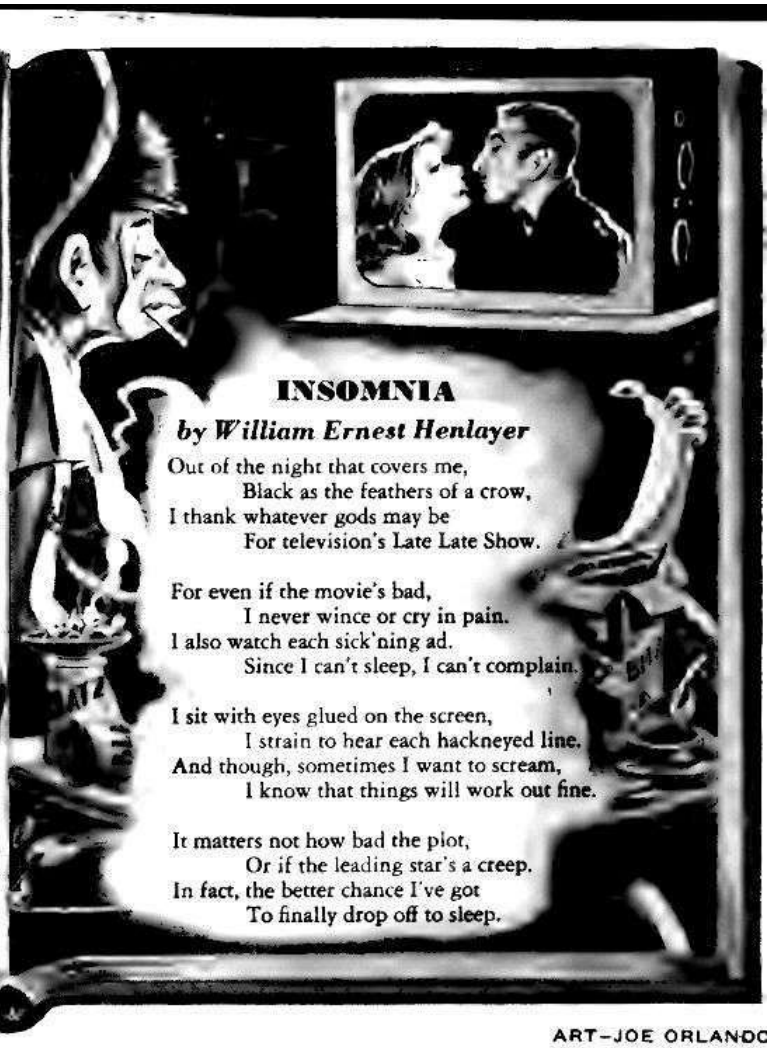
Hello, dear . . . How are the kids? They **what!** Look, how many times have I told you **not** to let them watch my show!? What do you want to do—**ruin** them? Now tomorrow at this time, have them watch **"The Untouchables"** instead Yeah—that's a lot **safer** and **healthier** for them! Bye!

IN A DEPARTMENT STORE

VERSE OF THE PEOPLE DEPT.

Some time ago (MAD #43), we dedicated our pages to some brilliant, but unknown, new American poets, in an effort to help these talented young writers get what they deserved. Since then, we have found several more who deserve the same thing. So here's

THE MAD TREASURY OF UNKNOWN POETRY VOLUME II



INSOMNIA

by William Ernest Henlayer

Out of the night that covers me,
Black as the feathers of a crow,
I thank whatever gods may be
For television's Late Late Show.

For even if the movie's bad,
I never wince or cry in pain.
I also watch each sick'ning ad.
Since I can't sleep, I can't complain.

I sit with eyes glued on the screen,
I strain to hear each hackneyed line.
And though, sometimes I want to scream,
I know that things will work out fine.

It matters not how bad the plot,
Or if the leading star's a creep.
In fact, the better chance I've got
To finally drop off to sleep.

ART–JOE ORLANDO

THE SPANIEL

by Edgar, Al, & Moe

Once upon a midnight cautious, while I pondered,
weak and nauseous,
Over some advertising copy I had wrote for Macy's
Store –
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came
a yapping,
As of someone loudly yapping, yapping at my office
door.
" 'Tis some client there," I muttered, "yapping at
my office door –
Only this and nothing more."

Then I felt my terror worsen, for my guest was not
a person!
In there stepped a cocker spaniel; naturally I
jumped in fear.
Tried to climb an oaken panel, ripping there my new
grey flannel;
But the spaniel merely stood there, speaking out
with voice so clear –
Speaking out like Jack Lescoulie, in a voice both
loud and clear –
Quoth the spaniel: *"Drink Blatz Beer!"*

How I marveled this ungainly dog who did commercials
plainly;
How he spoke the message clearly; selling points he
underscored.
For I could not help agreeing that no living human
being
Ever yet could mouth a slogan without sounding
slightly bored –
Most announcers, being human, can't help sounding
slightly bored –
Quoth the spaniel, *"Buy a Ford!"*

Thus this dog with voice like Murrow made my heavy
brow unfurrow;
Thoughts of fortunes I could make now made me shake
down to my knees.
But the spaniel set me grieving then by turning tail
and leaving.
Naturally, I begged him tarry, crying out, "Stay
with me, please!"
Chasing him along the hallway, crying out, "Stay
with me, please!"
Quoth the spaniel, *"Eat Kraft Cheese!"*

ON THE ROAD TO LOUISVILLE

by Rudyard Crippling

By the old Two-Dollar Window,
lookin' eastward to the track,
There's a strong-arm goon a waitin',
'cause he hopes that I'll be back;
For I owe him quite a bundle,
and a voice cries loud and shrill:
"Man, if you don't want a fracture,
stay away from Louisville!"

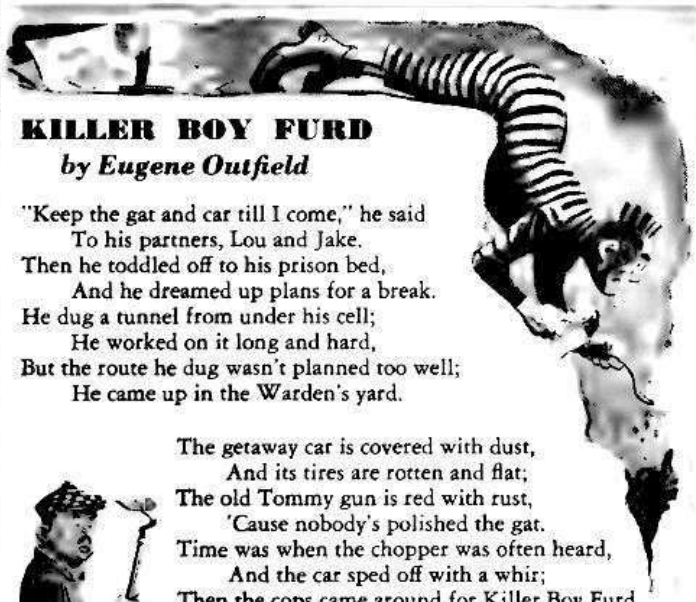
Stay away from Louisville,
Home of horse and moonshine still.
Hop a freight to Butte or Pittsburgh;
anyplace but Louisville!
On the road to Louisville,
Where the hoodlums shoot to kill,
And the thugs come up like thunder
When you owe the mob a bill!

THE BAREFOOT FINK

by John Greenwit Leafier

Pox upon thee, little fellow,
Creep and fink with stripe of yellow!
The gang you squealed on has the urge
To sing and strum your funeral dirge.
In the drink you should have went,
Neatly cased in wet cement.
Delinquency can be a blight
When clods like you don't do it right.
Seeing you, I hate to think
That I was once a lousy fink!

STORY BY TOM KOCH



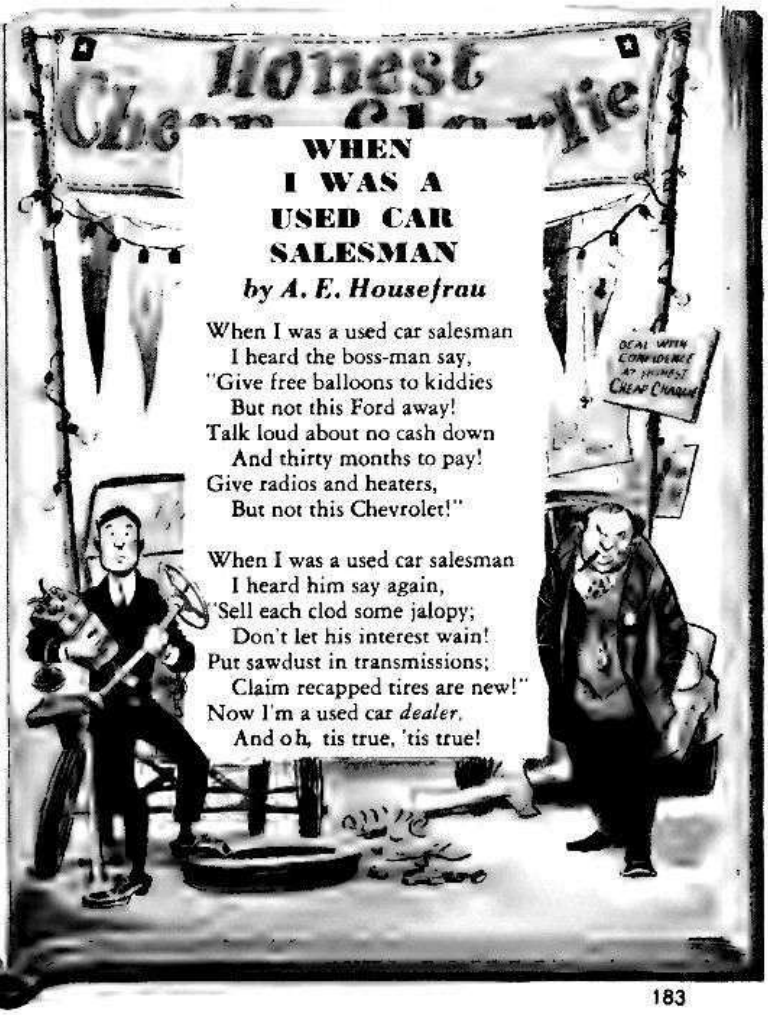
KILLER BOY FURD

by Eugene Outfield

"Keep the gat and car till I come," he said
To his partners, Lou and Jake.
Then he toddled off to his prison bed,
And he dreamed up plans for a break.
He dug a tunnel from under his cell;
He worked on it long and hard,
But the route he dug wasn't planned too well;
He came up in the Warden's yard.

The getaway car is covered with dust,
And its tires are rotten and flat;
The old Tommy gun is red with rust,
'Cause nobody's polished the gat.
Time was when the chopper was often heard,
And the car sped off with a whir;
Then the cops came around for Killer Boy Furd
And put him away in stir.

Now the gun and the car in silence stand,
Each one in the same old place,
Awaiting the touch of his grubby hand,
And the snarl on his ugly face.
But, alas, no more are his footsteps heard
In this outside world of strife.
Oh, what has become of Killer Boy Furd
Since they put him away for life?



WHEN I WAS A USED CAR SALESMAN

by A. E. Housefrau

When I was a used car salesman
I heard the boss-man say,
"Give free balloons to kiddies
But not this Ford away!
Talk loud about no cash down
And thirty months to pay!
Give radios and heaters,
But not this Chevrolet!"

When I was a used car salesman
I heard him say again,
"Sell each clod some jalopy;
Don't let his interest wain!
Put sawdust in transmissions;
Claim recapped tires are new!"
Now I'm a used car *dealer*,
And oh, tis true, 'tis true!

ANYTHING FOR A BUCK DEPT.

TIME was when a serious writer struggled and sweated to turn out a good book, only to find when it was published that six people bought it. So the poor shnook ended up with maybe $3.00 in royalties and a dog-eared collection of mouldy reviews.

But not any more! Nowadays, a serious writer turns out a good book and – before you can say "Ernest Hemingway!" – they turn him into a "corporation." Then he has to be a play-producer, merchandiser—even a stock market operator. Because nowadays, literature is *big business!*

Take f'rinstance the current best-seller on the left – a serious-type novel about the Russian Revolution called "Doctor Zhivago." Let's follow (at a safe distance) and see what happens when . . .

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK . . .

. . . NOW SEE THE PLAY!

"Hypnotising!" *Svengali, N. Y. Times* "A Smash!" *Butterfingers, Crockery Journal*

BORIS PASTERNAK'S NEW DRAMA

COME BACK LITTLE DOCTOR

with SHIRLEY PHONEBOOTH & SIDNEY BLACKOUT

Directed by ELIA FEELYA

Mon. thru Thurs. Eves. Orch. $6.90; Bal. $5.75, 4.80, 3.60. Fri. & Sat. Eves. Orch. $7.50; Bal., $6.90, 5.75, 4.80, 3.60, 3.

ALFRED E. NEUMAN THEATRE
44 Street West Off-Broadway

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK AND SAW THE PLAY . . .

. . . NOW GO TO THE MOVIE!

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WENT TO THE MOVIE, AND WATCHED THE TV SHOW . . .

. . . NOW ENJOY THE MUSICAL!

AMERICA'S HAPPIEST HIT!

"A Sheer Delight!" *Hosiery News*

"Pure Magic!" *Magician's Quarterly*

RODGERS AND HAMMERSTEIN'S New Musical Play

MY FAIR DOCTOR

Based on the novel by Boris Pasternak
Fixed up in the third act by Abe Burrows
48TH STREET THEATER
Broadway and 37th Street
TICKETS
6,395 WEEKS IN ADVANCE

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WENT TO THE MOVIE, WATCHED THE TV SHOW, AND ENJOYED THE MUSICAL . . .

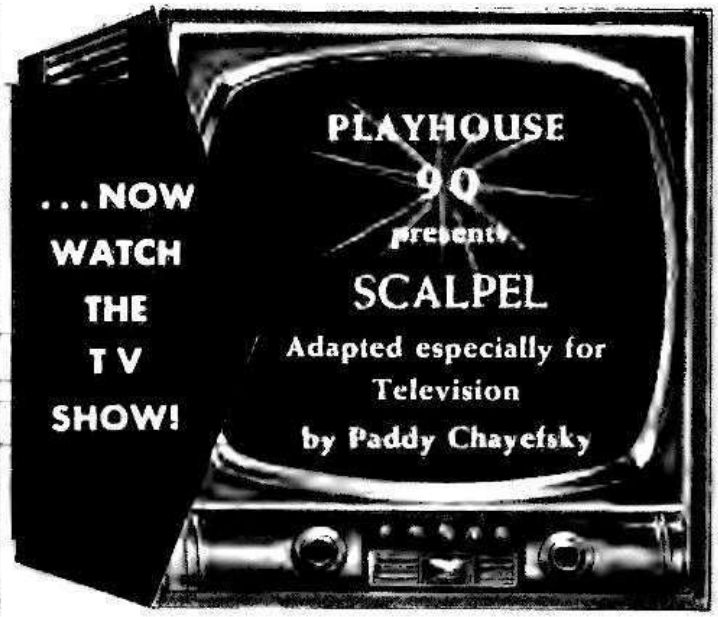
. . . NOW BUY THE RECORD!

A Best Seller Hits The COMMERCIAL TRAIL

ART–WALLACE WOOD STORY–SY REIT

...said she was too young to plan the siege of Dnepropetrovsk . . .
BUT HER HEART TOLD HER OTHERWISE!
SEE
BRIGITTE BARDOT
CRUSH THE COSSACK CHARGE BAREHANDED!
in JOHN HUSTON'S Screen Masterpiece
AROUND THE SAMOVAR IN 80 DAYS
Based on the famous novel "Doctor Zhivago" filmed in glowing FURD A-O & SMELL-Y-VISION
NOW AT LOEW'S CIUDAD TRUJILLO

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, AND WENT TO THE MOVIE . . .



YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WENT TO THE MOVIE, WATCHED THE TV SHOW, ENJOYED THE MUSICAL, AND BOUGHT THE RECORD . . .

. . . NOW LISTEN TO THE RADIO SERIAL!

Will Anna Ivanova marry Colonel Kavkhaztsev? Will Pasha and Larisa Antipov find lasting happiness in Nishni-Novgorod? Tune in tomorrow . . . When Diamond Crystal Siberian Salt presents the next exciting episode of "DOCTOR ZHIVAGO FACES LIFE"

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WENT TO THE MOVIE, WATCHED THE TV SHOW, ENJOYED THE MUSICAL, BOUGHT THE RECORD, AND LISTENED TO THE RADIO SERIAL . . .

. . . NOW FOLLOW THE COMIC STRIP!

THE HEART OF DOCTOR ZHIVAGO
THE NKVD IS COMING! HURRY SONIA! WE MUST FLEE!
MY NAME ISN'T SONIA! IT'S NATASHA!
I NEVER GET THE NAMES STRAIGHT IN THESE RUSSIAN COMIC STRIPS!
THIS ISN'T A RUSSIAN COMIC STRIP, STUPID! WE'RE IN THE TULSA DAILY BUGLE!
WELL, MY NAME ISN'T STUPID! IT'S STEVE CANYON!

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WENT TO THE MOVIE, WATCHED THE TV SHOW, ENJOYED THE MUSICAL, BOUGHT THE RECORD, LISTENED TO THE RADIO SERIAL, FOLLOWED THE COMIC STRIP, WORE THE HAT, AND BOUGHT THE DOLL . . .

. . . NOW GET THE COCKTAIL NAPKINS!

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WEN TO THE MOVIE, WATCHED THE TV SHOW, ENJOYED T MUSICAL, BOUGHT THE RECORD, LISTENED TO THE RADIO SERIAL, FOLLOWED THE COMIC STRIP, WORE THE HAT, BOUGHT THE DOL AND GOT THE COCKTAIL NAPKINS . . .

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WENT TO THE MOVIE, WATCHED THE TV SHOW, ENJOYED THE MUSICAL, BOUGHT THE RECORD, LISTENED TO THE RADIO SERIAL, FOLLOWED THE COMIC STRIP, WORE THE HAT, BOUGHT THE DOLL, GOT THE COCKTAIL NAPKINS, SMOKED THE CIGARETTES, AND WORKED THE JIGSAW PUZZLE . . .

. . . NOW SAVE THE BUBBLE-GUM CARDS!

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO CARD NO.
Taking a Tramp Through the Sno
When he was sixteen, Yura Zhivag went to Pirogen University to stud medicine. In his spare time, he en joyed taking a tramp through the snow. The tramp, whose name was Sascha, also enjoyed these romps.

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WENT TO THE MOVIE, WATCHED THE TV SHOW, ENJOYED THE MUSICAL, BOUGHT THE RECORD, LISTENED TO THE RADIO SERIAL, AND FOLLOWED THE COMIC STRIP . . .

. . . NOW WEAR THE HAT!

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WENT TO THE MOVIE, WATCHED THE TV SHOW, ENJOYED THE MUSICAL, BOUGHT THE RECORD, LISTENED TO THE RADIO SERIAL, FOLLOWED THE COMIC STRIP, AND WORE THE HAT . . .

. . . NOW BUY THE DOLL!

. . . NOW SMOKE THE CIGARETTES!

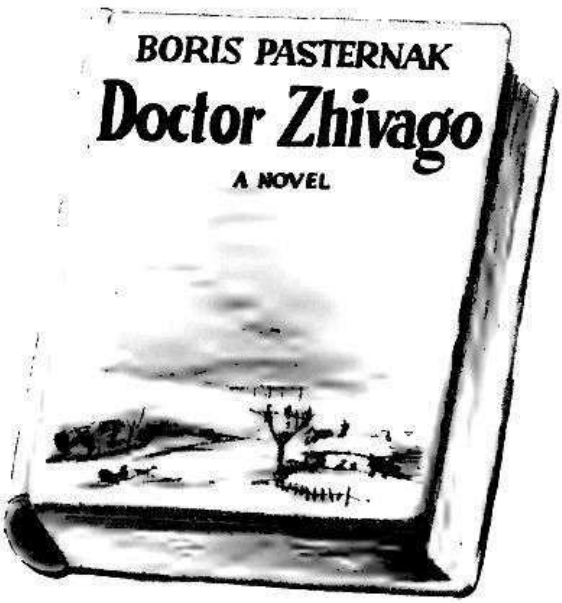
A REVOLUTIONARY IDEA IN SMOKING
Lead-Filtered
ZHIVAGOS
Doctors Prefer Them
THE SMOKE CAN'T GET THROUGH THE LEAD SO YOU'RE SAFE

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WENT TO THE MOVIE, WATCHED THE TV SHOW, ENJOYED THE MUSICAL, BOUGHT THE RECORD, LISTENED TO THE RADIO SERIAL, FOLLOWED THE COMIC STRIP, WORE THE HAT, BOUGHT THE DOLL, GOT THE COCKTAIL NAPKINS, AND SMOKED THE CIGARETTES . . .

. . . NOW WORK THE JIGSAW PUZZLE!

YOU RAVED ABOUT THE BOOK, SAW THE PLAY, WENT TO THE MOVIE, WATCHED THE TV SHOW, ENJOYED THE MUSICAL, BOUGHT THE RECORD, LISTENED TO THE RADIO SERIAL, FOLLOWED THE COMIC STRIP, WORE THE HAT, BOUGHT THE DOLL, GOT THE COCKTAIL NAPKINS, SMOKED THE CIGARETTES, WORKED THE JIGSAW PUZZLE, AND SAVED THE BUBBLE-GUM CARDS

. . . NOW BUY THE BOOK AND **READ IT,** ALREADY!



THE REJEC

WRITER AND ARTIST: TOM HUDSON

Editor
MAD Magazine
New York, New York

Dear Sir:

Upon bringing to a close my career as an unsuccessful cartoonist I find that my voluminous collection of rejection slips does not include one of yours (see sketch below).

Would you be kind enough to send me a MAD rejection slip and thus complete my collection? Thanks very much.

Sincerely,
Tom Hudson

MAD

Dear Mr. Hudson:

We found your idea for "Rejection Slips From Various Magazines" highly amusing and have assigned the article to one of our regular writers.

We are pleased to enclose a check in payment.

Cordially,
Albert B. Feldstein
Albert B. Feldstein,
Editor

Editor
MAD Magazine
New York, New York

Dear Sir:

Thanks for the check, but please, please could you spare me one rejection slip?

As my wife would say, "Is my 'slip' showing?"

Haha. (see sketch).

Tom Hudson

MAD

MEMO

FROM:
William M. Gaines
Publisher

TO:
Al Feldstein
Editor

Dear Al:
Just happened to run across that "slip-showing" cartoon while nosing around your desk. I think it would make a great cover painting...with Alfred standing on some big fat dame's slip at a real fancy costume ball, and looking out at the reader with his typical "What--me worry?" grin. What do you think?

Bill

P.S. Will you see that a check is sent to Hudson for this cover idea.

TION SLIP

Editor
MAD Magazine
New York, New York

Dear Sir:

I am afraid that you have missed the point of the whole thing. My letter was a request for you to send me one of your rejection slips and not intended to be a contribution to your magazine.

I'm still looking! (see sketch)

Sincerely,
Tom Hudson

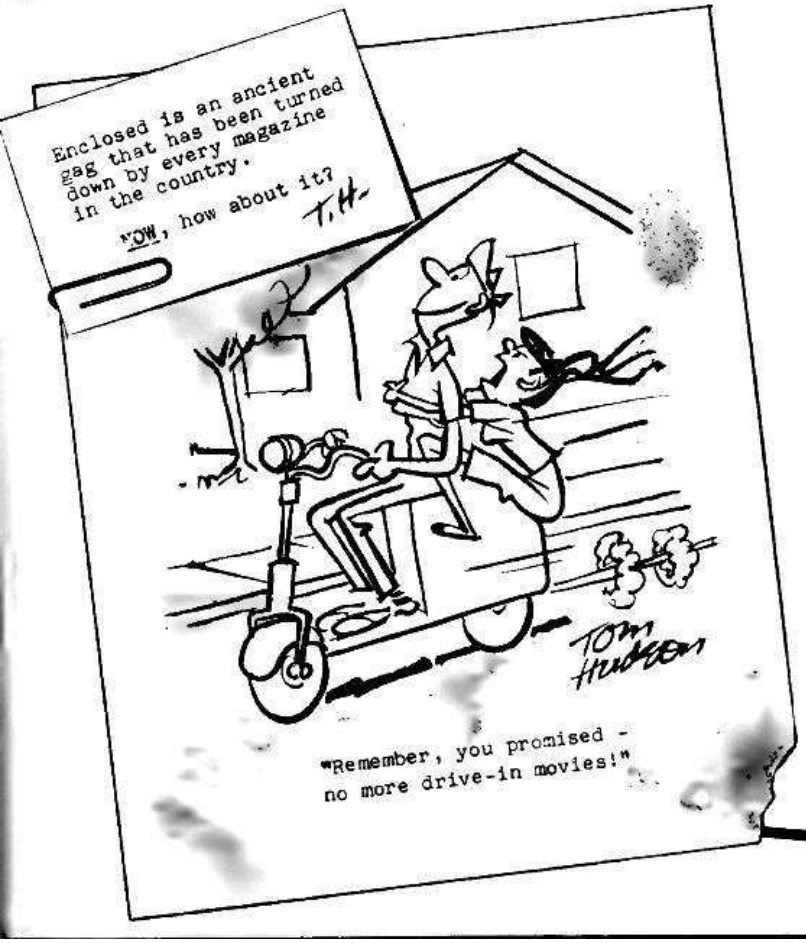
MAD

Dear Mr. Hudson:

Thank you for sending us your delightful "Mail Box" cartoon. We all enjoyed it very much, and plan to use it as the new heading for our "Letters Dept."

Enclosed, please find our check in payment.

Sincerely,
Al Feldstein
Al Feldstein,
Editor


Enclosed is an ancient gag that has been turned down by every magazine in the country.
NOW, how about it?
T.H.
Tom Hudson
"Remember, you promised - no more drive-in movies!"

MAD

Dear Tom:

Your hilarious "Drive-In Movie" cartoon broke up the entire office, and served as a springboard for a "Drive-In Movie" article.

Enclosed please find check in payment. You're doing great! Keep those ideas coming!

MAD-ly yours,
al

Editor
MAD Magazine
New York, New York

Dear Mr. Feldstein:

I cannot thank you enough! I realize now how ridiculous it would be for me to give up cartooning.

You will be happy to know that I have burned all my rejection slips and am embarking on a brand new career.

Am enclosing ten cartoons that I am sure you will find just right for MAD. Thanks again.

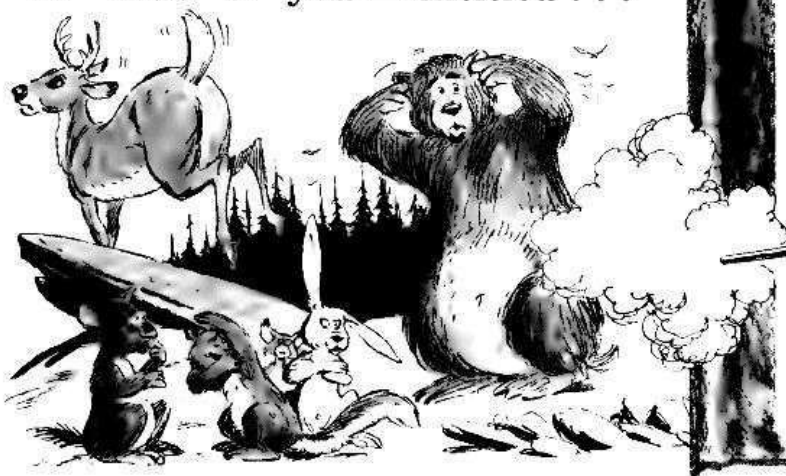
Sincerely,

Tom Hudson

MAD

THE EDITORS REGRET THAT THE ENCLOSED MATERIAL IS NOT SUITABLE FOR OUR CURRENT NEEDS.

As you may or may not know, MAD currently has a circulation of approximately 1,900,000 copies per issue and, what with pass-on readership, we figure that we've probably got about 9,000,000 readers. Now, then . . . how many of you 9,000,000 readers would like to see us publish another Primer? Good! Here is a Primer for *both* of you – entitled . . .



THE MAD GUN OWNERS AND OTHER SMALL BORES PRIMER

Written by Larry Siegel
Illustrated by George Woodbridge

LESSON ONE

See the nice man.
The nice man is a Gun Owner.
Gun Owners are very fond of their guns.
They kiss them a lot.
See the nice man kiss his Luger.
Kiss, kiss, kiss.
Is he in love with his Luger?
Of course not, silly!
How could this man get serious with a German gun?
It would never work out.
They are of different nationalities.
Let's just say that they are good friends.

LESSON TWO

See the nice man now.
He is hunting with another of his guns.
See him shoot the pretty deer.
Bang, bang, bang.
See the pretty deer's blood gush.
Gush, gush, gush.
What fun they are having!
See how happy the hunter is.
See how happy the hunter's dog is.
The pretty deer is not happy.
He is a spoil-sport.

LESSON THREE

Oh, isn't this funny?
The pretty deer is not dead yet.
He is only wounded.
See the man pump more bullets into him.
Pump, bang, pump, bang.
Hunting is such a wonderful sport.
It is a lot more fun than other sports
Like Baseball,
And Football,
And Spanish Inquisitions.

LESSON FOUR

Look, the nice man is walking away.
He is leaving the deer to rot.
Aren't you going to eat the deer, nice man?
After all, you killed him.
And deer meat is very tasty.
Isn't this funny?
Do you know why the man won't eat the deer?
Because he is a vegetarian!
Ha, ha, ha.
Perhaps instead of shooting a deer next time,
Why doesn't the nice man shoot a head of lettuce?

LESSON SEVEN

See the gun store.
Anybody can buy a gun and ammunition here.
See the people shopping for guns.
Shop, shop, shop.
See the nice lady.
She is bargain-hunting.
She wants to do away with her husband.
Because he's no bargain.
See her buy a pistol for $8.00,
And a bullet for 9¢.
Wait, nice lady! Don't go yet! Think . . .
You forgot your green stamps!

LESSON EIGHT

See the nice sick man.
Sick, sick, sick.
He bought his gun through the mail.
What is he going to do now?
He is going to shoot someone he doesn't like.
Why don't the police arrest him?
Because he is not carrying a concealed weapon.
He is carrying it in the open for all to see.
Later on the police will arrest him.
After he shoots the person he doesn't like.
Aren't you glad that justice is blind?

LESSON FIVE

Here is another Gun Lover.
He keeps a pistol in his desk drawer.
It gives him a sense of power.
So he keeps his gun handy.
He keeps his gun very handy.
His children have no trouble finding it.
His family has been shrinking every day.
Shrink, shrink, shrink.
Aren't guns great for beating the Population Explosion?

LESSON SIX

See the other man.
He is running for Congress.
He wants to do away with all taxes.
He wants to abolish the Supreme Court.
He wants private ownership of the CIA.
He is some kind of nut.
But he will be elected.
Do you know why he will be elected?
Because all the Gun Owners will vote for him.
Why will they vote for him?
Because he is also against any new law
Which will require registration of firearms.
He claims that if there is a war,
We might be invaded by Communists,
And we will all need guns.
With nuts like that in Congress,
It could happen.

GUNS GUNS GUNS!

AUTHENTIC DELUXE ELEPHANT GUN

ONLY 7^{95}*

Here it is, sports lovers . . . the authentic deluxe elephant gun you've been waiting for! Fires .944 calibre shells and/or small Civil War-type cannonballs. Deadly accurate from 200-500 yards. After that, who knows what you'll hit! Wonderful for flattening big game or overweight people you don't happen to like very much.

* NO MONEY DOWN. TAKE 18 YEARS (OR LONGER) TO PAY.
CREDIT REFERENCES DISCOURAGED

FINK'S SPORTING GOODS

226 West Slaughter Street, Bangor, Maine

NOTE: We are required by law to have all mail-order purchasers send us a signed statement to the effect that you are 21 years of age or over, not an alien, have never been convicted of a crime, are not now under indictment, are not a fugitive, and are not a drug addict. Naturally, we have no way of checking the authenticity of your statement. So we'll sell merchandise to anybody. Just remember what happens when you lie. You could get a pimple on your tongue!

BIG GUN BARGAINS

ALSO THESE SENSATIONAL SPECIALS!

R34— .944 calibre shells and/or small Civil War-type cannonballs. Buy 'em by the ton..... **3¢ each**

F24— Mustard Gas Launcher..... **$3.25**

Do-It-Yourself Mustard Gas-Making Kit..... **$1.98**

Gulden's Mustard ..... **10¢ a Jar**

Dum-Dum Bullets ..... **4¢ a Dum**

B45— Dandy Home X-Ray Machine (thrill to the sight of the Dum-Dums exploding inside your kill)..... **$14.90**

EXTRA SPECIAL!!! AS LONG AS THEY LAST!!!

E46— 1945 Nagasaki-type A-Bombs (slightly used. One-owner bombs. Formerly owned by little old pilots who flew with them in planes only on Sundays).... **$6,451,290***

*$2.95 down. Take as long as 3,000,000 years to pay. Or FREE . . . whichever is more convenient.

LESSON NINE

See the typical magazine ad.
See how easy it is to buy guns by mail.
Isn't it fun to buy lethal weapons by mail?
Where is your friendly Postmaster?

He is busy searching for obscene mail.
Search, search, search.
He wants to make sure that sick people
Who order lethal weapons by mail
Have clean minds.

SLUG IT OUT DEPT.

Have you noticed that the "Sports Fiction Story" has practically disappeared from the American scene? Today, people would rather enjoy the actual sport in the flesh, or on television, than read about it in print. And the reason is

SPORTS TY

THE FOOTBALL STORY

Clodowski fades back... looks for a receiver...

He's got good

b l o c k i n g

...and he throws a long pass downfiel

THE HORSE RACING STORY

As they come around the far turn... it's Calamity Jane by two lengths
...Royal Crock is second
...Moppet is third
...Symphony fourth
...Cindy fifth
...and Sonia
At the wire, it's... Calamity Jane by three lengths

THE BASEBALL STORY

Lefty s w i n g ...it's a slow bouncer down the third base line... and it rolls foul

going... going... going... going... It's gone!

Lefty C O N NECTS with the next pitch... that ball is going...

THE BOWLING STORY

San Giorgio delivers the ball...
it's curving down the alley and hooking in a little too sharply... it's going to miss the poc

simple: Action! Reading about a sport can never match the action of watching the sport itself. Which brings us to this article: Here is MAD's new way of re-popularizing Sports Fiction by introducing the action that's lacking with

POGRAPHY

ARTIST: ARCHIE DE SILVA, N. Y. TYPOGRAPHICAL UNION #6

Stickles takes it on the 40 . . . to the 35 . . . dodges two tacklers . . . to the 30 . . . the 25 . . . and there's a big pile-up on the 20 yard line . . .

THE BOXING STORY

DiBiase moves in with a quick right jab . . . and a left upper cut . . . the Champ is shaky and . . . he's going down . . .

THE TENNIS STORY

Gonzales stretches . . . serves . . .

. . . Trabert returns sharply

A backhand by Gonzales . . .

. . . Trabert overhands to near court

Gonzales smashes to far court . . .

. . . Trabert dives . . . and misses!

That's game and match! Gonzales leaps net to congratulate Trabert!

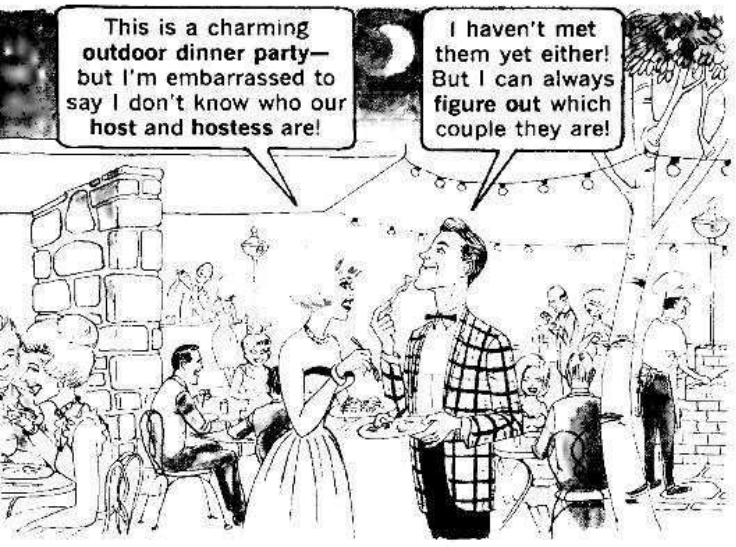
THE BILLIARDS STORY

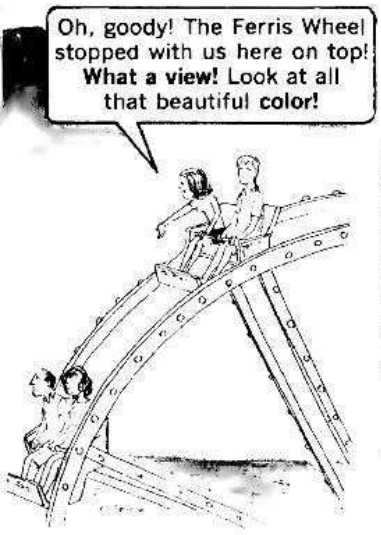
Willie strokes the cue ball hard . . . and it rebounds off the cushion . . . in the corner pocket . . . strikes the 7-ball which . . . rebounds off the cushion and sinks

and hit full on the head pin and looks going it like to it's end up a split

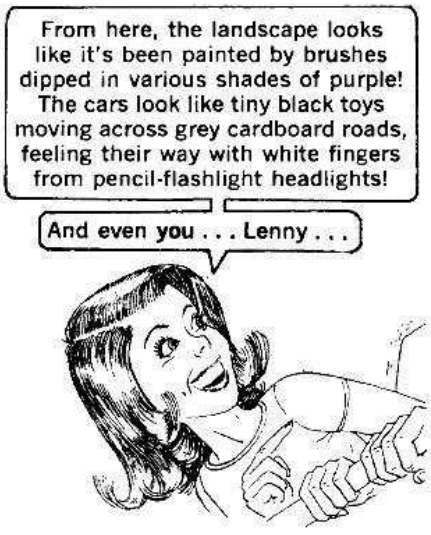
BERG'S-EYE VIEW DEPT. PART III

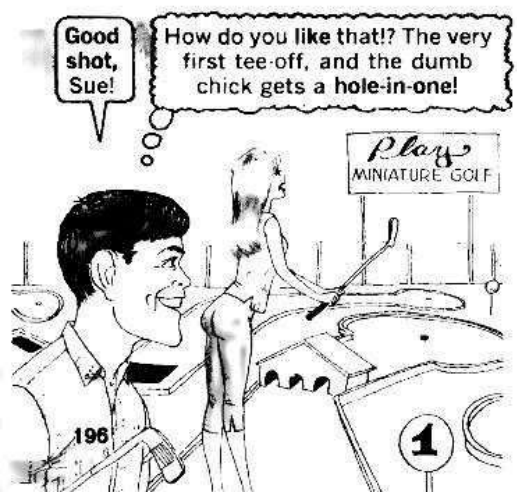
THE LIGHTER SIDE OF... SUM EVEN

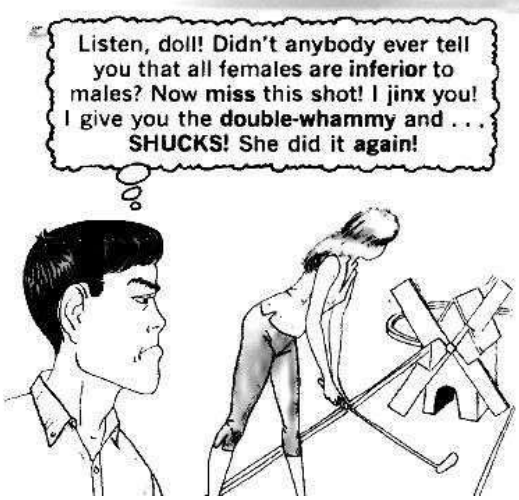

This is a charming outdoor dinner party— but I'm embarrassed to say I don't know who our host and hostess are!
I haven't met them yet either! But I can always figure out which couple they are!



The midway is bathed in a rainbow of red and yellow lights! The people look like Ken and Barbie dolls dressed in blue and gold doll clothes!

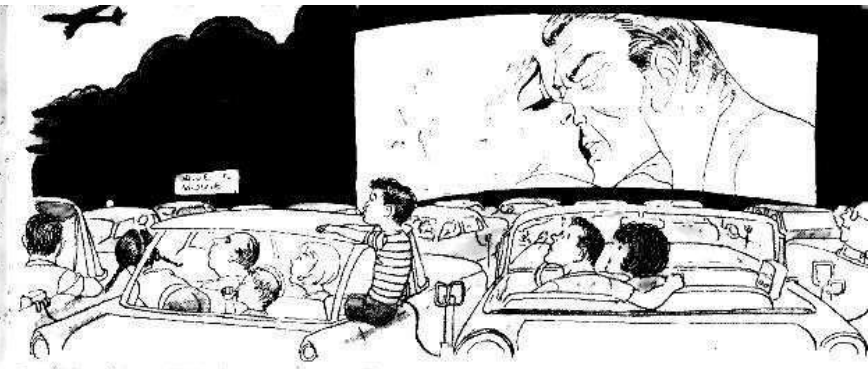

From here, the landscape looks like it's been painted by brushes dipped in various shades of purple! The cars look like tiny black toys moving across grey cardboard roads, feeling their way with white fingers from pencil-flashlight headlights!
And even you . . . Lenny . . .



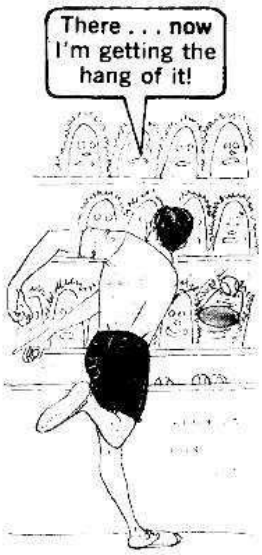

Listen, doll! Didn't anybody ever tell you that all females are inferior to males? Now miss this shot! I jinx you! I give you the double-whammy and . . . SHUCKS! She did it again!

MER INGS

WRITER & ARTIST: DAVID BERG

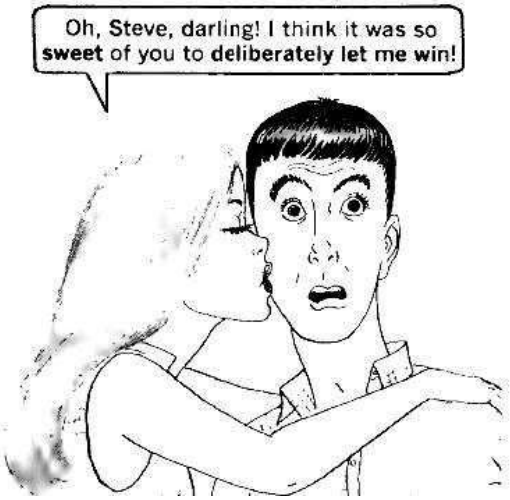


Oh, what a cute doll! And it's only 50¢! Buy it for me!
Why buy it! I can win the very same doll for you at the Baseball Throw! After all, I was the Star Pitcher on my Little League Team!



Oh, you really shouldn't have gone to all that trouble for a cheap little doll!
What do you mean "CHEAP"! That little doll cost me FIVE BUCKS!!

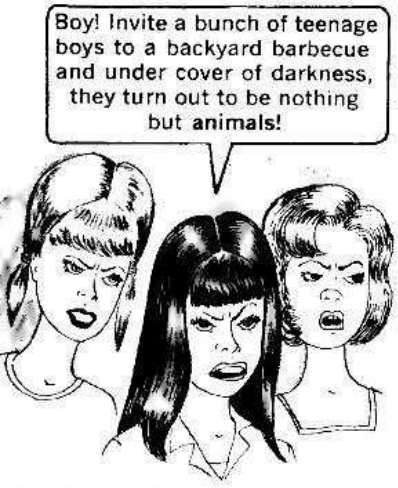
Look at that! She beat me by six strokes! Boy, if this isn't a classic example of a dumb broad making her date feel like an idiot and never getting dated by him again!

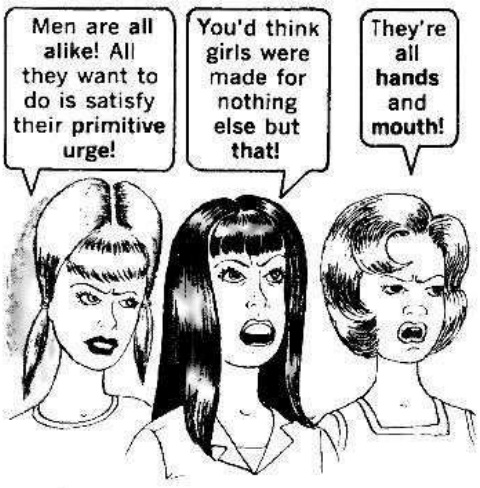


My golf swing is a little rusty, so I thought I'd come out here to the Driving Range and knock out a pail of balls!
PAIL OF BALLS
50¢

POT

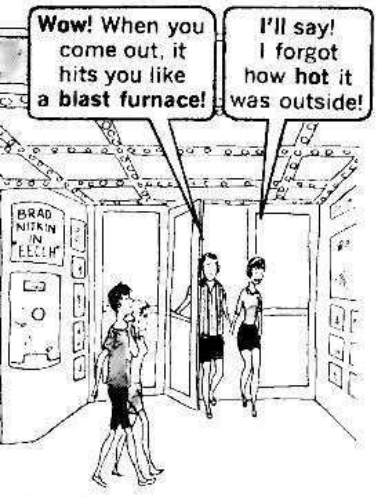
Look . . . a Custard Stand!
WE WANT CUSTARD! WE WANT CUSTARD! WE WANT CUSTARD!

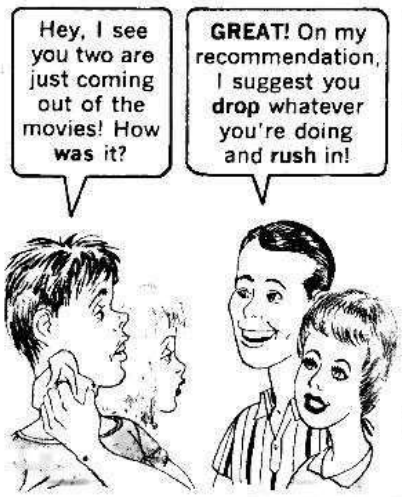

Boy! Invite a bunch of teenage boys to a backyard barbecue and under cover of darkness, they turn out to be nothing but animals!


Men are all alike! All they want to do is satisfy their primitive urge!
You'd think girls were made for nothing else but that!
They're all hands and mouth!

It's disgusting! They're interested in one thing, and one thing only!

FOOD!


Wow! When you come out, it hits you like a blast furnace!
I'll say! I forgot how hot it was outside!
BRAD NITKIN IN "FLESH"


Hey, I see you two are just coming out of the movies! How was it?
GREAT! On my recommendation, I suggest you drop whatever you're doing and rush in!

But the critics panned it! They said it was badly written, terribly directed, and horribly acted!
All true . . .

. . . but the performance of the Air-Conditioning Unit is worth the price of admission!

Boy, there's nothing like a beach weenie roast on a warm Summer evening! Everything seems to have added flavor!

Yeah! The hot dogs are MMMMM!
And the toasted buns are AAAAHHH!
And the mustard is OOOOHH!

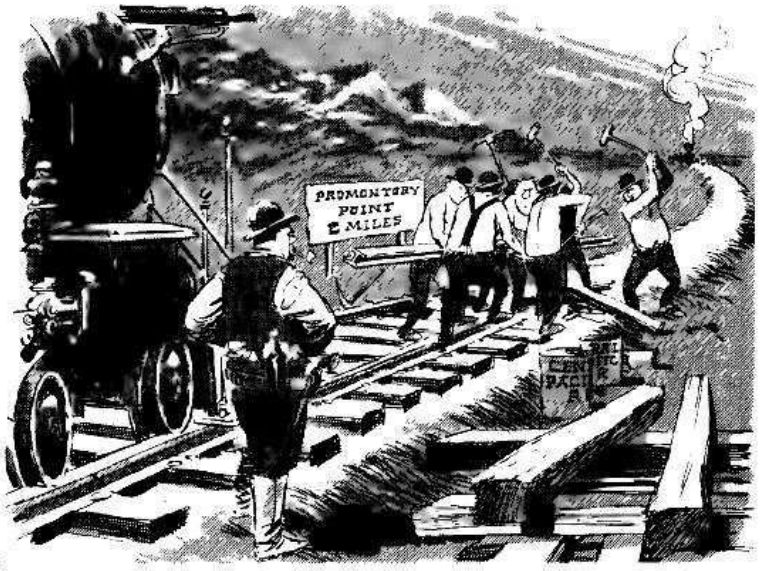
And the relish is GRRRR!
And the beer is OOH-LA-LA!

AND THE SAND IN EVERYTHING IS PTOOO!!

WE WANT CUSTARD! WE WANT CUSTARD! WE WANT CUSTARD!
WE WANT CUSTARD! WE WANT CUSTARD! WE WANT CUSTARD!
ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT! ALL RIGHT!
Oh, boy . . . WE'RE GETTING CUSTARD! WE'RE GETTING CUSTARD! WE'RE GETTING CUSTARD!
Yes, sir—What would you like?
THEY WANT CUSTARD! THEY WANT CUSTARD! THEY WANT CUSTARD!
I wanna go home!
Are you out of your cotton-pickin' mind? Up here at camp, you've got swimming, boating, baseball, color-war, and raiding the girls' camp!
I wanna go home!
And right now we've got a ginger-peachy campfire going, and we're telling scary ghost stories!
I wanna go home!
WHAT'S SO SPECIAL ABOUT HOME??
I wanna watch television!
Oh, Jerry— Jerry— Jerry—
Oh, Sylvia— Sylvia— Sylvia—
Oh, Jerry, why did you jilt me? Here I am, kissing this clown Ronald and pretending it's you! Oh, Jerry—
Oh, Sylvia, why did you drop me for that jerk? Now I'm kissing this blind date named Gloria and pretending it's you! Oh, Sylvia—
Wow! This clown can really kiss! He—he hardly knows me, but he's fallen for me already! See, Jerry—you may not want me but others do!
Say! This kid can really kiss back! She must have gone for me, hook, line and sinker! See, I'm not a nothing! Who needs you, Sylvia!?
Why, Ronald you're a regular tiger!
You're not bad yourself, Gloria! How about the beach tomorrow?
The kids are away at camp, and my wife is at a resort hotel for the Summer—which means my little one isn't around to tell me I'm a failure because I'm a Certified Public Accountant instead of a Cop!
My big daughter isn't around to blame me because I can't afford to send her to a fancy status college like Vassar!
And my wife isn't around to tell me I'm getting bald and pot-bellied!
So what are you complaining about? You should be happy! Nobody's around to insult and abuse you!
That's just the trouble! I MISS IT!

Scenes We'd Like to See

Driving The Golden Spike

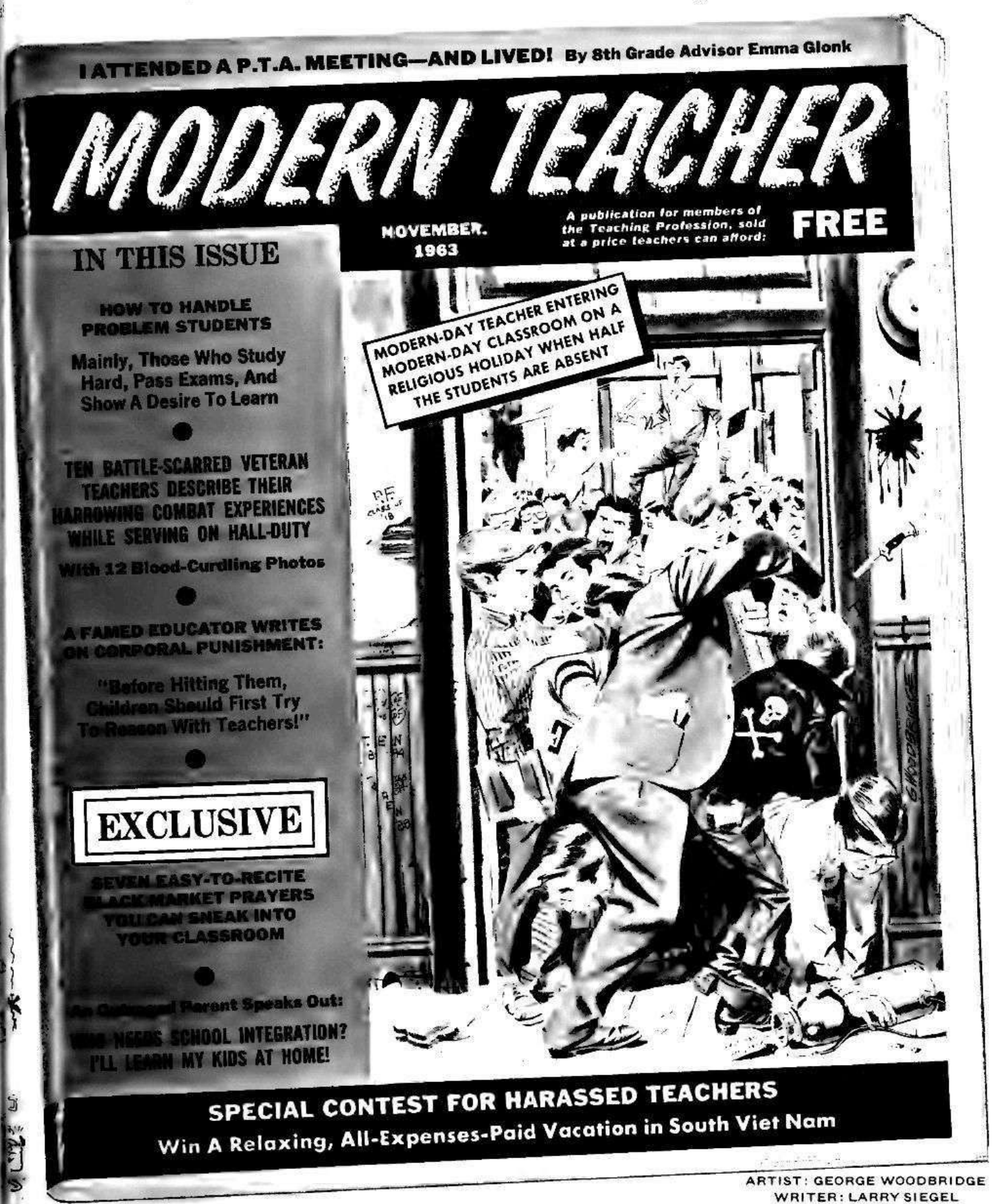


**I TALK TO THE TREES—Paul Winchell

ART—GEORGE WOODBRIDGE STORY BY EUGENE ST. JEAN

WORKING FOR SCHOOLIE WAGES DEPT.

Back in September, 1960, we ran a magazine aimed at what we then thought was the most miserable animal in existence—The Beatnik. But in September, 1962, we came up with a magazine for even a lower species of the human race—The Racketeer. Frankly, we thought we'd hit bottom. But recently, after digging among the very dregs of humanity, we came up with the individual who is now considered to be the lowest creature of them all by the American public. Here then is MAD's version of a magazine aimed at the . . .


I ATTENDED A P.T.A. MEETING—AND LIVED! By 8th Grade Advisor Emma Glonk
MODERN TEACHER
NOVEMBER. 1963
A publication for members of the Teaching Profession, sold at a price teachers can afford:
FREE
IN THIS ISSUE
HOW TO HANDLE PROBLEM STUDENTS
Mainly, Those Who Study Hard, Pass Exams, And Show A Desire To Learn
TEN BATTLE-SCARRED VETERAN TEACHERS DESCRIBE THEIR HARROWING COMBAT EXPERIENCES WHILE SERVING ON HALL-DUTY
With 12 Blood-Curdling Photos
A FAMED EDUCATOR WRITES ON CORPORAL PUNISHMENT:
"Before Hitting Them, Children Should First Try To Reason With Teachers!"
EXCLUSIVE
SEVEN EASY-TO-RECITE BLACK-MARKET PRAYERS YOU CAN SNEAK INTO YOUR CLASSROOM
An Outraged Parent Speaks Out:
WHO NEEDS SCHOOL INTEGRATION? I'LL LEARN MY KIDS AT HOME!
MODERN-DAY TEACHER ENTERING MODERN-DAY CLASSROOM ON A RELIGIOUS HOLIDAY WHEN HALF THE STUDENTS ARE ABSENT
SPECIAL CONTEST FOR HARASSED TEACHERS
Win A Relaxing, All-Expenses-Paid Vacation in South Viet Nam

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE
WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

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CATCH THAT CHEAT!

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Nip cribbing in the bud—with**

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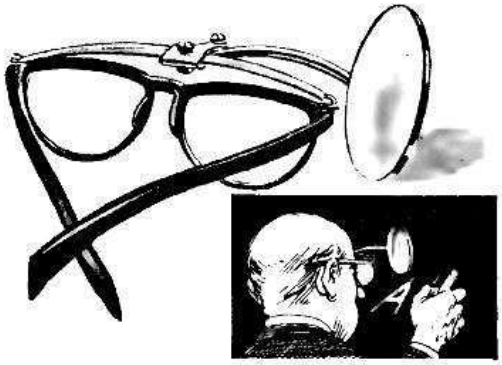

These handy rear-view mirrors attach neatly over your eye glass frames to give a clear, unobstructed view of the classroom while you're writing on the blackboard.

ALSO HANDY FOR CATCHING:

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Dirty-Picture-Passers
Smoochers
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DEAR PRINCIPAL LUMMOCK

All teachers who have problems are invited to submit them to Principal Lummock in care of this magazine. If you desire a personal reply, kindly enclose a self-addressed stamped envelope. (Note: Since most teachers can't afford a stamp for a self-addressed envelope, Principal Lummock is discontinuing his offer for personal replies with this issue.)

Dear Principal Lummock:

Last Friday, I assigned members of my class to take home the living things in our classroom and care for them over the week-end. You know, the usual stuff: gold-fish, plants, turtles, and things like that. Anyway, one of my bigger pupils took *me* home with him against my will. Frankly, I had a miserable time, but that's beside the point. Wasn't this a terrible thing to do?

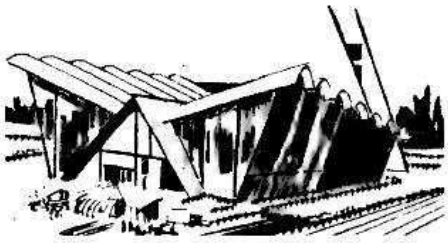
B. D.
Charleston, S. C.

It sure was! You distinctly told your class to take home "living things." You are a School Teacher! You call that "living"?

Dear Principal Lummock:

While travelling through Leveltown, Long Island, the other day, I noticed some builders erecting what looked to me like the most ultra-modern, farthest-out, wildest-looking suburban school I had ever come across in my entire life. Am I right? Is this a new suburban school they're putting up in Leveltown?

F.Y.
New York City



No. F.Y., the building you saw will not be a new suburban school. Its architecture is much too wild and abstract for something as dignified as a school. The structure you saw is going to be a church.

Dear Principal Lummock:

I have been told that many Principals these days are not so much interested in the welfare of their teachers and the education of their pupils as they are concerned with being high-powered public relations men and casting favorable images in their communities. How do you feel about this?

R. T.
Detroit, Mich.

Well, I've been shirt-sleeving this subject with my brain-storming assistants over at my Finster Junior High School shop, where I run a tight little ship—and after spit-balling it around the room, we dropped it into the inkwell to see how it stained. Frankly, the whole thing came up ridiculous, rumor-wise.

Dear Principal Lummock:

I have a problem which has been bothering me for several months. I am Principal of the Elisha Cook, Junior Junior High School in Hollywood. Last month, I made a brilliant speech at the graduation exercises. Among other things, I said, "As you pick yourself up by your bootstraps and put your nose to the grindstone and your shoulder to the wheel, you must step boldly, but carefully, onto the Frontiers of Life, remembering to keep your head in the clouds and your feet on the ground, or vice versa. . . . "Anyway, for some strange reason, 85% of the graduation class fell asleep during my speech. Can you tell me why?"

C. D.
Los Angeles, Calif.

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-Z-ZZZ.

Dear Principal Lummock:

Recently, I read a transcript of the brilliant speech given by the Principal of the Elisha Cook, Junior Junior High School in Hollywood, to the graduating class last June. How can I get in touch with him? I want to nominate him for Presiding Officer at the Republican National Convention in San Francisco next year.

D. D. E.
Gettysburg, Pa.

Sorry, D.D.E., the Democrats beat you to it and contacted him first.

Dear Principal Lummock:

I am a 6'7" First Grade Teacher at P.S. 37 in Dover, Delaware. As you might well imagine, with the water fountains in the school halls installed about two feet off the floor for the convenience of the small children, it is almost impossible for an adult to take a drink. I used to try bending over but I wound up with a slipped disc. Anyway, a few weeks ago, I began kneeling on the floor to take a drink. This worked out fine for a few days, until an FBI man stormed in one day and arrested me. Can you tell me why?

E. R.
Dover, Del.

It's very simple. He thought you were praying

Every month, MODERN TEACHER selects one member of the profession who best typifies the American School Teacher, and shows an average day in his life.

meet... ARNOLD GUMBER
MODERN TEACHER'S
Teacher of the Month

At 7 AM, Gumber puts on a double breasted suit and wide-brimmed hat, sticks a cigar in his mouth, and tells his neighbors he's off to his book-making parlor. They don't know that his respectable job as Bookie is just a front for his real vocation . . . a miserable teacher at P.S. 46.

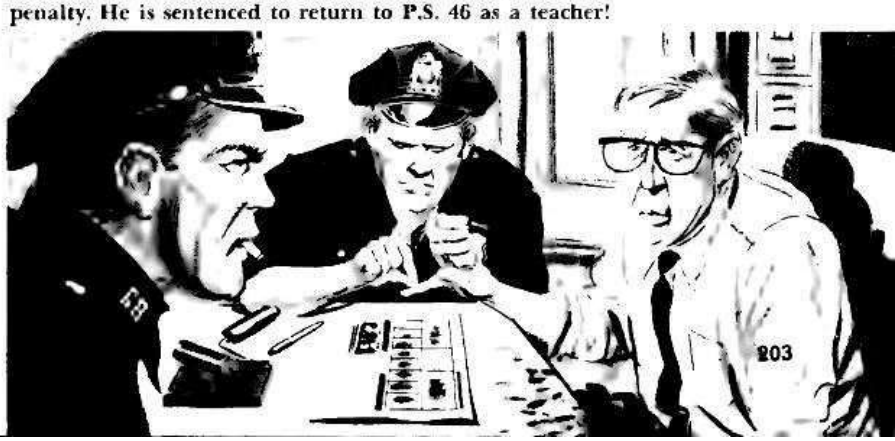
At 8 AM, Gumber handles his first extra-curricular, non-paying teaching assignment in school basement. P.S. 46, built in 1823, was once infested by rats. But the rats are gone now. The school was too damp and dirty for them.

At 8:45, Gumber goes on school yard duty. While extremely hazardous work (with possible death always imminent), being outdoors gives Gumber a chance to sneak a smoke—something you can't do in school—unless you're a pupil!

From 9:00 to 2:00, Gumber handles many important teaching assignments, such as Cafeteria duty, collecting lunch money, collecting bank books, collecting milk money, and collecting switch blade knives from the pupils. (More dangerous weapons are collected from the pupils by the school's special Bomb Demolition Squad. . . .)

At 2:00, Gumber directs his class in a comedy in the school auditorium. Everyone forgets his lines, and the jokes fall flat. At 3:00, Gumber receives his monthly paycheck backstage. He goes on stage and shows it to the audience. This gets the biggest laugh of the day.

At 3:15, Gumber is picked up by police for authorizing the use of a dirty text book entitled "Improper Fractions." He is fingerprinted and booked. He pleads for a prison term, but since it's his third offense, he receives the maximum penalty. He is sentenced to return to P.S. 46 as a teacher!



THE INQUIRING TEACHER

QUESTION: How do you feel about teachers going on strike?
WHERE ASKED: At various schools and strike picket lines.

SHIRLEE BRONX

Fourth Grade Teacher
And Potential Wife

I don't see why teachers have to resort to something as degrading as strikes. Now take me, for example. I'm an average, conscientious young teacher who lives at 147 Mosholu Parkway, a keen dancer, swell company, and my telephone number is MQ-O-4299. All I want is to bring education and enlightenment to pupils for the rest of my life (unless I get a better offer, like getting married, say, next Tuesday). I think the $60 a week I get is more than enough and I can live on it very comfortably. Of course, my father, who I live with, and who is also a teacher and has to support me and my mother—*he's* got problems!

JAMES HOFFA

Labor Union Leader
And Humanitarian

Sure teachers should go on strike. Everybody should go on strike. Striking is healthy. It takes people out of their houses where they can get into trouble, and puts them on safe street corners. I like to strike. I like to strike all the big companies. I like to strike all the big plants. I'd like to strike Bobby Kennedy. Right inna mouth! Why shouldn't teachers strike? Some of my best friends are truck drivers. Some of my best truck drivers are teachers. When they're not driving trucks. Well, they gotta eat!

HERMAN KLING

Professional
Failing Student

I'm all for teachers going on strike. After all, they're human. They have a right to a living wage and decent working conditions. If, by going on strike, they bring out into the open the terrible injustice that is being played on one of today's most important professions, then I'm all for it. I'm all for anything that will open the public eyes, that will open the public minds, and that will close the public schools.

ROBERT T. WAG

Mayor and Distinguished
Public Servant

I think it's terrible when public employees have to resort to strikes. Look at me, I'm a public employee. You don't see me striking. I do the best I can on my $40,000 a year. And take my Governor friends, they're public employees. They don't strike. Just the other day, Governor Rockefeller swore to me he'd never strike for more money. And President Kennedy told me the same thing. He's a public employee. Recently, the teachers in my city wanted a raise. Did they go on strike? Of course not. We settled the whole problem by talking. That's how you always settle problems—by talking. I sat down and I talked to them. I said, "You're not getting any more money, and that's settled!"

This Month's Colorful Report Card Terminology

In keeping with the common practice in schools across the nation of disguising the true character and personality of pupils so their parents won't get like a trauma, MODERN TEACHER offers another installment of some new and colorful double-talk terminology for use on report cards.

"He has an unquenchable thirst for spontaneity in education, which has been best slaked by the give-and-take of classroom discussion, as opposed to the sterile atmosphere of a non-scholastic milieu."

TRANSLATION: He hasn't done his homework in three weeks!

• • • •

"While his personal intellectual capacity is limitless, he rarely hesitates to absorb knowledge from others around him in order to enhance his image as a well-rounded pupil."

TRANSLATION: He cheats on exams!

• • • •

"He allows himself the healthy luxury of unleashing his pent-up emotions, which, had he suppressed them, might turn him into a seething cauldron of self-consuming neuroses."

TRANSLATION: He kicks, scratches, bites and spits!

• • • •

"He has an innate desire to examine at firsthand the vicissitudes of life, which has been best satisfied by personal pilgrimages into the very maw of civilization."

TRANSLATION: He cut classes 24 times this term!

• • • •

"He appears to prefer the cloistered atmosphere of solitary study, rather than engage himself in the communication of class discussion."

TRANSLATION: The other kids steer clear of him because he doesn't wash.

• • • •

"He is deeply concerned with the physical well-being of other students, seeing to it that they do not overindulge in calories or harm the calcium content of their teeth."

TRANSLATION: He steals cookies and candy from his classmates.

• • • •

"His is a wandering, probing mind, which by its very nature, should not be accelerated onto new horizons too rapidly, but should be allowed instead to return to areas once before explored for the purpose of gathering additional insight."

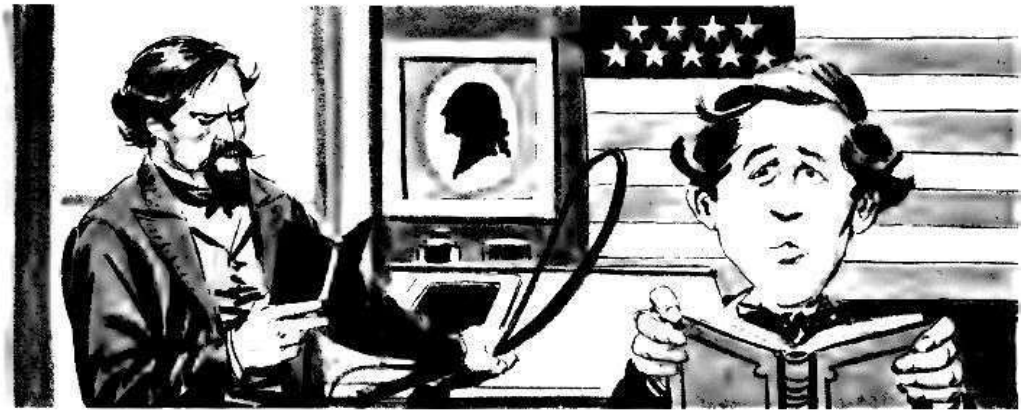
TRANSLATION: He's going to be left back this term.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE U.S. TEACHER

A look at how the American Teacher has developed (or to use a better word—deteriorated) over the past century

100 YEARS AGO

Back in 1863, the American Teacher was an unbending figure of authority. He was big and strong, with a large, sinister-looking mustache. His students hated and feared him. But they respected him. His teaching methods were strictly hit or miss. Either he'd hit the pupil — or he'd miss him when he cracked his large whip. But even when he missed, the wind burns that resulted were extremely painful. Life was rough for students in those days, and many of them used to run away . . . down South, in hopes of becoming slaves and living easier lives.

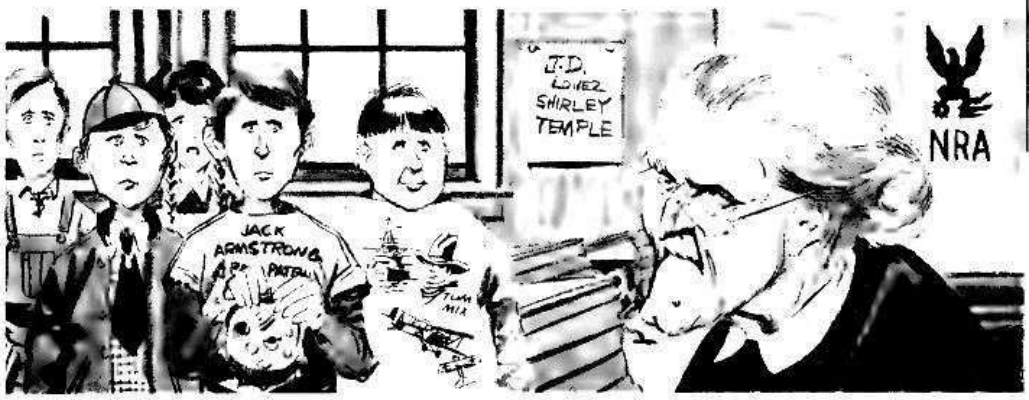


50 YEARS AGO

In 1913, the American Teacher was still a rigid figure of authority, but he wasn't quite as big and strong as his predecessor, and not everybody feared him. For example, heavyweight champion Jack Johnson didn't fear him. (We can't think of anyone else!) He was a lot more liberal in his teaching methods. He abandoned the whip. Instead, his students were taught to the tune of a hickory stick. (We know it doesn't make much sense when you say it, but when you sing it, it sounds great!) Life was still rough for students, and many of them used to quit school to work in factories for 18 hours a day, which was more tolerable.

25 YEARS AGO

In 1938, the Female Teacher came into her own. She was anywhere from 25 to 65 years of age (but she always looked over 100!) She was a lot bigger and stronger than her predecessor, and a little bit uglier. But being students under her was a breeze. She rarely hit them with anything larger than a ruler, and in six months time, students never even felt it any more. But she was still feared and respected, just as if she were a man. And that's because most of her pupils weren't absolutely sure she wasn't!



TODAY

Today, the American Teacher is like a lost chicken wandering across a road, trying to get to the other side. In other words, he is a joke! No one hates him, no one fears him, and no one respects him. They merely tolerate him. Like a cold. He would never dream of belting a pupil with a whip or a hickory stick or a ruler. He has used his fists, though — but only in self defense. However, there are classrooms in the U.S. that are controlled by unbending figures of authority who are big and strong with sinister-looking mustaches whom everybody hates and fears but respects. The trouble is, they're not Teachers . . . they're pupils!

THE BLACKBOARD JUMBLE

NEWS 'N' GOSSIP ABOUT THE TEACHING PROFESSION

By Harold "Sandy" Wilner

Hats off to industrious Principal Harvey Higgle, of Birchwood Junior High, who is augmenting his income with a clever use of his inter-classroom public address system. Harv personally conducts a swinging 9 A.M. to 3 P.M. disc jockey show of rock 'n' roll records and witty patter—even during exams. He's fully sponsored by local candy stores, ice cream parlors, saloons, burlesque houses, and other business establishments with messages of importance for today's school-age youngsters . . . Bad news for Ruth Bleaker, Third Grade Teacher at P.S. 131. Her parents refused to give her permission to marry one of her pupils. They feel that 31-year-old Donny Thyson is a bit too old for her. Better luck next time, Ruthie . . . Good news for the Henry Peskins in the person of a brand new 7-pound bouncing baby boy. Henry teaches math at the Jack Holt Memorial High School in Beverly Hills. His wife is a former Kindergarten Teacher, who used to conduct the 2 A.M. to Dawn session at the slightly overcrowded P.S. 6.

* * * * *

Best wishes to P.S. 193's Irma Brechwold, who will celebrate her 70th year as a teacher next month. 92-year old Irma, who tried to retire several times in the past but was asked to stay on by school authorities because younger teachers refuse to work for $38 a week, will celebrate the day quietly. Only the immediate family will be present at a small party given in her honor, including her mother, P.S. 193 teacher Maude Brechwold. Reba Brechwold, Irma's grandmother, who sprained her ankle while teaching gym at P.S. 193 last week, will not be able to attend.

* * * * *

Memo to the ridiculously spoiled students at the suburban Arthur Fingerhut School: Free bus service has now been extended to include all pupils who live more than 10 feet from the school. Previously, only pupils who lived 20 feet or more from the school could ride. And now for some bad news, kids: Since your whole school is on one level, the city has turned down your request to install escalators in the building . . . The City Planning Commission of Finnque, Illinois, has just given the green light for a new 4,500 housing unit development to be constructed within a three-block radius of P.S. 238. Naturally, no new school will be built in the area, so P.S. 238 will be a trifle more overcrowded. To make room for the added influx of pupils, all teachers will be asked to stay home on school days.

* * * * *

In the educational battle for survival between the West and Russia, this column has always spoken out strongly for encouraging brilliant students who show promise and are well-advanced for their age. Which is why we were so excited by the card we just received from teacher Herman Fiffnik. Herman tells us that every pupil in his First Grade class speaks flawless French. However, upon investigation, we found out there's a slight catch here. French is the *only* language they speak. Herman teaches in Bordeaux, France. (Can't you ever be serious, Herm?)

* * * * *

Our condolences to the family of heroic Irving Doren, who taught Science at the brand new Richard M. Nixon Junior High School (which was involved in building graft and collapsed last week due to faulty construction). When he noticed that his room was sinking below the basement, Doren allowed his students to abandon class, but he refused to leave his desk. It isn't very often that a teacher is courageous enough to go down with his classroom. We will never forget you, Irv . . . Worried because your students act like a bunch of dolts whenever a Superintendent or Principal drops in unexpectedly to sit in on one of your classes? Here are some excellent questions, submitted by Ninth Grade Teacher Harold Opp, which you can ask safely: "How much is two and two?", "Spell cat!", "Who would like to demonstrate 'breathing' for today's 'Show and Tell'?", "Which of these famous men discovered the Hudson River: (a) Henry Hudson (b) Seymour M. Dopplefinger (c) Paul Anka?" Contributor Opp promises to send along the answers in time for next month's column.

* * * * *

Best of luck to Fifth Grade Teacher Victor Emster, of P.S. 49. He's taking the "Big Step" with his childhood sweetheart, Miriam Troy. The couple will live at the home of Miriam's parents until Victor decides what he wants to do for a living . . . We hear that thousands of letters are pouring into Washington every day, congratulating all the Congressmen who have been successfully fighting Federal Aid to Education. The only trouble is, they're all from Nikita Khrushchev.

* * * * *

Will some of Harry Carruther's friends at City College please do something about helping him to get rid of the terrible inferiority complex he's recently developed? It just isn't dignified for a respectable College Professor to wear one of those idiotic false-nose-and-eye-glasses disguises whenever he goes in to pay his rent. Even though Harry *did* discover that the new landlord of the 57 story apartment building he lives in is Seymour Gribble, whom Harry flunked in Business Administration two years ago.

Congrats to the Fire Department. They finally freed Mrs. Sophie Zelk, who got stuck in one of those tiny writing chairs she was forced to sit on while visiting her son's Second Grade class during Open School Night in Oct. 1959.

Student Frank Pock, voted "Boldest Exam Cheater for '63", is shown here entering a room to take his final exam in "Anatomy of the Horse". At the other end of the rope is the nerviest crib sheet Frank ever smuggled into class.

THE MOONLIGHTER'S PAGE

hat's What Among The "Part-Time Job Set" Along Teacher's Row

he Fourth Annual Teachers Dance at he Potrezebie School last month was huge success. Biggest joke of the ening was on the strangers who hap- ned into the gym and thought that the affair was a Costume Ball. They didn't know that all those present were actually teachers dressed in the uniforms of the part-time jobs they were headed for . . . after the Dance.

t Sylvia Kupp, "Moonlighter Of The r". Since January, Sylvia has been hing her class Algebra all wrong intentionally! With poor grades, students have naturally had to help from an outside tutor. So this year, Sylvia's income has $3,122 as a Math Teacher, and 00 as an outside Math Tutor.

Here's Evelyn Glick, Biology Teacher at The Fink School, and After-Hours Wine-Maker, catching up on some of the part-time work she didn't get a chance to finish the previous night.

THE MOONLIGHTER'S CLASSIFIED ADS

Help Wanted—Male

CARNIVAL BARKER—9 PM to 1 AM weekdays, all day Sat. and Sun. Good opportunity for Elocution or Speech Teacher. We supply disguise so your students won't recognize you. 50¢ an hr. Write Box 195 MT.

CAR WASHER—Steady part-time work. Prefer Professor, but will accept Junior High School Principal. Must be College Grad. Here's your chance to clean up. Box 84 MT.

CATTLE SLAUGHTERER—Opening for aggressive, husky young Teacher. Chicken-plucking experience helpful but not necessary. 2 AM to 4 AM, Tuesdays and Thursdays. Bring own sledge hammer and knife. Box 14 MT.

PIZZA FLIPPER—We looka for a qualifi Teach. Write to us stronga selling letter anna tell us why you the man for-a this job. Then drop-a by inna few days anna read it to us. Box 57 MT.

SANDHOG—Work in a nice cool tunnel. Ditch-digging experience unnecessary. Free Hosp. Benefits, unless you get like the bends. Must know how to swim underwater. Box 42 MT.

Help Wanted—Female

FRUIT PICKER—Healthy, outdoor work for Teacher in the Rio Grande area. Excel. working conditions, friendly atmosphere, except for occasional hostile wetback attacks. 20¢ an hour and all you can eat. Lemon harvest starts this week. Box 121 MT.

PILLOW STUFFER—Prefer Teacher with M.A. degree. Salary commensurate with pillow-stuffing ability. Excellent opportunity. Can eventually lead to mattress-stuffing for the right woman. Box 34MT.

SANDHOG—Work in a nice cool tunnel. Typing experience unnecessary. Free Hospital Benefits, unless you get like the bends. We know it's crazy advertising for a woman sandhog, but who can tell how desperate you school teacher broads are! Box 42 MT.

WOMAN—Mature, intelligent Teacher preferred. Hard to describe type of job, but rest assured you'll work like a horse. 40¢ an hour. Free Death Benefits and Hay-Break. Box 36 MT.

Situations Wanted—Male

BRIGHT, personable, cheery, ambitious, aggressive, friendly, religious, eager Princeton Professor desires part-time job as shirt folder. Am experienced, and have own pins. Box 347 MT.

PHYSICS TEACHER, Rhodes Scholar, gd. friend of W. von Braun, seeks challenging part-time position as bus-boy. Look gd. in uniform. Will relocate to new school if necessary. Box 19.

Apartments To Share—Male

TEACHER, convicted of one of the most fascinating capers in Moonlighting History—Bank Robbery—wants to share comfortable cell with another convicted Moonlighter in same prison. Don't want bird-keeper, self-proclaimed lawyer, or book writer. This place is lousy with them. Box 97 MT.

INSTRUCTIONS FOR ASSEMBLING THE MAD MOBILE

Okay, Gang, here we go! Follow these simple instructions, and you'll be the proud owner of this colorful, artistic and amusing dust-catcher. The first and most important step is to buy this Annual. So stop standing around, thumbing through it, trying to read it for free, and pay the man! The next step is to obtain the materials needed to connect the various units of the Mobile together. These consist of a package of "King Size Plastic Straws", a spool of thread, a needle, and a pair of scissors. (The last three items can be found in your Mother's sewing basket, under that pile of holey socks. The Plastic Straws, however, will have to be purchased at a store—unless, of course, your Mother has a rather unusual method of darning socks.)

Now find yourself a large table, a bare floor, or a small football field to spread the items out on. Next, take your scissors and carefully cut out the individual MAD Mobile units on their dotted lines. (An alternative would be to use a razor blade, if you happen to like the sight of blood. Mainly because that's what you'll be seeing when your old man spots those razor-cut-marks on the table.)

After all the parts are cut out, lay them out in the approximate position shown in the diagram above. Then, measure and cut the Plastic Straws to the sizes indicated, and place them in their correct positions. So far, everything has been fairly simple. Now comes the hard part: Thread a needle!

As soon as your eyes come back into focus, attach slightly more than the indicated length of thread to each Mobile unit by piercing it with the threaded needle at the point indicated by the white dot, and tying a firm knot. The other end of the thread is then attached to the end of the straw in the same manner, piercing the straw about ⅛" from the end. However, where the threads are attached to the centers of straws, DO NOT PIERCE! Wrap thread around middle of straw twice and tie a knot! This will enable you to slide the straw back and forth to balance it after Mobile is completely assembled. When all Mobile units and straws are connected as per diagram, hang the Mobile from the top thread and adjust the wrapped threads at the centers of the straws until they (and their hanging units) balance horizontally, everything falls apart, you tear your hair out, and you swear never to buy MAD again.

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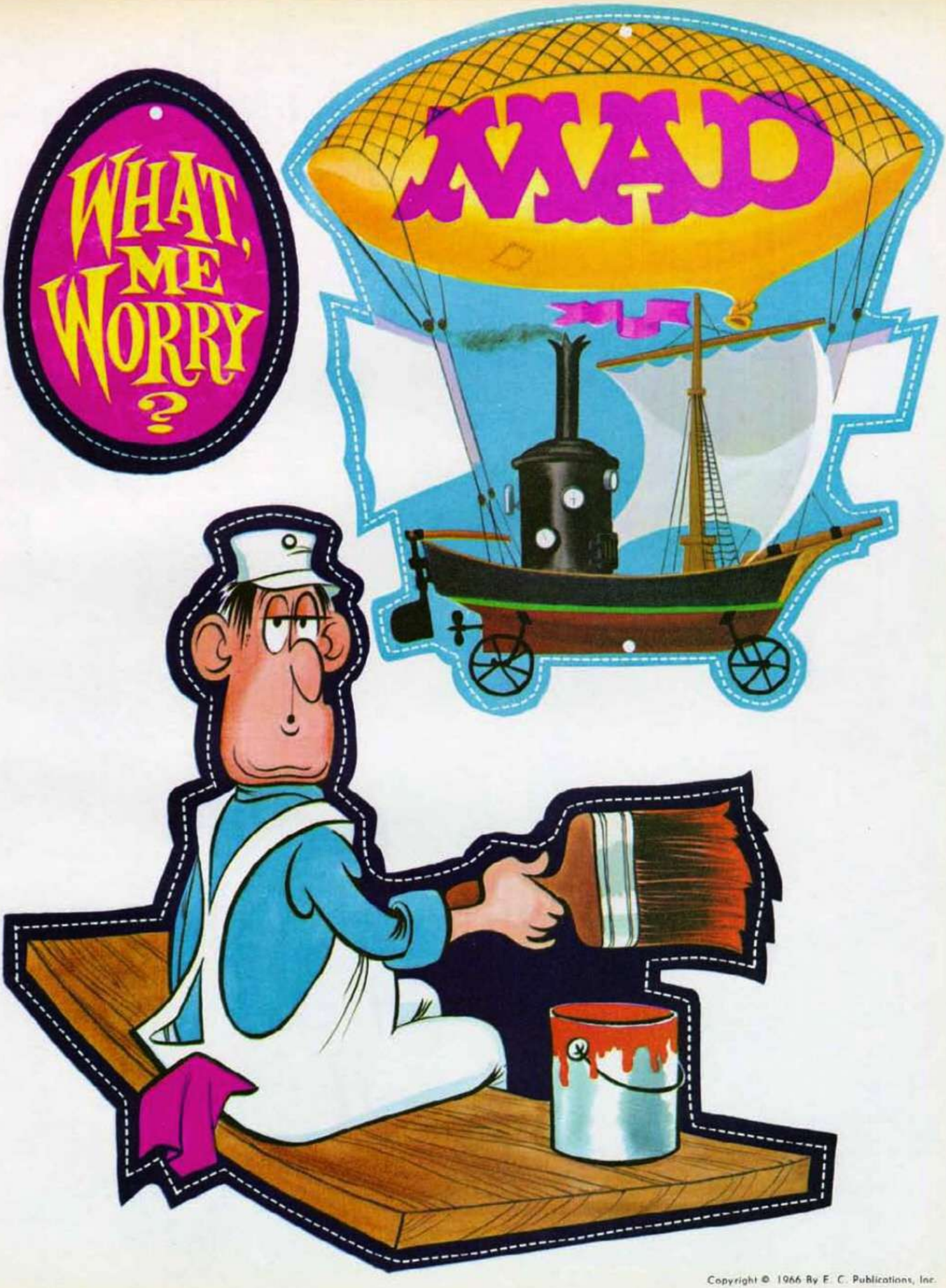

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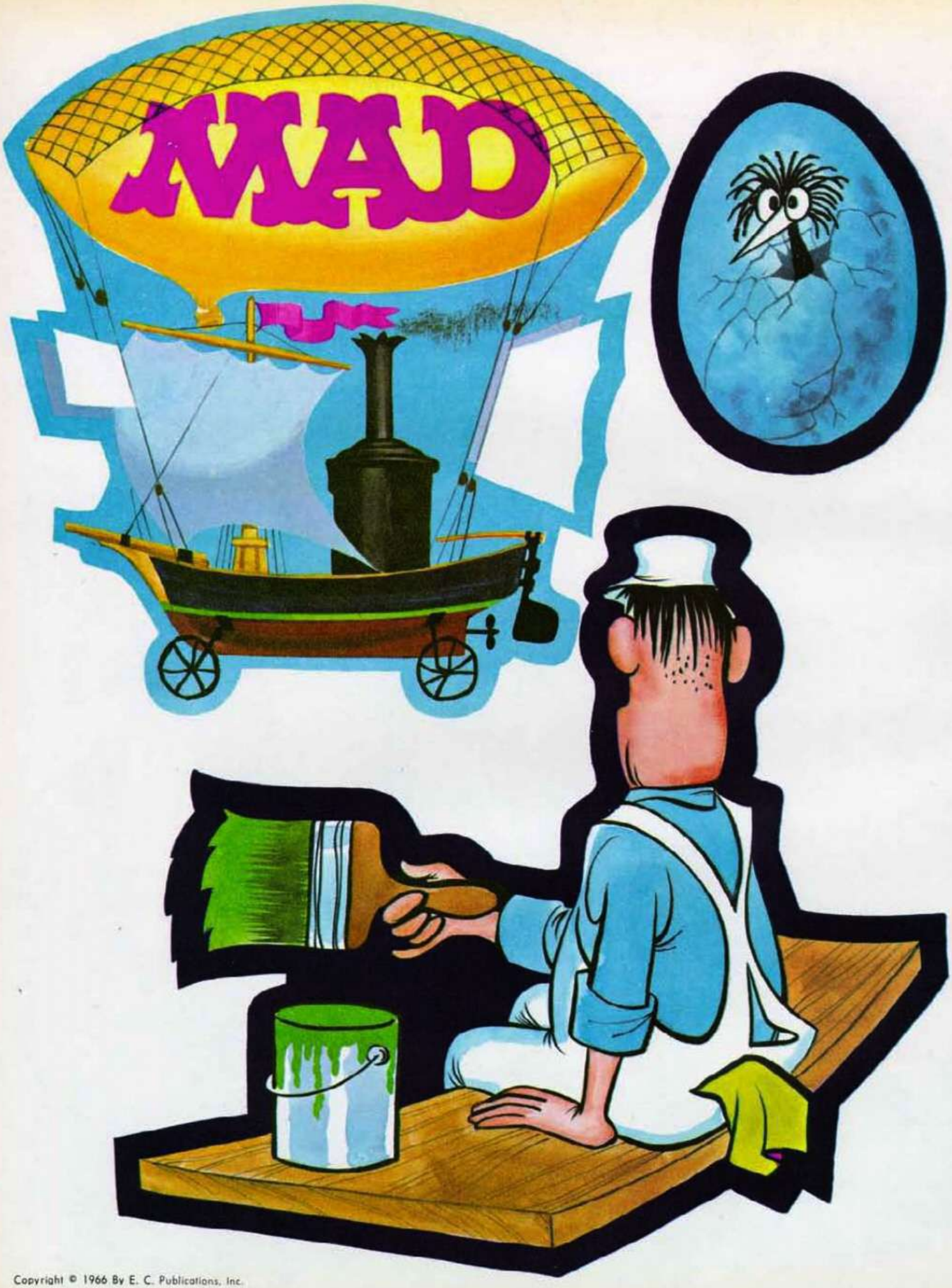

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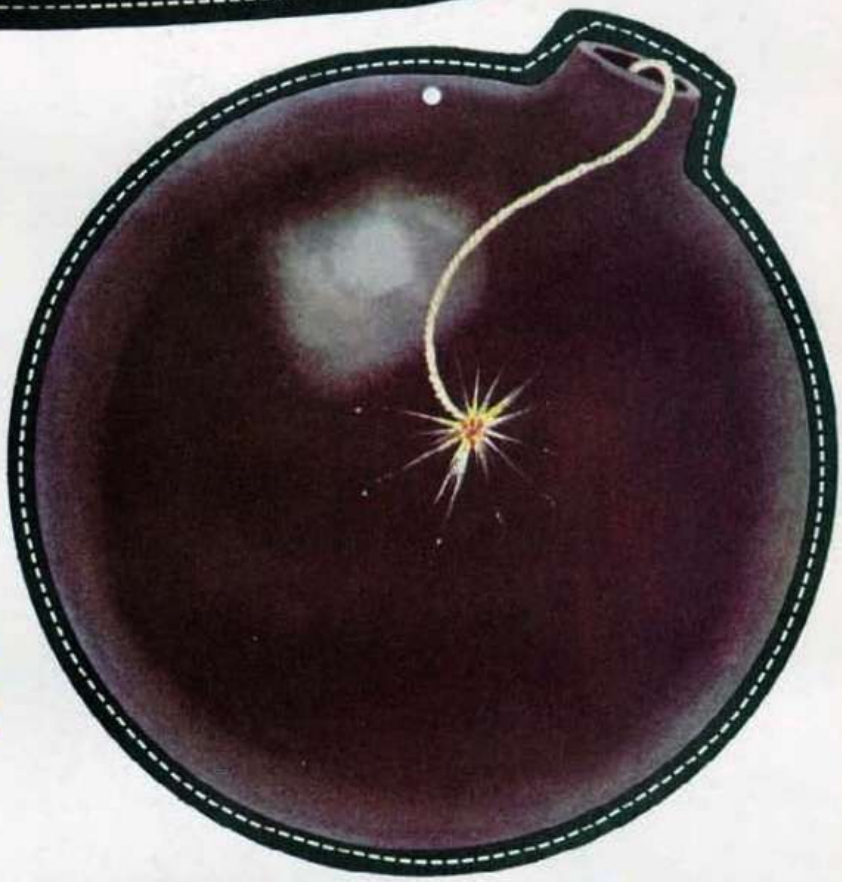
MAD



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SHAW-FIRED PLOT DEPT.

There seems to be a rash of new musicals slated for Broadway based on the "Madison Avenue" theme. Since one of the most successful musicals ever to hit Broadway was "My Fair Lady," based on the book by George Bernard Shaw, we figure it won't be long before we'll be seeing a hit "Madison Avenue" musical along the same lines and called . . .

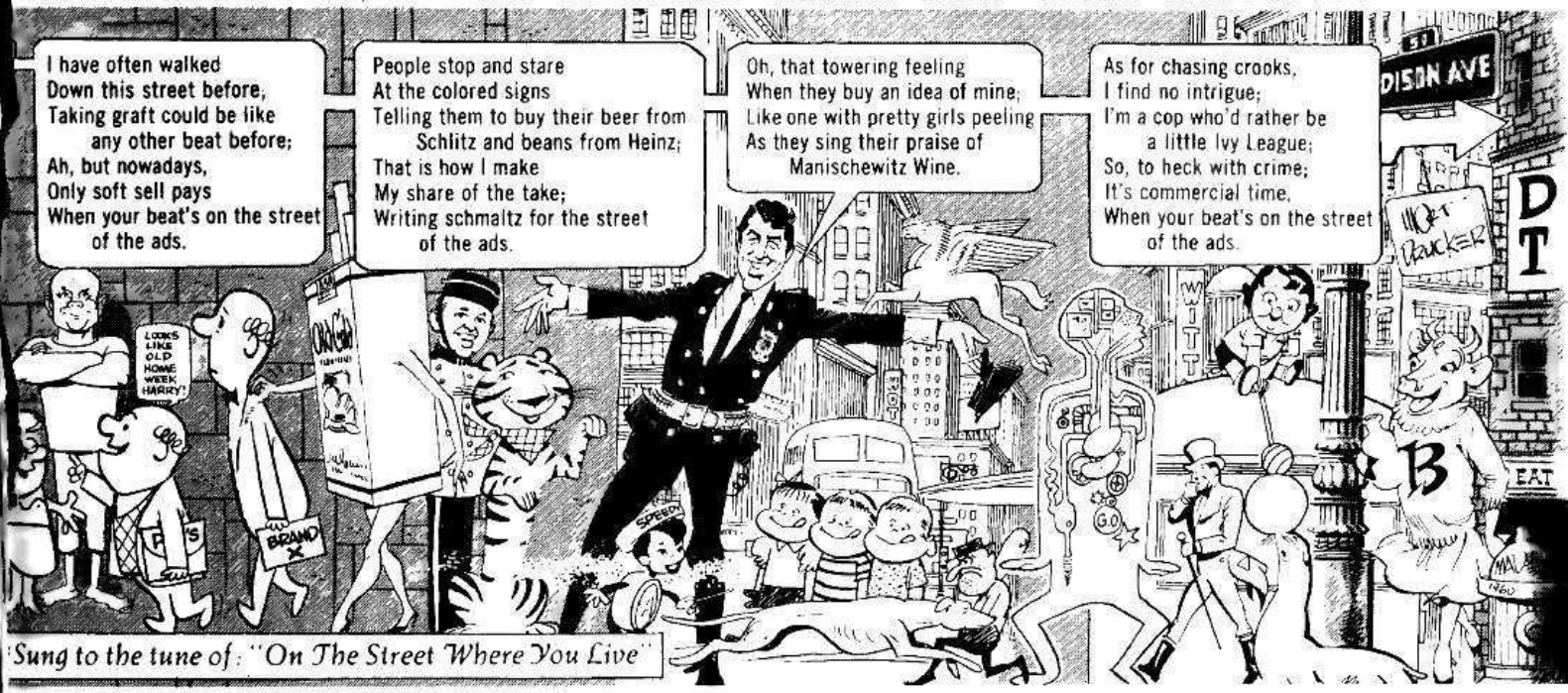
My Fair Ad-Man

BASED ON THE BOOK "YOU'RE A PIG, MALLION" BY GEORGE BERNARD SCHWARTZ

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

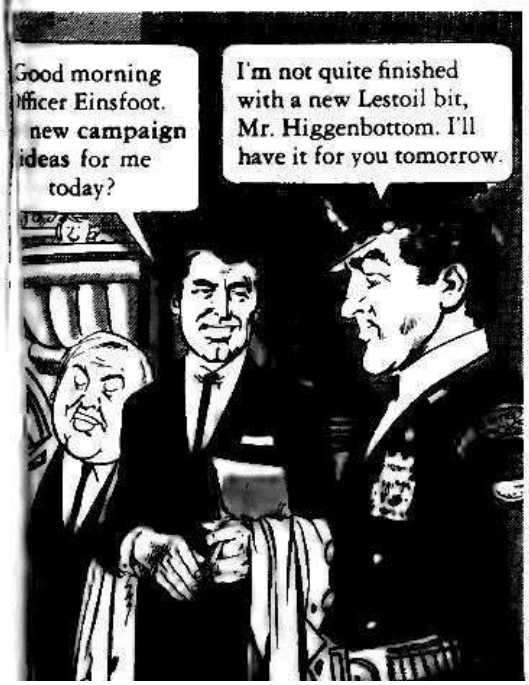
WRITER: NICK MEGLIN

ACT 1, SCENE 1: EARLY MORNING ON MADISON AVENUE, OUTSIDE OFFICE BUILDING HOUSING BVD&O, A LARGE ADVERTISING AGENCY. ENTER OFFICER EINSFOOT . . .


I have often walked
Down this street before,
Taking graft could be like
any other beat before;
Ah, but nowadays,
Only soft sell pays
When your beat's on the street
of the ads.
People stop and stare
At the colored signs
Telling them to buy their beer from
Schlitz and beans from Heinz;
That is how I make
My share of the take;
Writing schmaltz for the street
of the ads.
Oh, that towering feeling
When they buy an idea of mine;
Like one with pretty girls peeling
As they sing their praise of
Manischewitz Wine.
As for chasing crooks,
I find no intrigue;
I'm a cop who'd rather be
a little Ivy League;
So, to heck with crime;
It's commercial time,
When your beat's on the street
of the ads.
LOOKS LIKE OLD HOME WEEK, HARRY!
BRAND X
SPEED
DISON AVE
EAT

Sung to the tune of: "On The Street Where You Live"

ENTER HENRY HIGGENBOTTOM AND CHARLES PICKERWICK, BVD&O ACCOUNT EXECUTIVES ON THE WAY TO WORK . . . FOLLOWED SHORTLY BY IRVING MALLION, A BEATNIK . . .

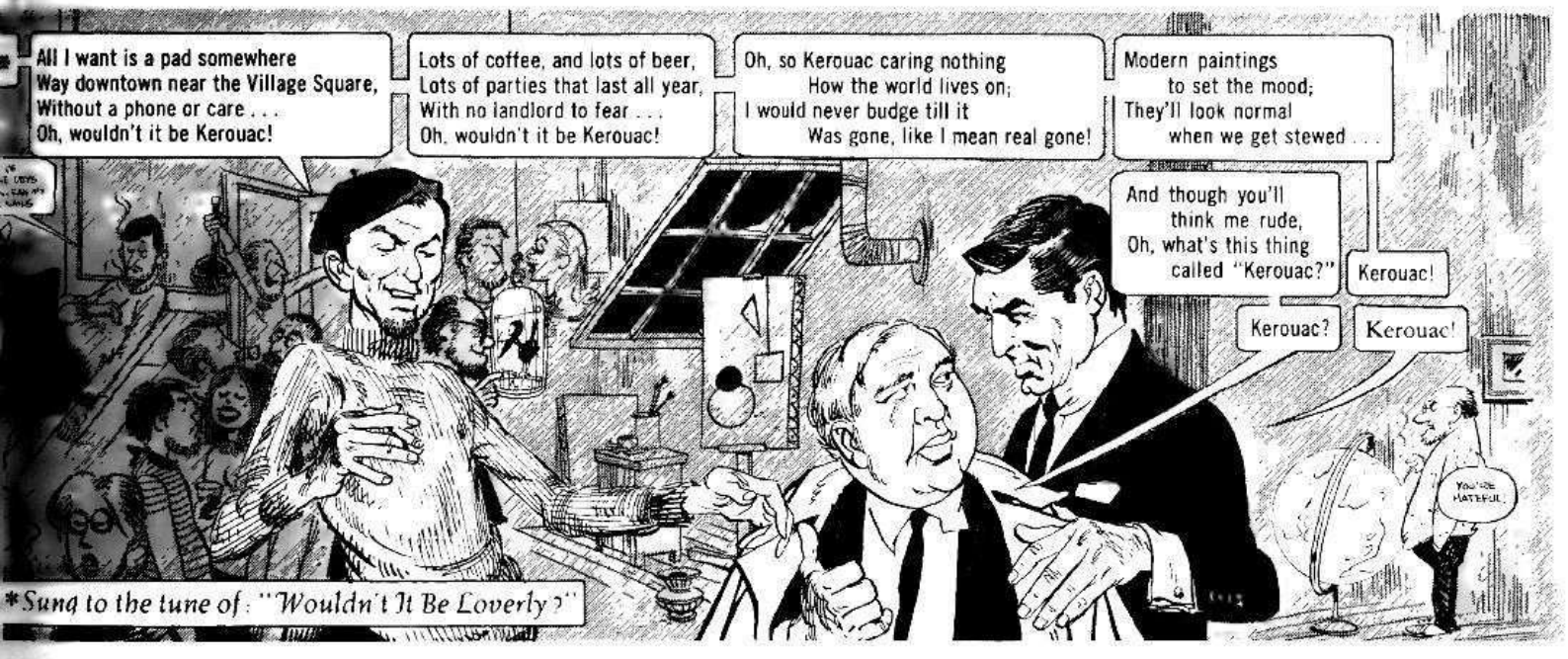


I said anyone, and I meant just that! Are you willing to wager your Chrysler account against my Marlboro contract?
You're on, Higgen-bottom!
Tell me, my good man, what do you do for a living?
That tickles me, Man! I got no gig! I mean, writers like me got no eyes for all that heavy bread!
You're a writer, eh? So much the better! My friend and I are having an argument we'd like settled, and it concerns writing—in a way!
I'm hip to that groove, Man, being a creative artist . . .
Don't confuse the issue! Art has nothing to do with it! In my line, art is an absolute hindrance!
* Look at you, a writer filled with heartache,
Who could be writing copy, but for art's sake;
By rights, you should be taken out and taught
That, today, serious writing is just not bought!
But, talent . . .
Talent! Egad! What a useless commodity . . .
That is why the beatnik generation
Could use a Madison Avenue education!
Here, and in the Village Square,
Writers gather to compare
Works of art they think will make the grade.
Wasted scribblings that appal;
Such books won't be read at all;
If you've got to write, at least get paid!
* Sung to the tune of: "Why Can't The English"
Novels, never! Poems, worse!
No one's buying prose or verse
Unless the work is labeled "raw," "obscene!"
But, put an ad in big, bold print
And you'll make a "hint of mint";
The U.S. Mint, of course, is what I mean!
For the ads, yes, ads
Are all that's read today;
Not the works of Shaw or Hemingway!
Oh, why can't these writers learn that "art" is now antique;
The more they write for art's sake, the more they're up the creek!
If you believed, dear Pickerwick, as beatnik writers do,
You might end up writing novels, too!
I beg your pardon, sir!
BUS STOP
A writer's weird philosophy's the reason I despise him;
He tries to teach the people, while I merely mesmerize them!
One simple factor I'm afraid they'll never learn;
Oh, why can't the writer . . .
Why can't the writer . . .
Try . . .
To . . .
EARN!

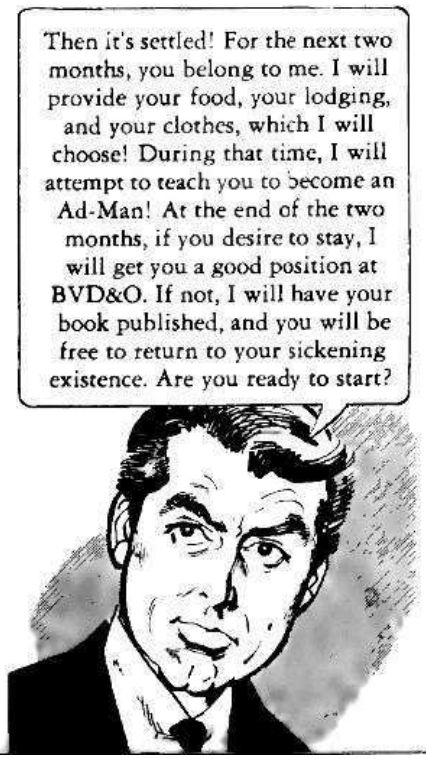
Man, that'll never come on!
Why not? Listen, you'll be well-paid for participating in our little experiment!

Man, you just don't dig me! Like I don't have eyes for that heavy loot, Dad!
Then what in the name of J. Walter Thompson do you want?
I WANT MY MAYPO!

Well, if you gotta be put hip . . .


All I want is a pad somewhere Way downtown near the Village Square, Without a phone or care . . . Oh, wouldn't it be Kerouac!
Lots of coffee, and lots of beer, Lots of parties that last all year, With no landlord to fear . . . Oh, wouldn't it be Kerouac!
Oh, so Kerouac caring nothing How the world lives on; I would never budge till it Was gone, like I mean real gone!
Modern paintings to set the mood; They'll look normal when we get stewed . . .
And though you'll think me rude, Oh, what's this thing called "Kerouac?"
Kerouac!
Kerouac?
Kerouac!
*Sung to the tune of: "Wouldn't It Be Loverly?"

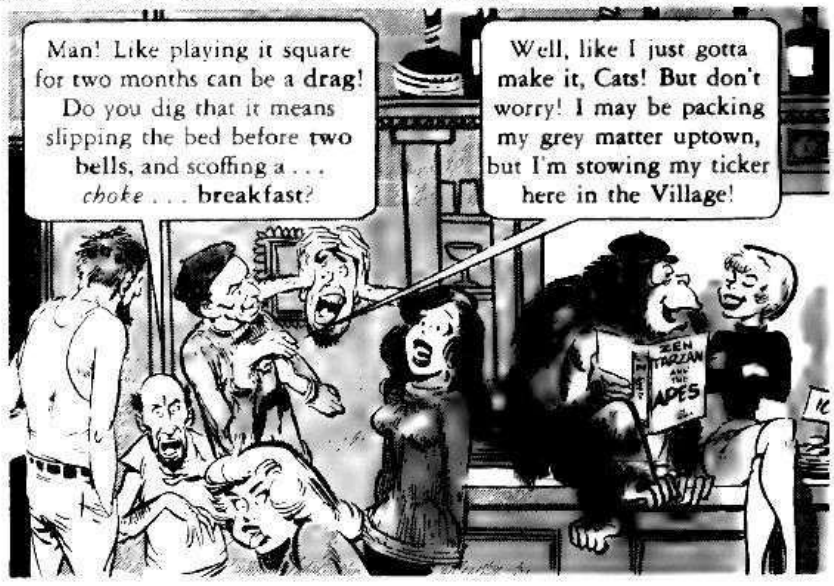
Kerouac isn't a thing! Kerouac's A person, squares! Jack Kerouac is our leader—our inspiration! He wrote "On The Road!" Man, like I dug that book so much I wrote a sequel to it called "Son Of On The Road," by Irving Mallion!
Would you like it published, Mr. Mallion?
It would groove me the most! I'd give anything!
Would you give me two months?
Crazy, Man!
SON OF ON THE ROAD

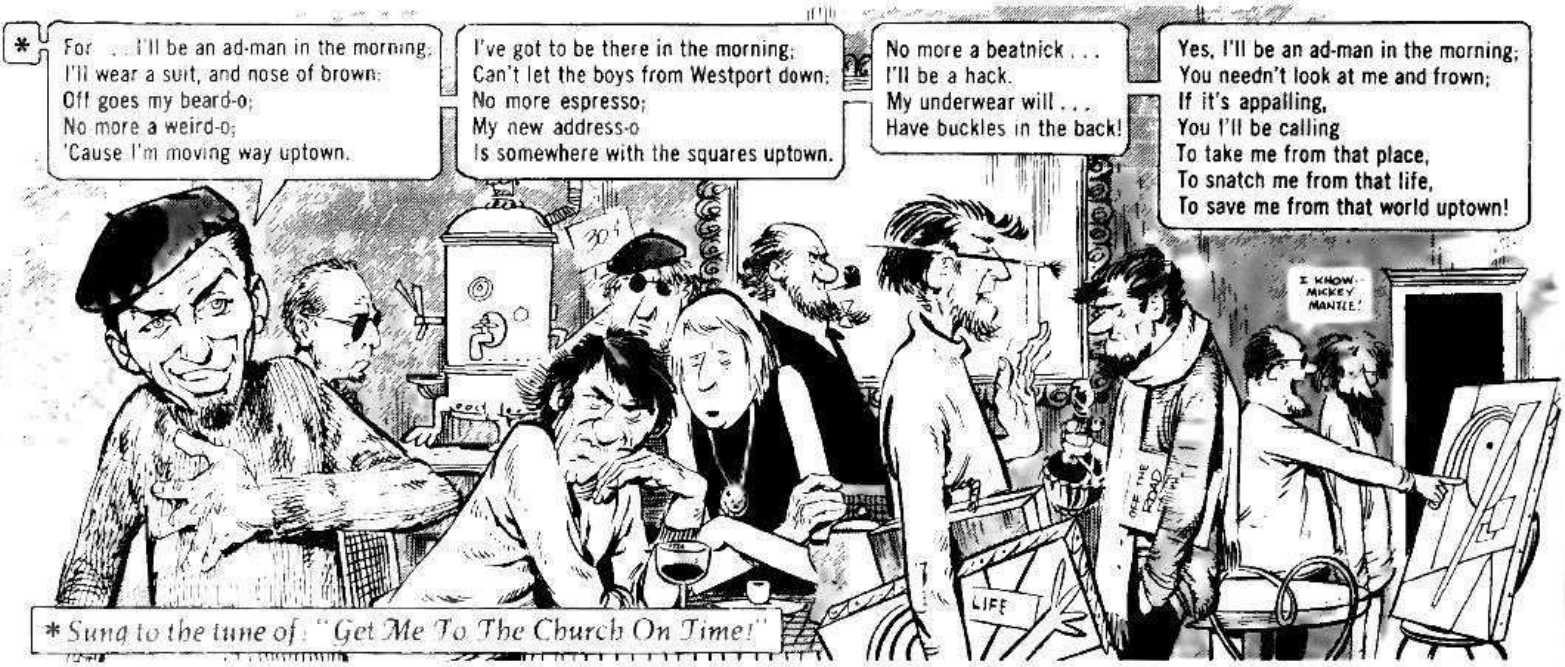

Then it's settled! For the next two months, you belong to me. I will provide your food, your lodging, and your clothes, which I will choose! During that time, I will attempt to teach you to become an Ad-Man! At the end of the two months, if you desire to stay, I will get you a good position at BVD&O. If not, I will have your book published, and you will be free to return to your sickening existence. Are you ready to start?

Let me make one more late scene with the cats I dig the most, and I'll glim you in the early bright!
All right, Mallion! I'll see you at 9:00 AM tomorrow!
I CAN'T GET A JOB THRU THE N.Y. TIMES!
BUS STOP

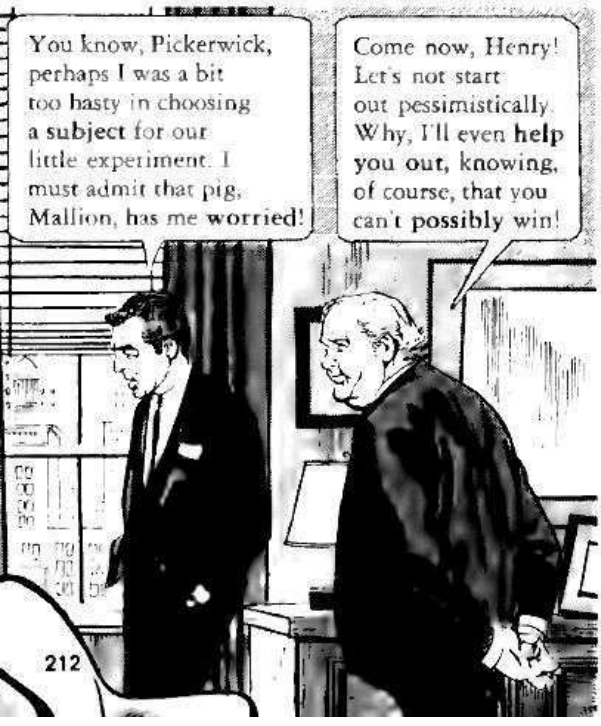
ACT 1, SCENE 2: A CAFE ESPRESSO SHOP IN GREENWICH VILLAGE. IRVING MALLION, THE BEATNIK, IS EXPLAINING THE DEAL TO A GROUP OF HIS SEEDY FRIENDS . . .

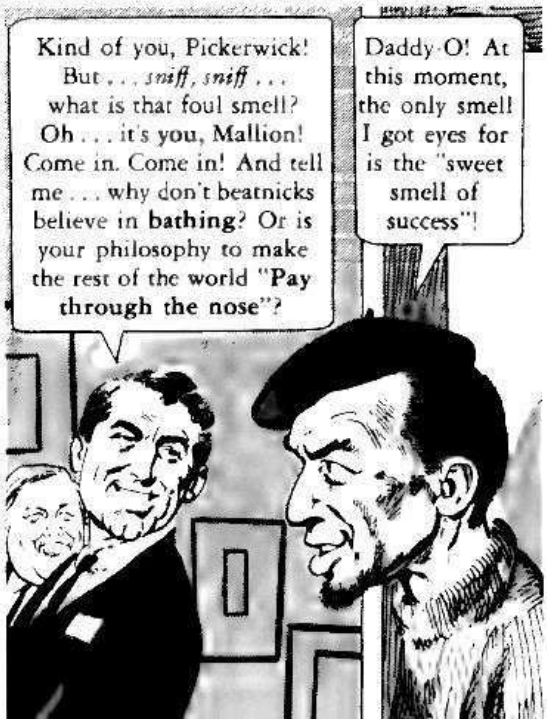
. . . and that's the pitch! I figure I'll play it cool for a double bill-payer until my gig comes on!
But, Glib Street, Irving! I dig that creative cats have to be bugged till they make it, but this Madison Avenue bit is, like, too far out!

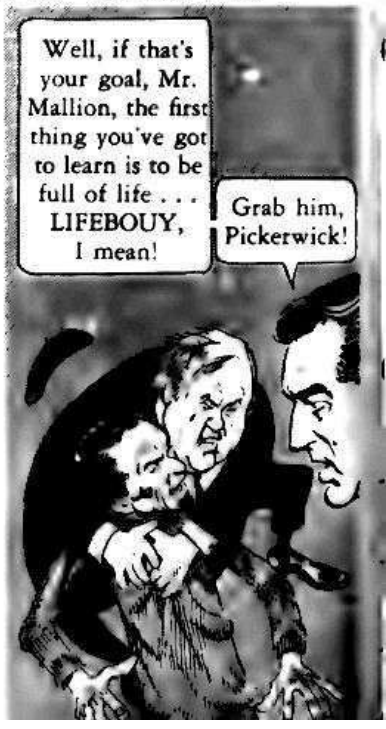

Man! Like playing it square for two months can be a drag! Do you dig that it means slipping the bed before two bells, and scoffing a . . . choke . . . breakfast?
Well, like I just gotta make it, Cats! But don't worry! I may be packing my grey matter uptown, but I'm stowing my ticker here in the Village!
ZEN TARZAN AND THE APES

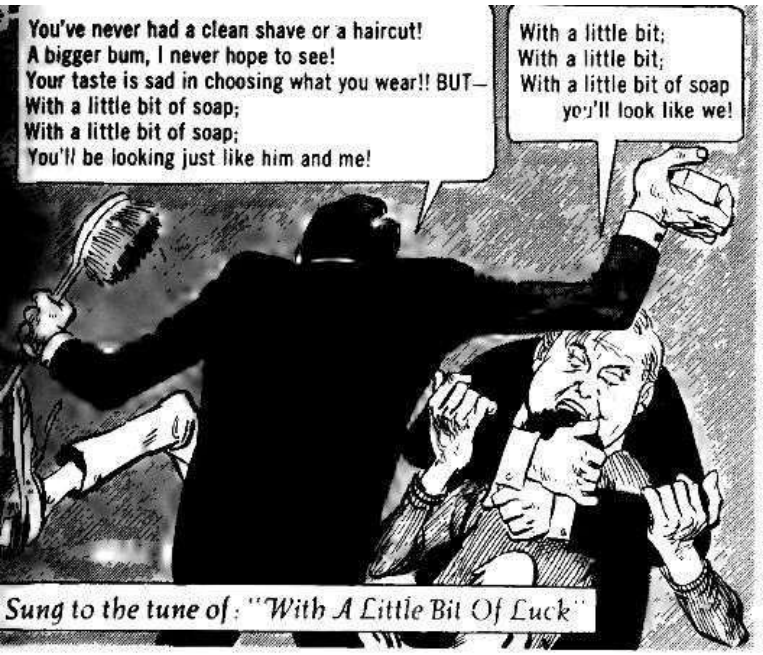

* For . . . I'll be an ad-man in the morning; I'll wear a suit, and nose of brown; Off goes my beard-o; No more a weird-o; 'Cause I'm moving way uptown.
I've got to be there in the morning; Can't let the boys from Westport down; No more espresso; My new address-o Is somewhere with the squares uptown.
No more a beatnick . . . I'll be a hack. My underwear will . . . Have buckles in the back!
Yes, I'll be an ad-man in the morning; You needn't look at me and frown; If it's appalling, You'll be calling To take me from that place, To snatch me from that life, To save me from that world uptown!
I KNOW MICKEY MANTLE!
LIFE
* Sung to the tune of: "Get Me To The Church On Time!"

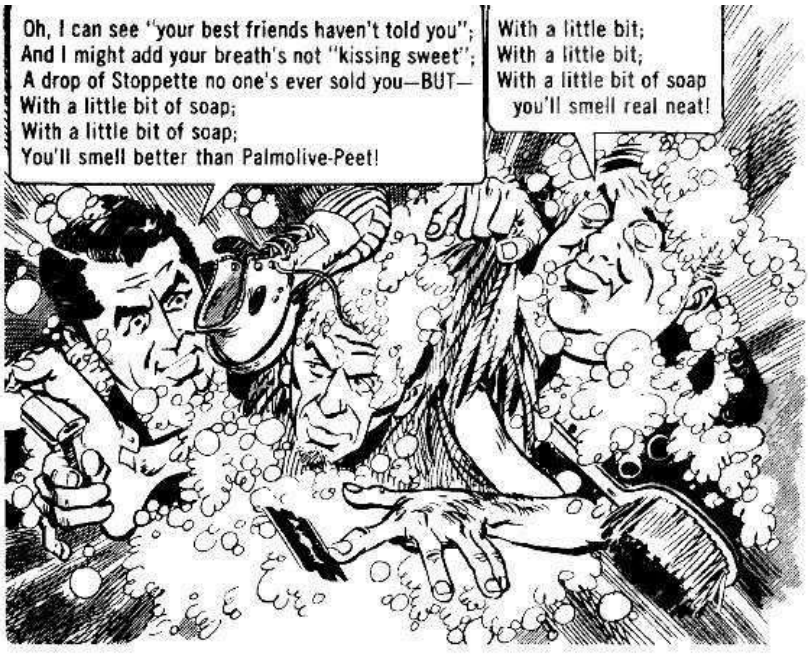
ACT 2, SCENE 1: THE NEXT MORNING. HENRY HIGGENBOTTOM AND CHARLES PICKERWICK DISCUSS THE PREVIOUS NIGHT'S EVENTS IN HENRY'S PLUSH OFFICES AT BVD&O . . .

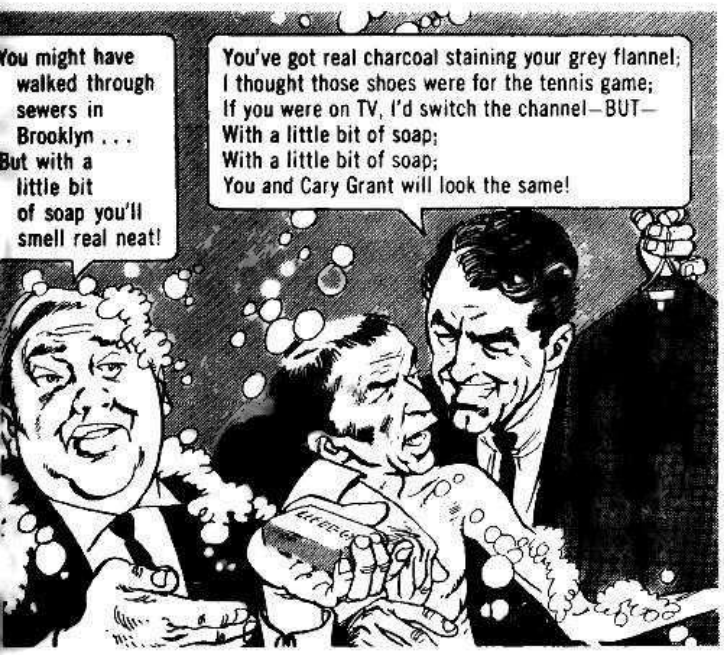

You know, Pickerwick, perhaps I was a bit too hasty in choosing a subject for our little experiment. I must admit that pig, Mallion, has me worried!
Come now, Henry! Let's not start out pessimistically. Why, I'll even help you out, knowing, of course, that you can't possibly win!


Kind of you, Pickerwick! But . . . sniff, sniff . . . what is that foul smell? Oh . . . it's you, Mallion! Come in. Come in! And tell me . . . why don't beatnicks believe in bathing? Or is your philosophy to make the rest of the world "Pay through the nose"?
Daddy-O! At this moment, the only smell I got eyes for is the "sweet smell of success"!


Well, if that's your goal, Mr. Mallion, the first thing you've got to learn is to be full of life . . . LIFEBOUY, I mean!
Grab him, Pickerwick!

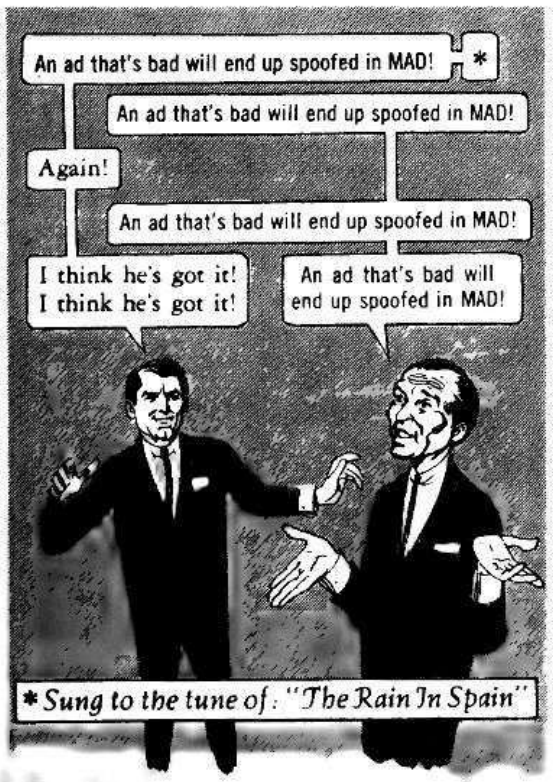

You've never had a clean shave or a haircut!
A bigger bum, I never hope to see!
Your taste is sad in choosing what you wear!! BUT—
With a little bit of soap;
With a little bit of soap;
You'll be looking just like him and me!
With a little bit;
With a little bit;
With a little bit of soap you'll look like we!
Sung to the tune of: "With A Little Bit Of Luck"

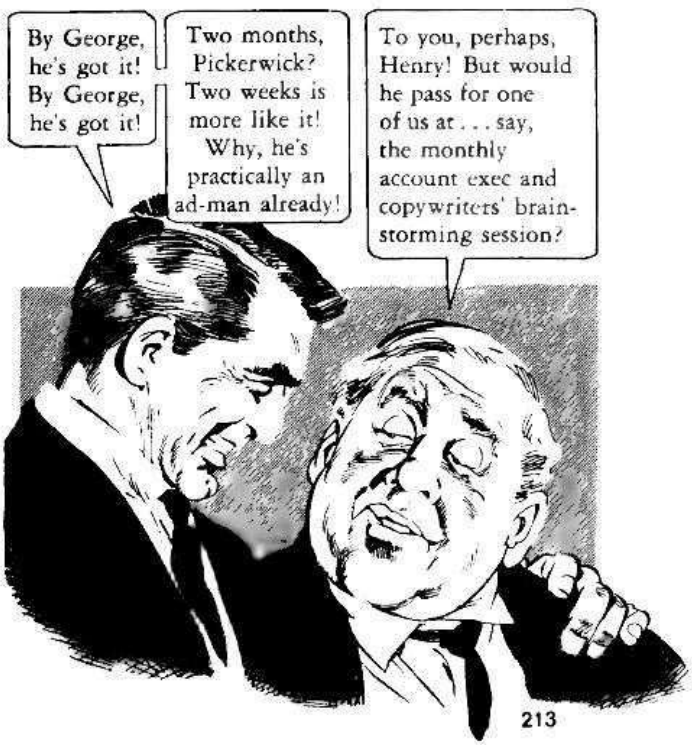

Oh, I can see "your best friends haven't told you";
And I might add your breath's not "kissing sweet";
A drop of Stoppette no one's ever sold you—BUT—
With a little bit of soap;
With a little bit of soap;
You'll smell better than Palmolive-Peet!
With a little bit;
With a little bit;
With a little bit of soap you'll smell real neat!

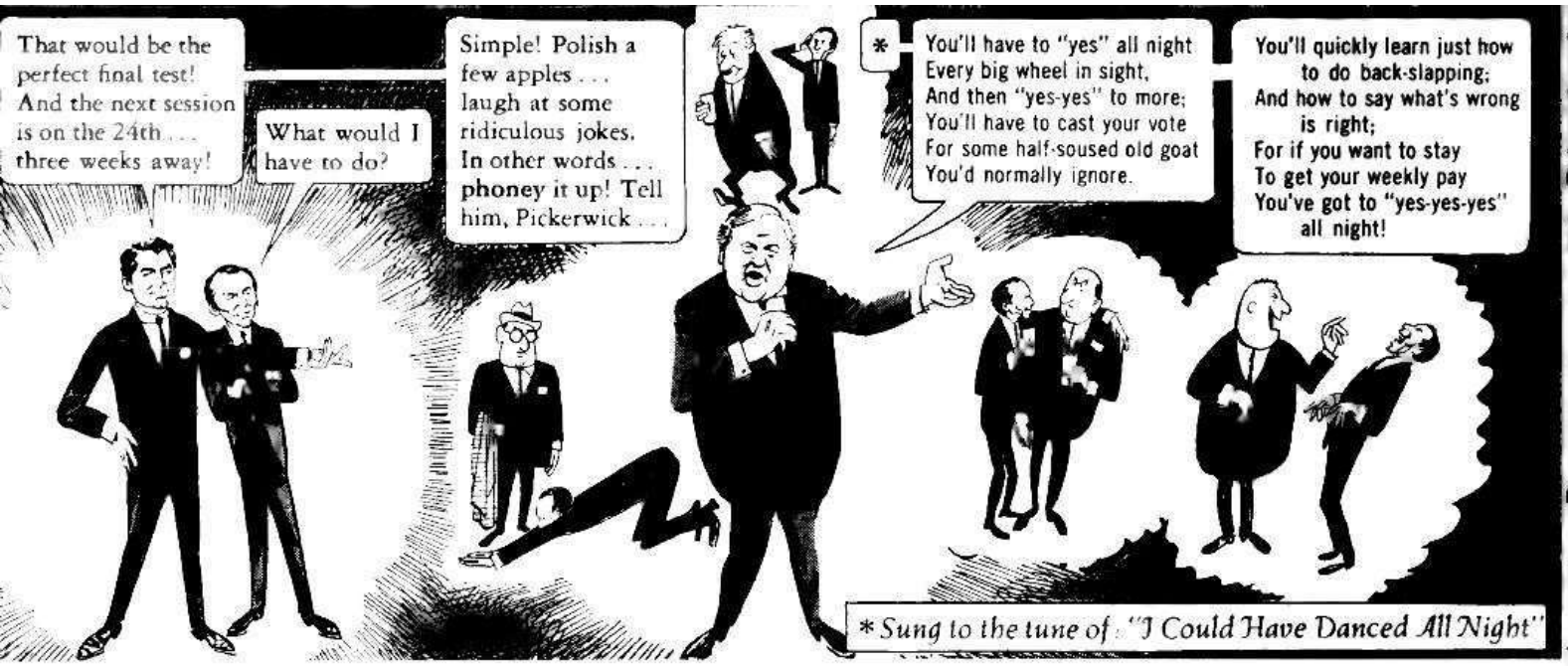

You might have walked through sewers in Brooklyn . . .
But with a little bit of soap you'll smell real neat!
You've got real charcoal staining your grey flannel;
I thought those shoes were for the tennis game;
If you were on TV, I'd switch the channel—BUT—
With a little bit of soap;
With a little bit of soap;
You and Cary Grant will look the same!

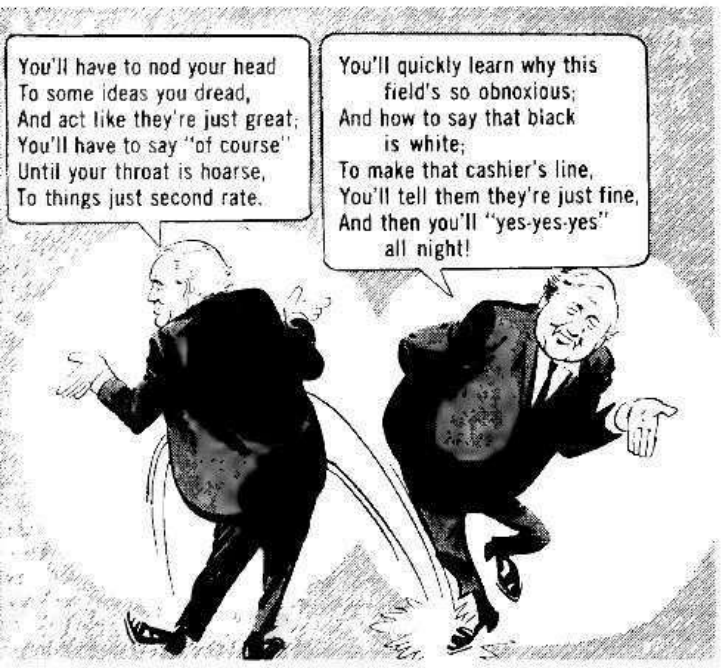
With a little bit;
With a little bit;
With a little bit of LIFEBOUY soap!
Look at yourself, Mallion! Tell me, do you like what you see?
Yecch! I'm disgusting!

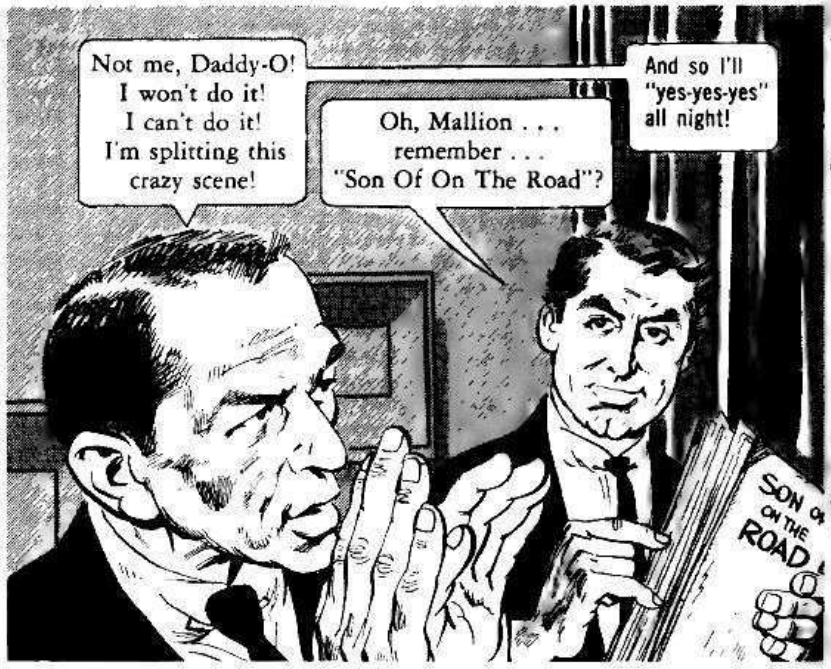
I was hoping you'd feel that way! Now, I know we're on the right track! But, to look like an ad-man is one thing! To think like one is another! I will now teach you the most important basic principle we have here on Madison Avenue!
Repeat after me . . .


An ad that's bad will end up spoofed in MAD! *
An ad that's bad will end up spoofed in MAD!
Again!
An ad that's bad will end up spoofed in MAD!
I think he's got it! I think he's got it!
An ad that's bad will end up spoofed in MAD!
* Sung to the tune of: "The Rain In Spain"


By George, he's got it! By George, he's got it!
Two months, Pickerwick? Two weeks is more like it! Why, he's practically an ad-man already!
To you, perhaps, Henry! But would he pass for one of us at . . . say, the monthly account exec and copywriters' brain-storming session?


That would be the perfect final test! And the next session is on the 24th . . . three weeks away!
What would I have to do?
Simple! Polish a few apples . . . laugh at some ridiculous jokes. In other words . . . phoney it up! Tell him, Pickerwick . . .
* You'll have to "yes" all night
Every big wheel in sight,
And then "yes-yes" to more;
You'll have to cast your vote
For some half-soused old goat
You'd normally ignore.
You'll quickly learn just how to do back-slapping;
And how to say what's wrong is right;
For if you want to stay
To get your weekly pay
You've got to "yes-yes-yes" all night!
* Sung to the tune of "I Could Have Danced All Night"

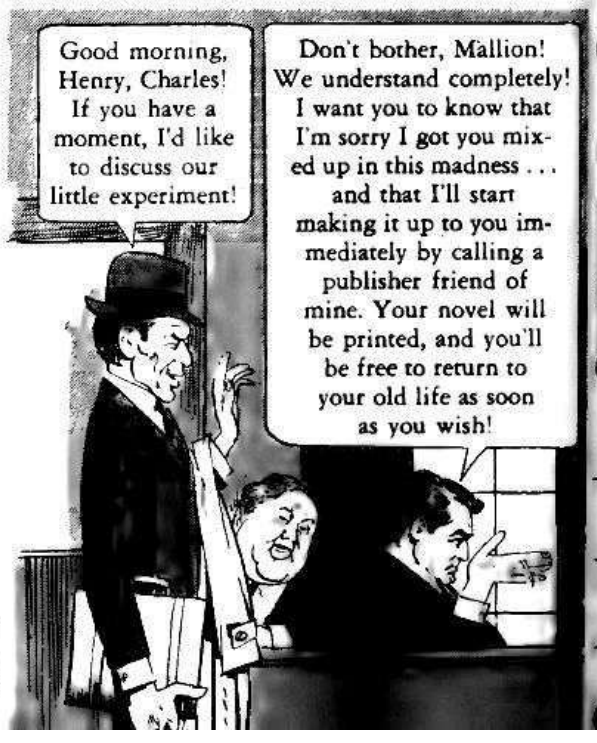

You'll have to nod your head
To some ideas you dread,
And act like they're just great;
You'll have to say "of course"
Until your throat is hoarse,
To things just second rate.
You'll quickly learn why this field's so obnoxious;
And how to say that black is white;
To make that cashier's line,
You'll tell them they're just fine,
And then you'll "yes-yes-yes" all night!

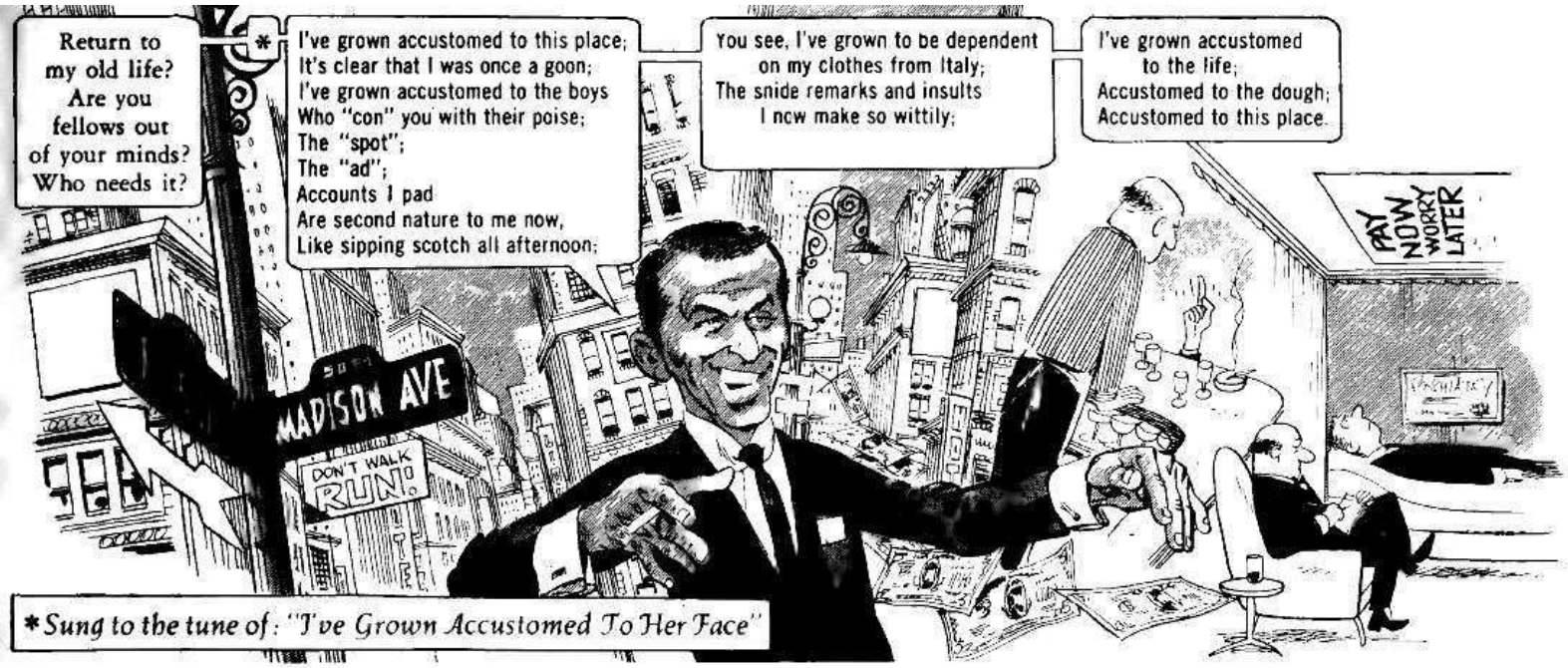

Not me, Daddy-O!
I won't do it!
I can't do it!
I'm splitting this crazy scene!
Oh, Mallion . . . remember . . . "Son Of On The Road"?
And so I'll "yes-yes-yes" all night!
SON OF ON THE ROAD

ACT 3, SCENE 1: THREE WEEKS LATER. HIGGENBOTTOM HAS WON HIS BET. MALLION HAS BEEN PASSED OFF AT THE BRAINSTORMING SESSION AS A HEAD COPYWRITER . . .

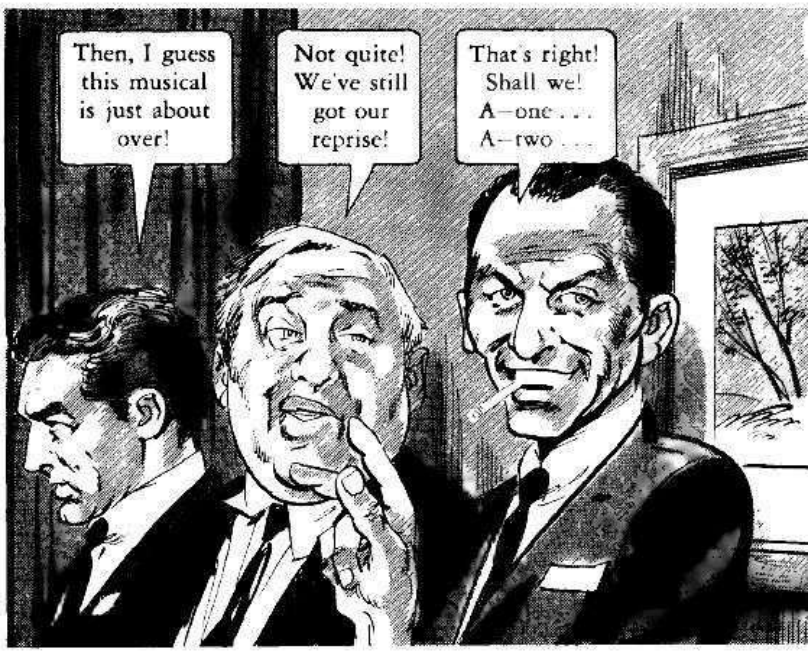
I can't see why you're so unhappy, Henry! You've won your wager. Mallion was introduced as the head of our Los Angeles copy department, and no one suspected a thing!
That's just it, Pickerwick! We did too good a job on the poor lad! Did you see him, shaking hands with everybody, agreeing with things we know are so completely contrary to his nature. We did him a gross injustice! We ruined him! We found him fresh and clean . . . and we . . .
214

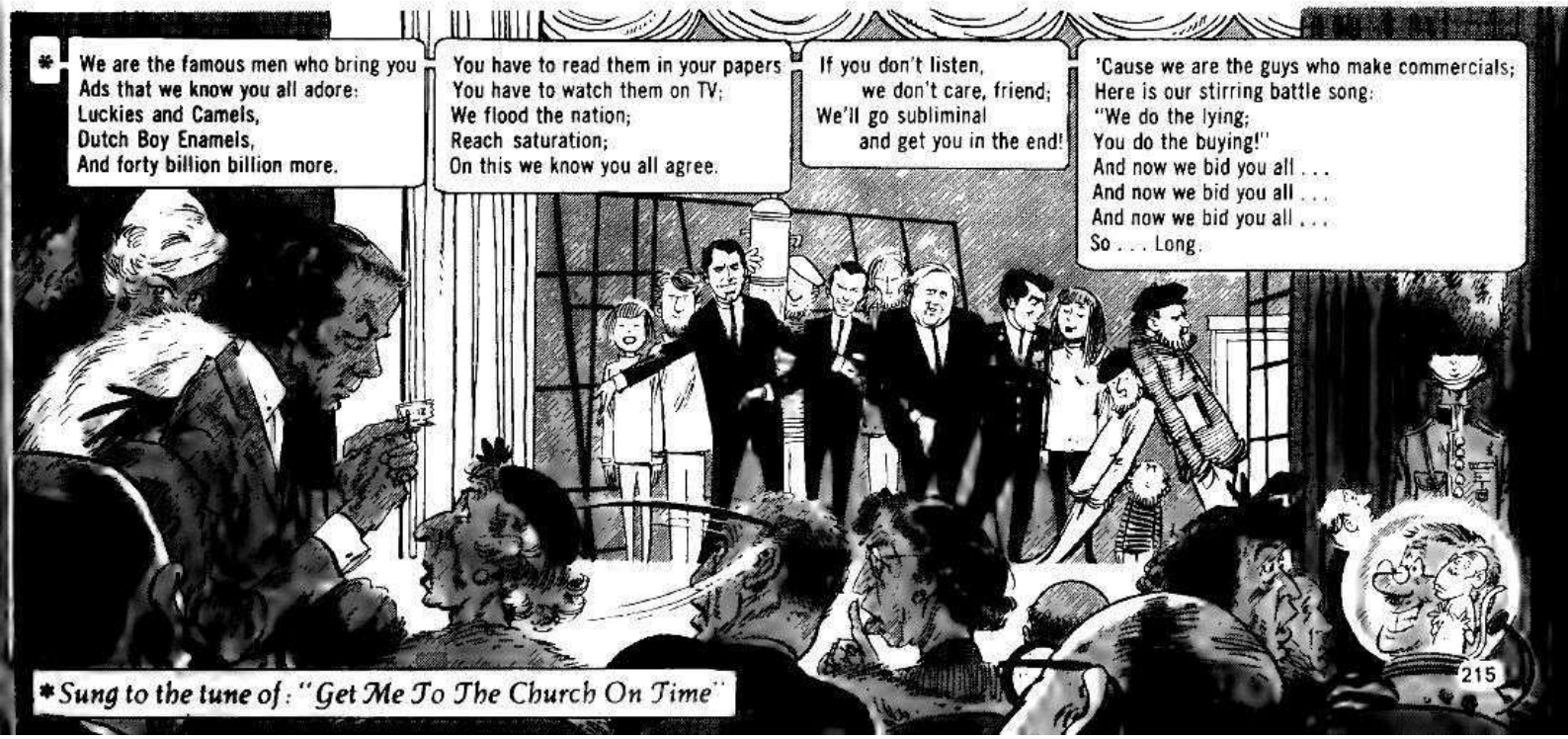
Fresh and clean?
Yes! Not in the physical sense, perhaps, but his mind was fresh and clean, free of the falseness of our world. And we threw him into it . . . chin deep!


Good morning, Henry, Charles! If you have a moment, I'd like to discuss our little experiment!
Don't bother, Mallion! We understand completely! I want you to know that I'm sorry I got you mixed up in this madness . . . and that I'll start making it up to you immediately by calling a publisher friend of mine. Your novel will be printed, and you'll be free to return to your old life as soon as you wish!


Return to my old life? Are you fellows out of your minds? Who needs it?
*
I've grown accustomed to this place;
It's clear that I was once a goon;
I've grown accustomed to the boys
Who "con" you with their poise;
The "spot";
The "ad";
Accounts I pad
Are second nature to me now,
Like sipping scotch all afternoon;
You see, I've grown to be dependent
on my clothes from Italy;
The snide remarks and insults
I now make so wittily;
I've grown accustomed
to the life;
Accustomed to the dough;
Accustomed to this place.
MADISON AVE
DON'T WALK RUN!
PAY NOW WORRY LATER
*Sung to the tune of: "I've Grown Accustomed To Her Face"

Hear that, Pickerwick? And you said "it couldn't be done"!
You surprise me, Mallion! But what about your manuscript?
Burn it!


Then, I guess this musical is just about over!
Not quite! We've still got our reprise!
That's right! Shall we! A—one . . . A—two . . .

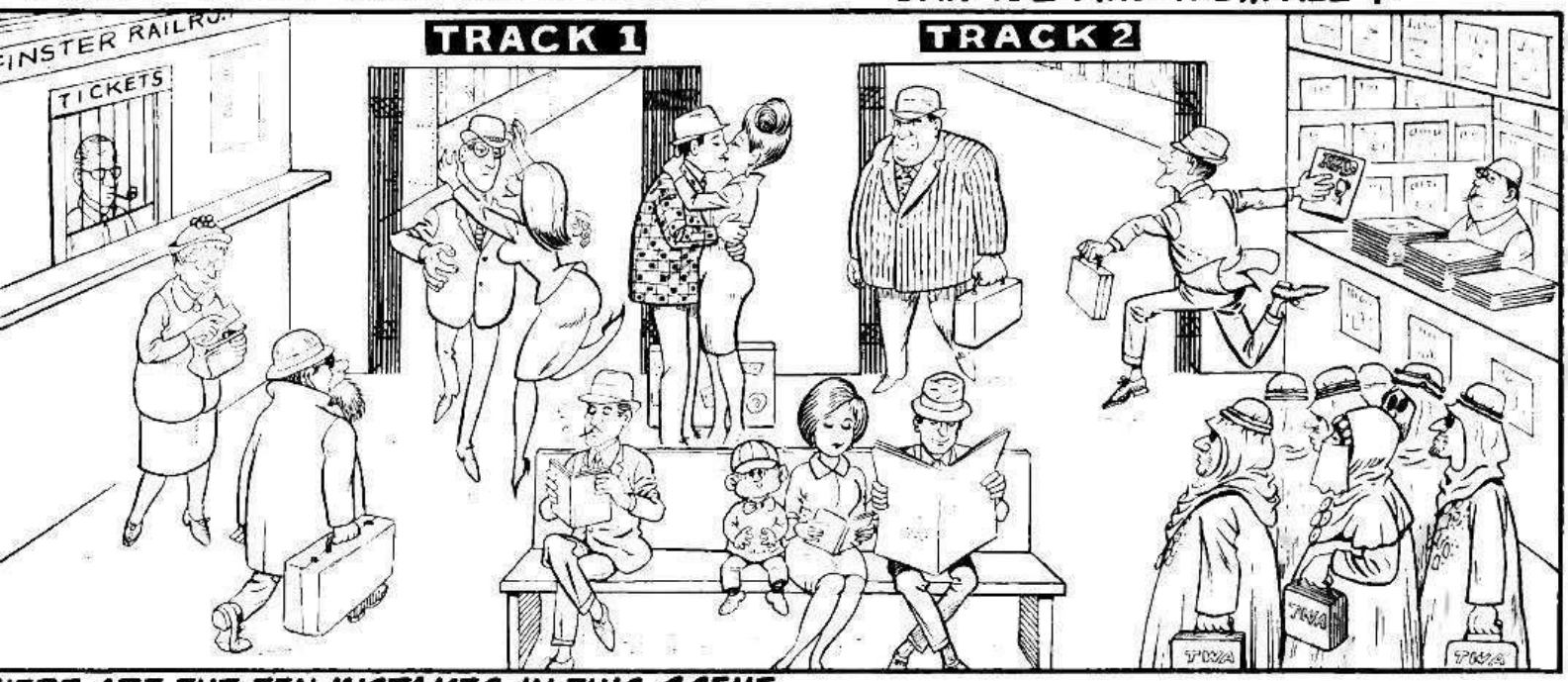

*
We are the famous men who bring you
Ads that we know you all adore:
Luckies and Camels,
Dutch Boy Enamels,
And forty billion billion more.
You have to read them in your papers
You have to watch them on TV;
We flood the nation;
Reach saturation;
On this we know you all agree.
If you don't listen,
we don't care, friend;
We'll go subliminal
and get you in the end!
'Cause we are the guys who make commercials;
Here is our stirring battle song:
"We do the lying;
You do the buying!"
And now we bid you all . . .
And now we bid you all . . .
And now we bid you all . . .
So . . . Long.
*Sung to the tune of: "Get Me To The Church On Time"

LAME-BRAIN GAMES DEPT.

MAD'S PUZZLE

FIND THE MISTAKES

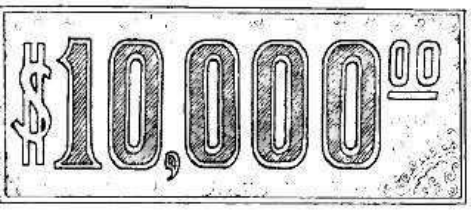
THERE ARE TEN MISTAKES IN THIS SCENE. CAN YOU FIND THEM ALL ?



HERE ARE THE TEN MISTAKES IN THIS SCENE:

1. TICKET SELLER GAVE LADY A TICKET TO TORONTO. SHE ASKED FOR ONE TO MIAMI.
2. TRAIN ON TRACK 2 SHOULD HAVE COME IN ON TRACK 17, LOWER LEVEL.
3. MAN IN CHECKED COAT IS KISSING WIFE OF MAN IN STRIPED COAT "GOODBYE"-- UNAWARE THAT HER HUSBAND HAS ARRIVED UNEXPECTEDLY ON TRACK 2.
4. INTELLIGENT MAN, HURRYING TO CATCH TRAIN ON TRACK 1, HAS ACCIDENTALLY PICKED UP COPY OF "MAD" INSTEAD OF "THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE".
5. BEARDED MAN IS A FLEEING EMBEZZLER WHO HAS GRABBED THE WRONG SUITCASE. THIS ONE CONTAINS ONLY BLANKETS AND MOTHBALLS. THE ONE WITH THE MONEY IS STILL AT HOME.
6. LADY RUSHING TO EMBRACE HER HUSBAND IS SHOUTING, "WONDERFUL TO HAVE YOU HOME AGAIN, IRVING DARLING!" ONLY TROUBLE IS, HIS NAME IS PAUL.
7. MAN ON BENCH IS HALF-WAY THROUGH A FRENCH NOVEL. HE DOES NOT KNOW A SINGLE WORD OF FRENCH.
8. FAMILY ON BENCH IS LOOKING FORWARD TO HAPPY, CAREFREE VACATION. THEY CAN FORGET IT. THE KID HAS EATEN THE TRAIN TICKETS.
9. GROUP OF EAST KHURDIAN TOURISTS THINK THIS IS KENNEDY AIRPORT, AND ARE GOING TO MISS THEIR PLANE. THE NEXT ONE DOESN'T LEAVE FOR THREE MONTHS.
10. BIGGEST MISTAKE OF ALL, MAINLY THAT YOU TRIED TO SPOT THE OTHER NINE.

WIN

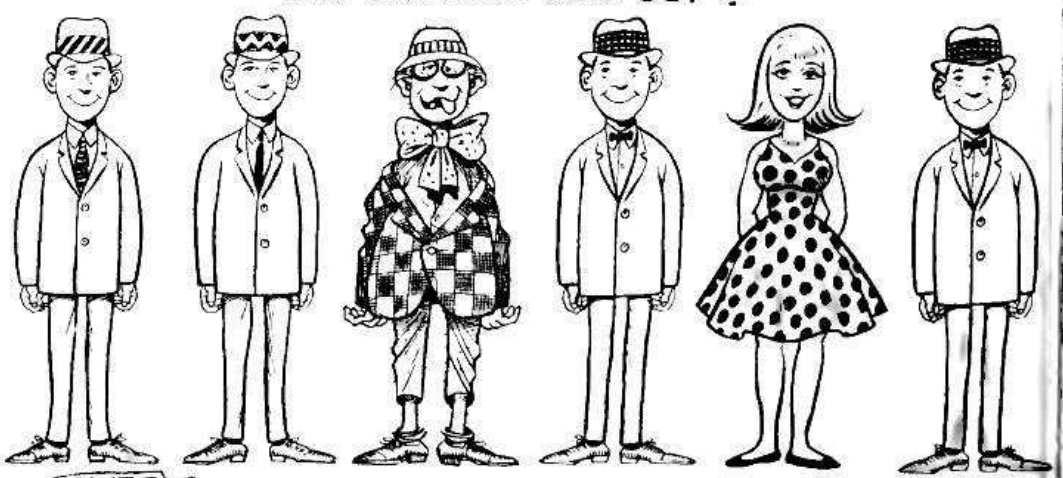


MERELY FILL IN THE FINAL RHYMING WORD TO THIS POEM:

The sun shines brightly,
And the birds sing [illegible];
The stars shine nightly,
And the world is_____.

MATCH THE TWINS

TWO OF THE SIX PEOPLE PICTURED HERE ARE TWINS. CAN YOU PICK THEM OUT ?



ANSWER: THE BOY IN THE CHECKED COAT AND GIRL IN THE POLKA DOT DRESS ARE TWINS. THE OTHER FOUR ARE QUADRUPLETS.

PAGE 4

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

HERE WE GO AGAIN WITH THIS CHALLENGING FEATURE ESPECIALLY DESIGNED FOR THE TYPICAL *MAD* READER -- THAT BRILLIANT AND INTELLIGENT, BUT BASICALLY LAZY SLOB-- WHO'LL FIND THESE PUZZLES ABOUT AS EASY AS LOUNGING AROUND WATCHING TV ALL DAY.

PUZZLES RIDDLES BRAIN-TWISTERS REBUSES POSERS CROSSWORDS INANITIES AND OTHER TIMEWASTERS

CAN YOU CUT OUT THESE PIECES AND PUT THEM TOGETHER TO FORM A PERFECT SQUARE?

ANSWER:

IF YOU HAVE CORRECTLY ASSEMBLED THE PIECES, YOU SHOULD HAVE A PORTRAIT OF ALLEN LUDDEN. HE IS ABOUT THE MOST PERFECT SQUARE WE KNOW!

WHAT IS IT?

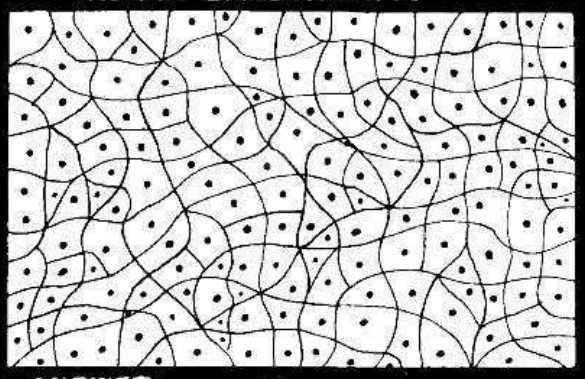
IT IS SOMETHING YOU SELDOM SEE WITH YOUR NAKED EYE, BUT IT IS ALL AROUND JUST THE SAME. YOU FIND IT IN POLICE STATIONS AND BANKS. IT IS ALSO IN RESTAURANTS AND HOMES. IT IS EVEN ON FURNITURE, BOOKS AND FOOD. IT IS ON *EVERYTHING*! CAN YOU TELL WHAT IT IS?

ANSWER:

IF YOU ANSWERED: "BLATTIDAE ORTHOPTERA", YOU WERE CORRECT. NO, THAT'S NOT LATIN FOR "FINGERPRINT." IT'S LATIN FOR "COCKROACH"-- WHICH IS WHAT'S SQUASHED UNDER THE FINGERPRINT.

TRAVEL TRICK

BLACK IN EVERY SPACE WITH A DOT, AND YOU WILL VISIT A VERY FAMOUS INDIAN LANDMARK.

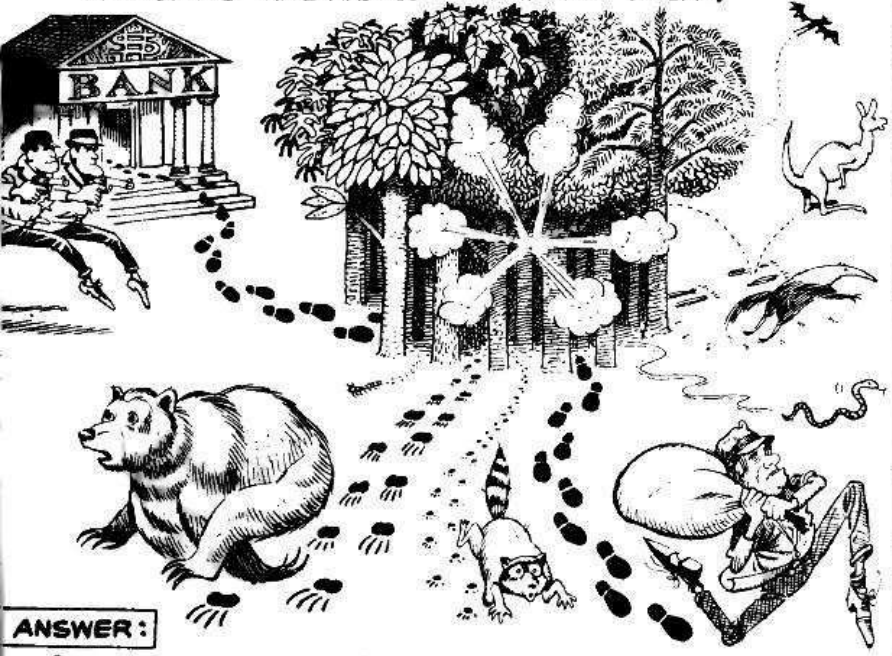


ANSWER:

"THE BLACK HOLE OF CALCUTTA"

DETECTIVE GAME

THE BANK HAS BEEN ROBBED OF $500,000 AND THE CROOK HAS ESCAPED INTO THE WOODS. CAN YOU HELP THE DETECTIVES PICK UP HIS TRAIL AND GET THE MONEY BACK?



ANSWER:

IF YOU FOLLOWED THE BEAR, YOU ARE ON THE RIGHT TRACK. THE CROOK AND THE $600,000 WAS THE FIRST MEAL THE BEAR HAD EATEN IN WEEKS. (IF YOU FOLLOWED THE MAN WITH THE SACK, YOU ARE MERELY TRAILING A POOR BUM WHO WAS SLEEPING IN THE WOODS WHEN ALL THE COMMOTION STARTED.)

SECRET MESSAGE

CAREFULLY RUB GENUINE WHALE OIL INTO THE BLANK SPACE BELOW AND A SECRET MESSAGE WILL MAGICALLY APPEAR. REMEMBER, ONLY GENUINE WHALE OIL WILL BRING OUT THE MESSAGE. IF YOU DON'T HAPPEN TO HAVE ANY GENUINE WHALE OIL AROUND THE HOUSE, SEND $25.00 TO THIS MAGAZINE, AND WE'LL SEE THAT YOU GET ALL THE WHALE OIL YOU NEED TO DO THE TRICK. GOLLY! AREN'T YOU JUST DYING TO KNOW WHAT THE MESSAGE SAYS?

Jaffee

Scenes We'd Like to See

The Launching

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

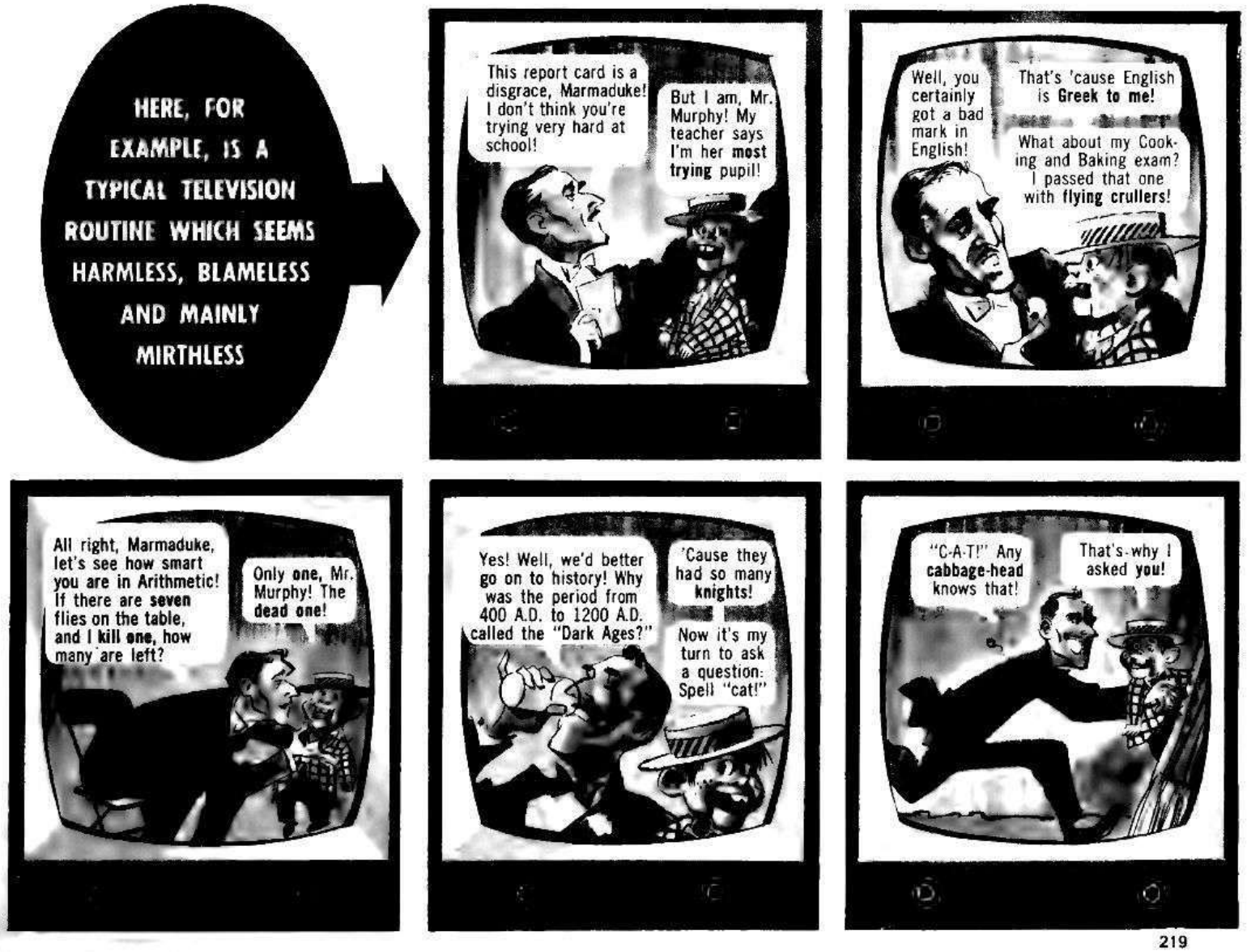
CRANKS A-MILLION DEPT.

When we were kids, we learned a simple and rather succinct phrase which pretty well summed up what Democracy was all about—mainly "The Majority Wins!" Unfortunately, the television industry doesn't seem to believe in this. Rather, they insist upon remaining at the mercy of so-called "Public Opinion" in the form of a few crank letters. Instead of fighting back, the networks prefer a more civilized way out, called "total surrender." To show how this sorry situation works out, we've prepared this behind-the-scenes study which demonstrates the power of the relative minority who write...

PROTEST LETTERS

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

WRITER: SY REIT


HERE, FOR EXAMPLE, IS A TYPICAL TELEVISION ROUTINE WHICH SEEMS HARMLESS, BLAMELESS AND MAINLY MIRTHLESS
This report card is a disgrace, Marmaduke! I don't think you're trying very hard at school!
But I am, Mr. Murphy! My teacher says I'm her **most trying** pupil!
Well, you certainly got a bad mark in English!
That's 'cause English is **Greek to me!**
What about my Cooking and Baking exam? I passed that one with **flying crullers!**
All right, Marmaduke, let's see how smart you are in Arithmetic! If there are **seven** flies on the table, and I **kill one**, how many are left?
Only **one**, Mr. Murphy! The **dead one!**
Yes! Well, we'd better go on to history! Why was the period from 400 A.D. to 1200 A.D. called the "Dark Ages?"
'Cause they had so many **knights!**
Now it's my turn to ask a question: Spell "cat!"
"C-A-T!" Any **cabbage-head** knows that!
That's why I asked **you!**

AND HERE ARE A FEW OF THE HUNDREDS OF LETTERS OF PROTEST THAT CAME IN THE NEXT DAY

Dear Sirs,
I found your use of the name Marmaduke for the little boy in last nights show extremely offensive. I don't think there's anything funny about the name and I resent the implication that people with this name are usually stupid, or dummies or something like that. Why dont you use a name like Stanley or Horace or Melvin. Those are funny names!
yours truly,
Marmaduke Sternwallow III

Gentlemen,
As recording secretary of our local PTA, I must say I was shocked at the way you ridiculed education on last nights show! A poor report card is no laughing matter! How can we instill respect for learning in our children when they are exposed to shows like yours, lampooning our educational system?
—Angry Mother

Gentlemen-
Last night you showed Marmaduke wearing a straw hat, indoors! How can we teach our kids good manners when you set such a bad example for them?
Television is a vital force in todays community. When are you people going to wake up to your responsibilities?
—Despairing Father

Fearless, Inc.
COVERS THE COUNTRY

May 25th, 1959

Gentlemen:
Last night you showed Marmaduke wearing a straw hat. Don't you realize that this sort of thing can ruin the felt hat industry?
Television is a vital force in today's community. When are you people going to wake up to your responsibilities?
Cordially,

President,
Fearless Felt Hat M'f'g Co.

GREEK CONSULATE
Washington, D.C.

Dear Ιδιαιτέρως:
'Εφημερίδες τῆς Δυτικῆς Εὐρωπῆς υπογραμμιξουν σήμερον, ὁτι ἡ Σοβιετικὴ εκδοχὴ τῆς ἐν Μόσχα λογομαχίας "—English is Greek to me!" μεταεύ τοῦ Αντιπροέδρου τῶν morons! 'Ηνωμένων Πολιτειῶν καὶ του πρωθυπυρ dumbkopfs! Δὲν να διστασω να επαναρχίσω του αγῶνα big low-suit!
Sincerely yours,

Consul General

Dere MARMADUKE AND MR MURPHY—
YOUR SHOW STINKS. OKAY MAYBE FOR A THREE OR FOUR YEAR OLD BUT NOT FOR BIG KIDS LIKE ME IM FIVE
SINSERELY YOURS
JIMMY AXOLOTL

May 25, 1959

Sirs-
Im getting sick and tired of the way you people always make cats the butt of your jokes. Why did the man have to spell CAT? why not DOG or CHIPMUNK or AARDVAARK?
Speaking for thousands of cat lovers, this sort of treatment must stop! I am throwing away my TV set.
disgustedly—
Elvira Tuttle

Gentlemen

Despite the fact that we work long hours, and are extremely underpaid, teachers here in America are still maligned and insulted at every turn.

Your show last night gave the impression that all we do, is joke and fool around with our pupils.

You would have done better to show how difficult our job is, trying to teach children in overcrowded classrooms with limited facilities.

The future of America lies with our young people, and the future of our young people lies with their teachers.

Our responsibilities are great! and so are yours! Lets have no more of this!

Indignant Teacher

May 25, [illegible]

Dear [illegible]

I am a teen-ager. I think your show was a deliberate slap at teen-agers. Why does everyone pick on teen agers? like that stuff about school and report cards, and stuff. Whats funny about school and report cards?

You probably hate rock and roll too! And Fabian. Everybody is against us teen agers!

Wait till we take over!

-M.B.

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

RS:ek

DL -- 5-25-59 -- 10 PM

STRONGLY PROTEST BARBARIC MIS-USE OF PAST PARTICIPLE AND SUBJUNCTIVE CLAUSE IN LAST NIGHT'S SHOW (EXCLAMATION POINT) HAVE YOU PEOPLE NO SENSE OF SHAME (QUESTION MARK)

SIGNED: J.J. WATKINS, PRES.
ENGLISH LANGUAGE SOCIETY

What have you guys got against the Cooks and Bakers Union, anyway? What are you - a bunch of anti-labor smart alecs? pack up membership Local [illegible]

AMERICAN SOCIETY FOR THE
PREVENTION OF CRUELTY TO ANIMALS

May 25th, 1959

Dear Sirs:-

On behalf of our membership, I hereby protest your reference in last night's television program to the killing of flies. How long, sirs, must this wanton disregard for insect life continue? Will the senseless slaughter never cease? The fly, I admit, is not without its faults--but let us try to remember that it is still one of Nature's creatures. If more of us tried to see things from the fly's point of view, what a happier, kindlier place our world would be. This applies to the entire genus "Diptera," including gnats, fleas and mosquitos.

Respectfully,
RODNEY MUDGE
Secretary

S.P.H.A.

Society for the Preservation of Historic Accuracy

May 25th, 1959

Dear Sirs:-

Contrary to the statement on your television program, the Dark Ages did not extend from 400 A.D. to 1200 A.D. Scholars generally agree that the Dark (or Middle) Ages may be said to commence with the fall of the Western Roman Empire, in 476, and terminate with the discovery of America by Columbus in 1492. No doubt you will be anxious to correct this grievous error immediately.

We suggest a complete and frank statement by the President of your Company, to be made on a combined international, multi-channel network. Hoping we will not be compelled to take further steps, I am,

Sincerely,

J. Finchley Doob
Associate Director

Gentlemen,

Things have come to a shocking state in this great big grand and glorious country of ours when television comedians stoop so low as to make fun of our great big grand and glorious flag.

I am referring to last night's show in which your ventriloquist called it flying colors "flying critters"! Have you checked this commies past affiliations? -Proud American

Protective Association
National Cabbage Growers

Dear Sirs: 25 May, 1959

The use of the phrase "cabbage-head" is an uncalled-for slur. For your information, the cabbage has served long and well in building healthy bodies and helping to keep our nation strong. It is regretable that you must look for so-called "laughs" at the expense of an innocent and harmless vegetable. Our organization feels that a retraction is in order.

Very truly yours,

Gertrude Vetch,
Director

gv:svr

Gentlemen—

The dummy on your TV show looks exactly like my daughter, Henrietta Unless you apologize publicly I will turn this matter over to my lawyers.

sincerely,
Albert Furd

SO, AFTER A WHILE, WHEN THE SHOW WAS DUE FOR A RE-RUN, THE NETWORK DECIDED TO PLAY IT SAFE

THEY CUT OUT EVERYTHING THEY KNEW TO BE OF A CONTROVERSIAL NATURE, AND RAN WHAT THEY HAD LEFT

AND IT WORKED FINE, BECAUSE ONLY ONE LETTER OF PROTEST TURNED UP THE FOLLOWING DAY

NBC
30 Rockefeller Plaza
New York 20, N. Y.

August 24, 1959

Dear Murphy and Marmaduke:-

As per our option clause (Para. 71, Lines 181-3), your contract with this network is hereby cancelled.

The Trendex rating on last night's show was terrible. It is obvious that your popularity has waned. Something seemed to be lacking in your performance. You just weren't your "old selves" on last night's show. Therefore, we feel that the only solution is to drop your program.

Sincerely yours,

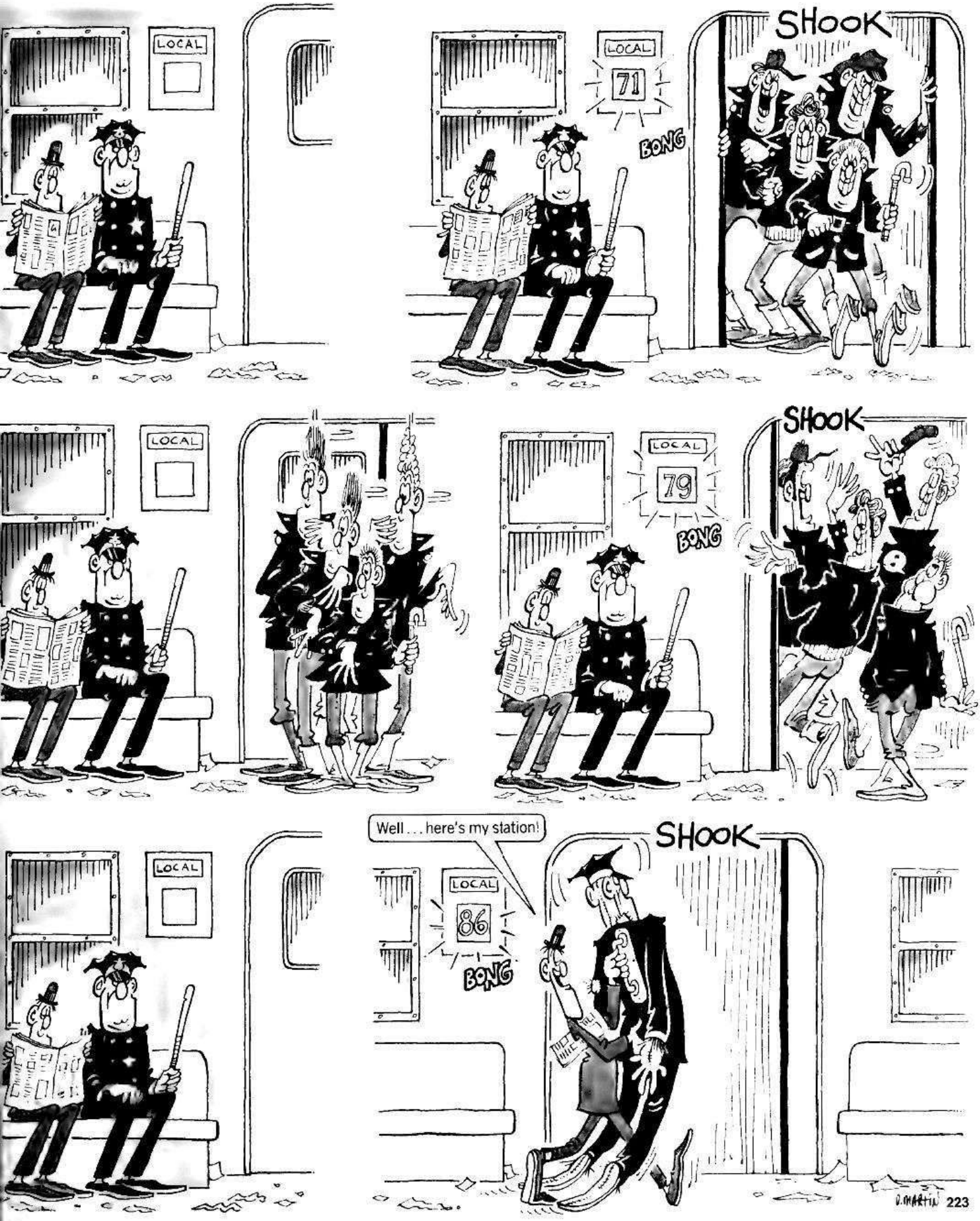
Robert Sarnoff
President

Murph, I dont know what to say. I simply cant understand what happened. Certainly its no fault of ours here at the network. All I can say is, oh well—thats show biz!

Bob

DON MARTIN DEPT. PART IX

ON THE SUBWAY



WHAT MORTALS THESE FOOLS BE DEPT.

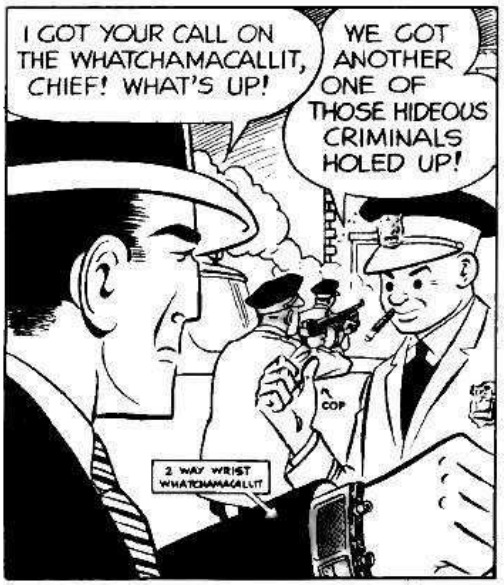
The characters in the comic strips do things that their real-life counterparts can only dream of doing. That's why we enjoy them so much. Through them, we can escape into a far more exciting and interesting world than the mundane one we live in. So even though they act completely unbelievable, we accept comic characters as if they were real living people. Which is why we feel it'd be such a shock . . .

IF COMIC STRIP CHARACTERS BEHAVED LIKE ORDINARY PEOPLE

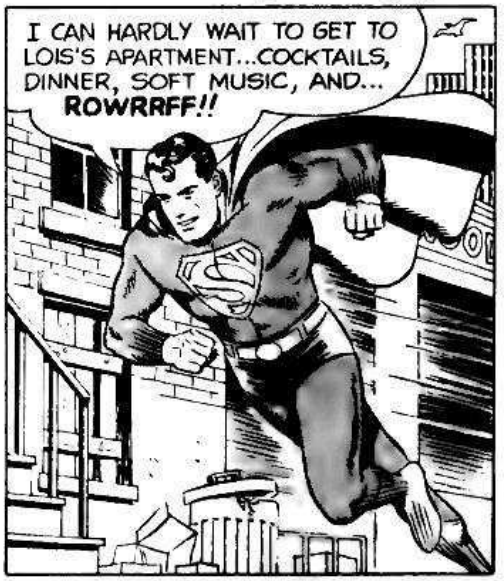
ARTIST: WALLACE WOOD WRITER: AL JAFFEE

If PEANUTS
behaved like real-life children

If DICK TRACY
behaved like an ordinary cop


I GOT YOUR CALL ON THE WHATCHAMACALLIT, CHIEF! WHAT'S UP!
WE GOT ANOTHER ONE OF THOSE HIDEOUS CRIMINALS HOLED UP!
COP
2 WAY WRIST WHATCHAMACALLIT

If SUPERMAN
behaved like any normal guy



I WAS SICK YESTERDAY!
MY MOMMY'S GONNA BUY ME A DOLL HOUSE IF I REMEMBER TO ALWAYS WIPE MY NOSE!

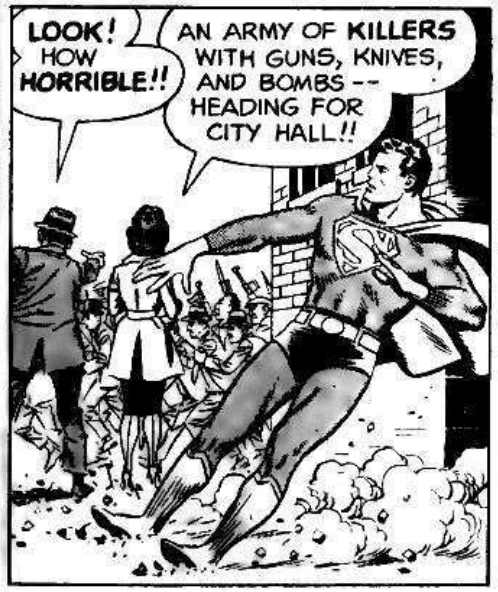
I GOT A HOLE IN MY KNEE!
SO WHAT! I'M ALMOST 5 YEARS OLD!
SLURP SLURP SLURP

Y'KNOW WHAT I'D LIKE! I'D LIKE A GREEN SKY!!
GUESS WHAT I'M GONNA GET FOR MY BIRTHDAY!?!
SLURP
SCHLITZ

I WANT YOU TO GO IN THERE AND GET HIM OUT, TRACY!
WHY ME? WHY IS IT ALWAYS ME? AM I THE ONLY GUY ON THE FORCE? WHY CAN'T MAGGIO OR COHEN OR KELLY DO SOME OF THIS DISTASTEFUL STUFF ONCE IN A WHILE?
CHIEF

CAUTIOUSLY, TRACY ENTERS...
N-NO FUNNY S-S-TUFF, NOW! TURN AROUND S-SLOWLY AND K-KEEP TH-THOSE...
YECHHHH!

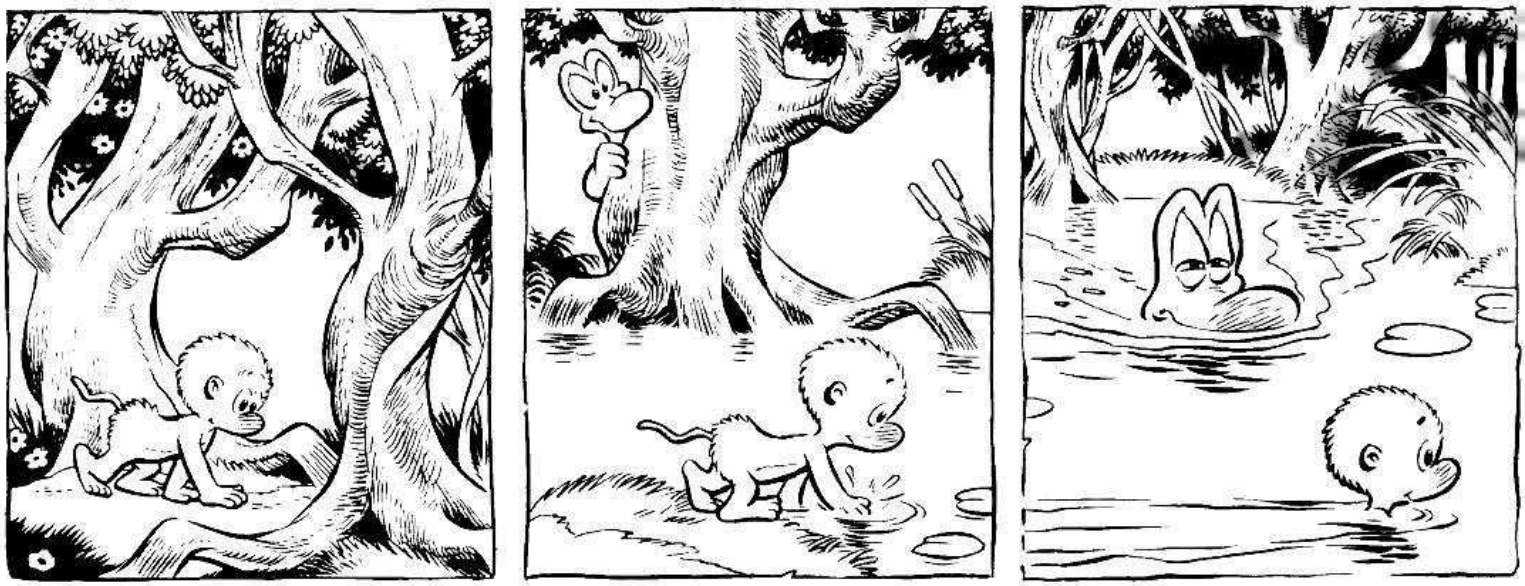
MUCOUS-FACE GOT AWAY WHILE TRACY WAS HEAVING, CHIEF!
#@!!*&?!!
URP-BREGHH!
LESTER GOLDBRICK


LOOK! HOW HORRIBLE!!
AN ARMY OF KILLERS WITH GUNS, KNIVES, AND BOMBS -- HEADING FOR CITY HALL!!

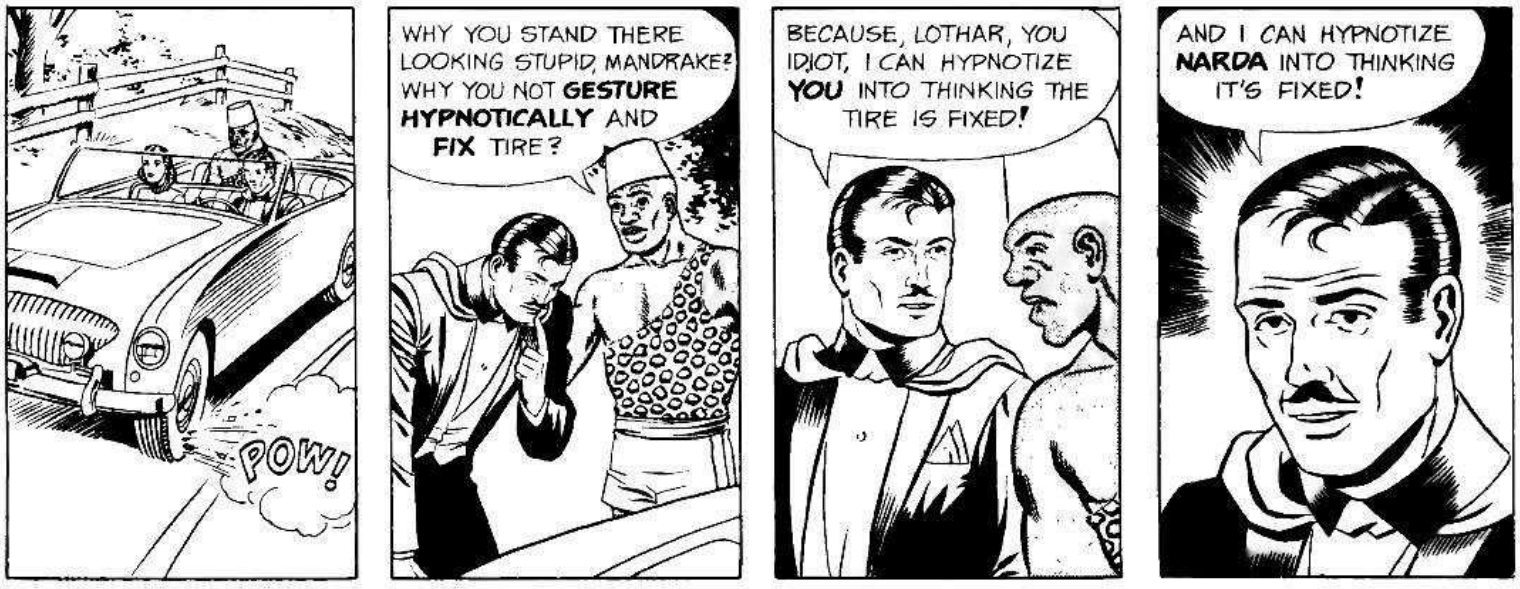
THIS IS A JOB FOR...
TELEPHONE

..SUPERMAN!
NOT TONIGHT IT AIN'T! I GOT A HEAVY DATE!!
TELEPHONE

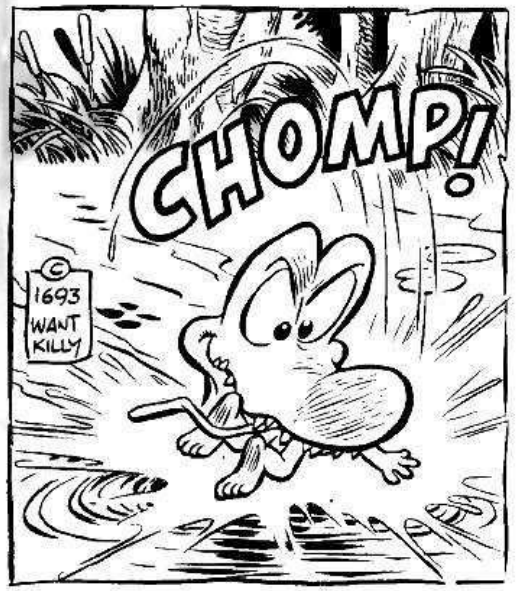
If POGO characters behaved like real animals



If MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN had true-to-life talents


POW!
WHY YOU STAND THERE LOOKING STUPID, MANDRAKE? WHY YOU NOT **GESTURE HYPNOTICALLY** AND **FIX** TIRE?
BECAUSE, LOTHAR, YOU IDIOT, I CAN HYPNOTIZE **YOU** INTO THINKING THE TIRE IS FIXED!
AND I CAN HYPNOTIZE **NARDA** INTO THINKING IT'S FIXED!

If B.C. characters acted like real cavemen

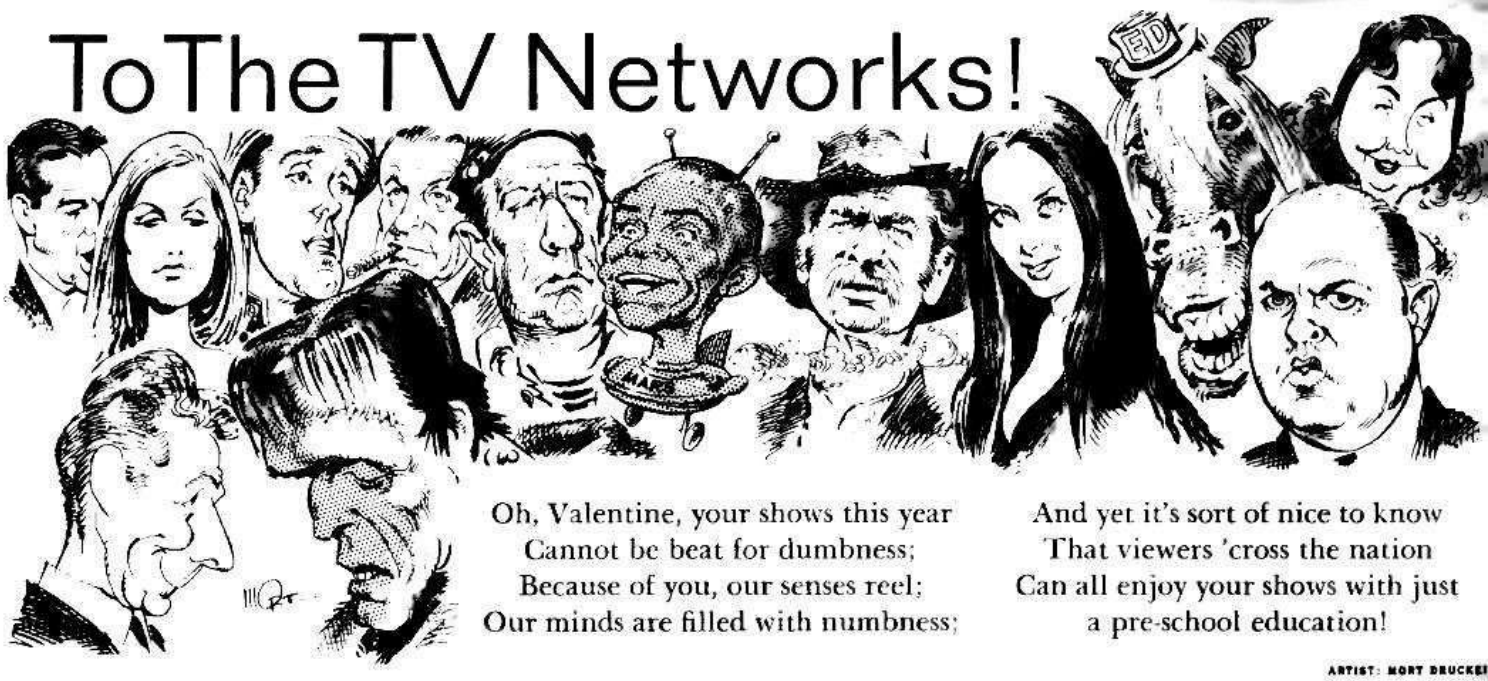


If BRINGING UP FATHER was about a real couple

If DENNIS THE MENACE had parents with normal patience

Enough is enough!!

To The TV Networks!

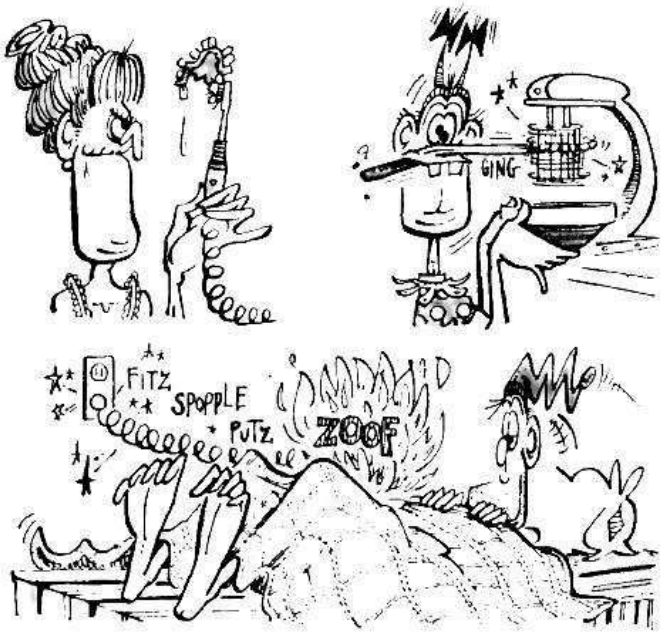


Oh, Valentine, your shows this year
Cannot be beat for dumbness;
Because of you, our senses reel;
Our minds are filled with numbness;

And yet it's sort of nice to know
That viewers 'cross the nation
Can all enjoy your shows with just
a pre-school education!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER

To The Makers of Electrical Appliances



Dear Valentine!

Your new electric toothbrush just
Destroyed Ma's upper plate;
Your new electric blanket just
Ignited Uncle Nate;
Your new electric mixer won't
Let go of little Sue;
Each day we're finding brand-new things
Appliances can do!

ARTIST: DON MARTIN

CUPIDITY (look it up!) DEPT.

Valentine's Day is a time to show feelings of love and affection. And who is more worthy of receiving our love than the folks who receive all of our money . . . namely American Industry So, with this heartfelt sentiment to guide us, let us now demonstrate our affection with . . .

To The Designers of Women's Fashions:

Dear Valentine!

Your dresses hang like burlap sacks,
Your coats are a disgrace,
Your hats might well have been designed
For use in outer space;
Before you make up next year's styles
To sell your faithful harem—
Please have some pity on us guys
Who have to watch girls wear 'em!

ARTIST: JACK RICKARD

To The Bell Telephone System:

We once adored you, Valentine,
But now you've made us sore--
With numbers like six-one-five-nine-
Four-two-eight-six-three-four;
We feel that we've been led astray,
You've treated us so sloppily;
But that's the price we have to pay
When using a monopoly!

ARTIST: PAUL COKER JNR.

To The Makers Of Headache Remedies:

Whenever we have headache ills,
We try to end our sufferin'
With aspirin and other pills
Like Anacin and Bufferin;
But, Valentine, we must endure
The pains, because you see—
We get the headaches
watching your
Commercials on TV!

ARTIST: BOB CLARKE

MAD's Valentines to American Industry

WRITER: FRANK JACOBS

To The Automobile Companies:

You give your cars real fancy names
Like Tempest, Riviera;

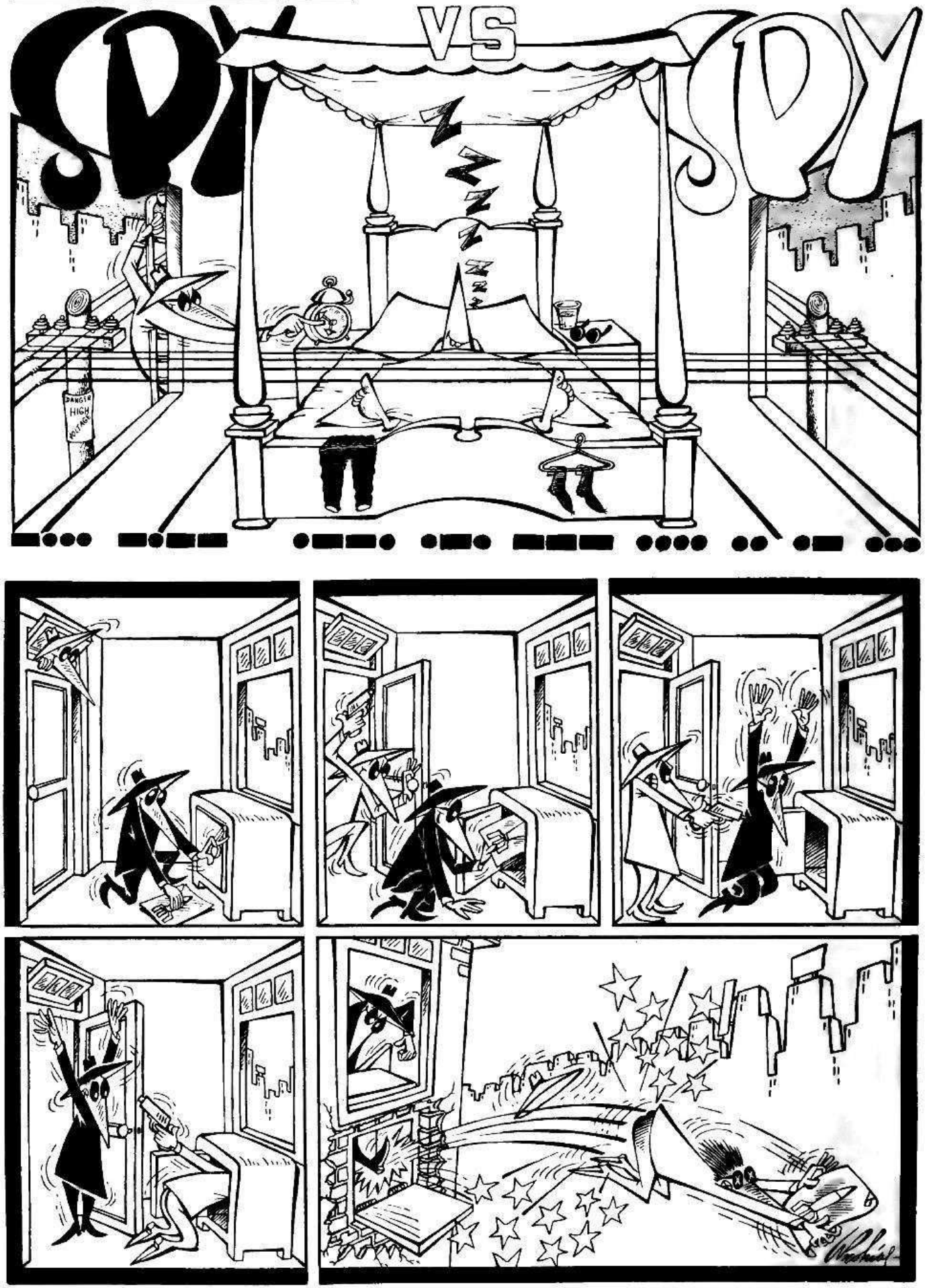
Like Comet, Skylark, Galaxie,
LeSabre and Polara;

Your names are helpful, Valentine,
Because each year we're learning—

The fancier a car is named,
The more gas it is burning!

ARTIST: GEORGE WOODBRIDGE

JOKE AND DAGGER DEPT. PART IV



Over the past few years, the big national magazines have been battling each other to death in an effort to increase their readerships. But do they go about getting people to subscribe and then remain subscribers by improving the *quality* of their editorial content? Of course not! That's as bad as ever! What they do is: improve the quality of the *mail* they send out. Mainly the mail that begs people to subscribe, and pleads with subscribers to renew subscriptions. And, of course, those fantastic discounts they offer help. Anyway, get ready now as M A D investigates . . .

The Great Magazine Circulation Drive

ARTIST: JOE ORLANDO

WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL

A plain, average clod decides to try a subscription to "LIKE" . . . so he gets this letter from the publication:

LIKE

"The publication that likes people who like to subscribe to it"

SUBSCRIPTION RECEIVING DEPT.
444 AVENUE OF THE LEECHES
NEW YORK 98, NEW YORK

Mr. Murray Abisch
1213 Snorkel Avenue
Jersey City, N. J.

Dear Mr. Abisch:
Congratulations, and welcome aboard. We have just received your order for a three year subscription to LIKE Magazine. We are delighted to inform you that for the next three years--or 156 weeks--you will be receiving LIKE for the equivalent of 9¢ an issue...which is a savings of 16¢ per copy over our regular newsstand price.

Thank you once again for your subscription order.

Cordially,
Wently Wescott

Wently Wescott
Price Cutting Editor
for LIKE

Mr. Abisch is grateful for the "Thank You" note . . . until the next day, when he gets another letter from "LIKE" . . .

LIKE

"The publication that likes people who like to subscribe to it"

SUBSCRIPTION FOLLOW-UP DEPT.
444 AVENUE OF THE LEECHES
NEW YORK 98, NEW YORK

Mr. Murray Abisch
1213 Snorkel Avenue
Jersey City, N. J.

Dear Mr. Abisch:

Mr. Wently Wescott, our Price Cutting Editor, has informed me that he received your three-year subscription order for LIKE yesterday. This entitles you to receive LIKE for the next 156 weeks for th equivalent of 9¢ an issue, which is a savings of 16¢ per copy over our regular newsstand price.

Congratulations, and welcome aboard.

Now I would like to remind you that as of 10:36 this morning, your subscription has just 155 weeks and 6 days to run. Naturally, we would hate to see you allow your subscription to expire. So, since you have been with us for so many hours already, we would like to offer you our special "old friends" rate of not 9¢... but 8¢ an issue...if you subscribe now for another three years.

Thank you for taking care of your renewal order immediately.

Sincerely,
Prescott Crestley

Prescott Crestley
Price Cutting Editor Cutter
for LIKE

Mr. Abisch keeps getting similar letters once a week for the next seven months, after which "LIKE" sends him this:

LIKE

"The publication that likes people who like to subscribe to it, but which is like wondering about YOU!

Subscription Promotion Dept. 444 Avenue of the Leeches N.Y. 98, N.Y.

What is LIKE?

LIKE is people . . . LIKE is dogs . . . LIKE is travel . . . LIKE is standing still . . . LIKE is gum under your movie seat . . . LIKE is gelatin inside a jar of gefilte fish!

LIKE is an experience, a joy, a wish, a dream, an itch, a rabbit punch!

LIKE is cash . . . LIKE is food . . . LIKE is a publication!

LIKE is money . . . LIKE is grub . . . LIKE is a magazine!

What is LIKE? . . . LIKE is a money-grubbing magazine!

Dear Mr. Abisch:

We hope you got the hint offered by this little promotion piece. Since we haven't heard from you regarding the renewal of your current subscription, which now has only 123 weeks and 5 days to run, we would like to make you this special "old, old friends" offer:

If you renew now for three more years, we will send you LIKE for not 8¢ . . . but 7¢ an issue. This is a savings for you of 18¢ over our regular newsstand price.

Bently Wentcrest
Subscription Poet
for LIKE

After eleven months and forty-four more promotion pieces, Mr. Abisch receives the following . . . "Special Delivery":

LIKE

"The publication that likes people who like to subscribe to it, but which is like beginning to hate YOUR GUTS!"

PROMOTION GIMMICK DEPT.
444 AVENUE OF THE LEECHES
NEW YORK 98, NEW YORK

Mr. Murray Abisch
1213 Snorkel Avenue
Jersey City, N.J.

Dear Mr. Abisch:

Your three-year subscription to LIKE will be running out in just 71 weeks and 3 days. Since, for some incomprehensible reason, you still haven't renewed your subscription, we have an exciting offer for you.

* *

For THIS week only (and every other week with a Wednesday) we are offering you our "old, old, old friends" rate of not 7¢, but 6¢ a copy . . . a savings of 19¢ over regular newsstand price if you renew now for another three years.

* *

To help induce you to accept this offer, our ever-busy, imaginative Promotion Gimmick Dept., which operates at an annual cost of $3,500,000, encloses the following: a penny, a pencil, a bunch of money-saving subscription stamps, a package of lentil soup, and an autographed picture of Jack La Rue. By using all these items in some clever way, which we have as yet to determine, you will not only be able to re-subscribe, but you can have all kinds of fun while doing so.

We are expecting your renewal order immediately, knowing full well that you are now permanently indebted to us for these gifts, and would not want to be considered an ingrate.

Cordially,
Westley Crestcott
Promotion Gimmick Editor
for
LIKE

Now, in 999,999 cases out of a million, a subscriber is so worn out by this kind of attack that he gives in. But it just so happens that Mr. Abisch is one in a million—He refuses. So now it's time for some rarely-publicized emergency treatment. This letter arrives by messenger:

FROM THE DESK OF:

HENRY R. LURE
Editor-In-Chief
LIKE Magazine

Mr. Murray Abisch
1213 Snorkel Avenue
Jersey City, N. J.

Dear Mr. Abisch:

You are cordially invited to be the house guest of LIKE Magazine's Editor-In-Chief, Henry R. Lure, from February 10 through February 15.

One of Mr. Lure's private chauffeured Cadillacs will call for you tomorrow evening at 8:00 to transport you to The Lure Estate at East Snob, Long Island. Upon arrival, you will have a dinner of pheasant-under-glass and candied ostrich navels, after which you and Mr. Lure will go to a formal moonlight swim in Mr. Lure's private swimming pool—the Long Island Sound.

Cordially,
Breastly Penscott
Breastly Penscott
Secretary to Mr. Lure

P.S. White ties will be worn during formal moonlight swim.

I trust you are comfortable here in my little home, Mr. Abisch. After your meal, why don't you retire to the north wing with a $28 cigar, a glass of $8000-a-bottle after-dinner wine, and a 3 year subscription renewal form to LIKE—at our "old, old, old, old friends" rate of not 4¢, but 3¢ an issue—a savings of 22¢ over our regular newsstand price.
The cigar and the wine sound great Mr. Lure . . . but I don't think I'll re-subscribe to LIKE. I mean, it's a nice magazine, but I'm tired of all those pictures. I'd like to dig my teeth in to some solid reading matter for a change . . . so I'm subscribing to ARMY LAUGHS!

Sixteen months and 64 letters, 126 pennies, 212 pencils, 1,645 money-saving subscription stamps, and 95 pairs of scissers later, Mr. Abisch receives this urgent telegram:

WESTERN UNION
TELEGRAM

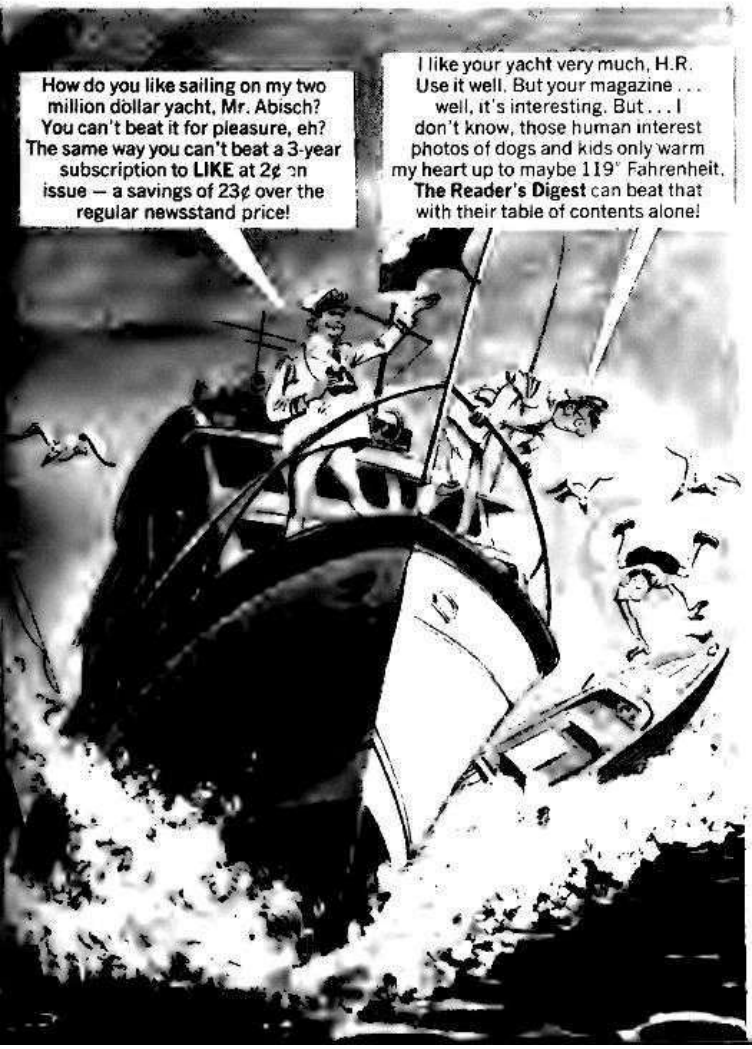
MURRAY ABISCH
1213 SNORKEL AVENUE
JERSEY CITY, NEWJER

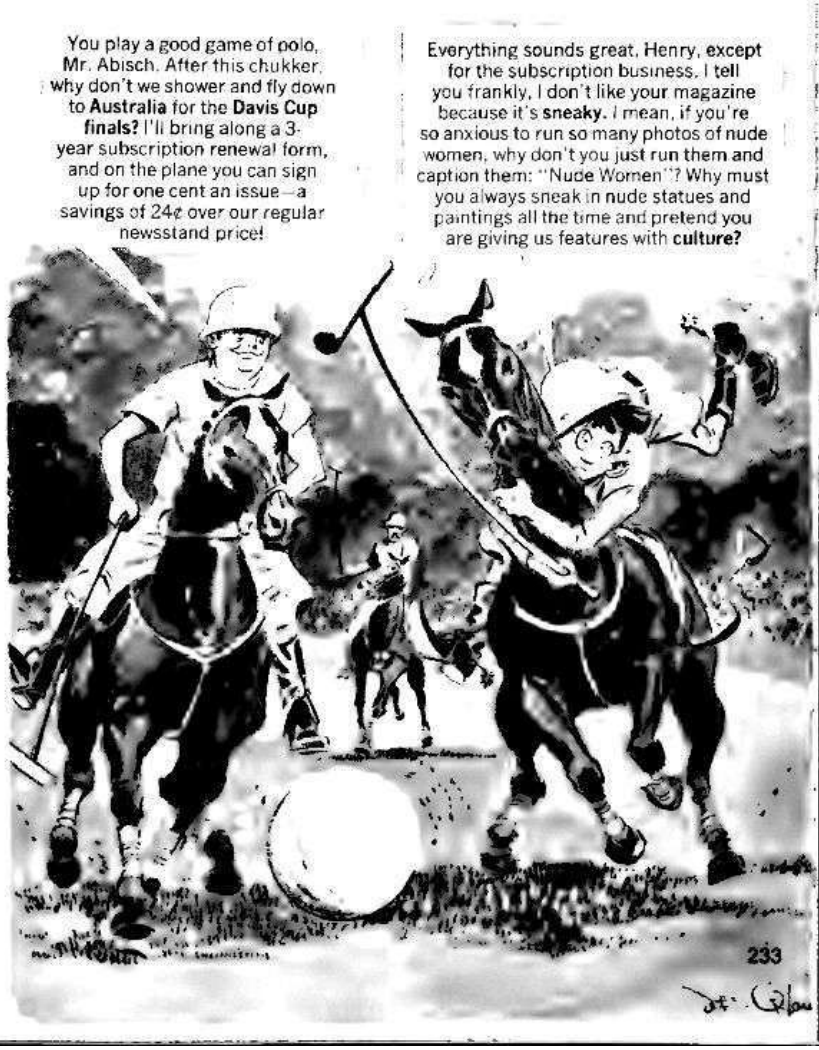
YOUR SUBSCRIPTION EXPIRES IN THREE WEEKS. WAITING IMPATIENTLY FOR RENEWAL. ENTIRE MAGAZINE STAFF OF 13,245 PEOPLE IN 53-STORY "LIKE" BUILDING HAVING TROUBLE CONCENTRATING ON WORK WHILE AWAITING WORD FROM YOU. WHY ARE YOU TORTURING US LIKE THIS? WHAT HAVE WE DONE? WHERE HAVE WE FAILED YOU? PLEASE, PLEASE RENEW. IF YOU DO, WE WILL GIVE YOU SPECIAL "OLD, OLD, OLD, OLD FRIENDS" RATE OF NOT 6¢ . . . BUT 5¢ AN ISSUE . . . A SAVINGS OF 20¢ OVER REGULAR NEWS-STAND PRICE. PLEASE MAIL ORDER AT ONCE, OR DROP IN WITH IT PERSONALLY. IF DOORMAN NOT ON DUTY, KEY TO BUILDING IS UNDER MAT NEAR WATER FOUNTAIN.

SEYMOUR COWZNOFSKY
EDITOR IN CHARGE OF HIRING EDITORS
WITH FANCY ANGLO-SAXON NAMES
FOR L I K E

Two weeks and fourteen telegrams later, Mr. Abisch gets the following telephone call direct from "LIKE" Magazine":

Hello, Mr. Abisch. This is Prestly Bentcott, at **LIKE** Magazine . . . just calling to remind you that your subscription expires next **week**. Incidentally, because we're fond of you . . . not just as a subscriber, but as a warm, decent human being . . . here's what we'll do. We'll let you re-subscribe for another three years at a rate that's even more fantastic than our "old, old, old, old friends" rate. It's our **"NEW friends"** rate of not 5¢ . . . but **4¢ an issue,** which saves you 21¢ over our regular newsstand price. What was that, Mr. Abisch?? Why, of course there's no emergency! Why certainly you can **sleep** on it! Yes, I realize that it's a little tough making decisions at **three o'clock** in the morning!


How do you like sailing on my two million dollar yacht, Mr. Abisch? You can't beat it for pleasure, eh? The same way you can't beat a 3-year subscription to **LIKE** at 2¢ an issue — a savings of 23¢ over the regular newsstand price!
I like your yacht very much, H.R. Use it well. But your magazine . . . well, it's interesting. But . . . I don't know, those human interest photos of dogs and kids only warm my heart up to maybe 119° Fahrenheit. **The Reader's Digest** can beat that with their table of contents alone!


You play a good game of polo, Mr. Abisch. After this chukker, why don't we shower and fly down to **Australia** for the **Davis Cup finals?** I'll bring along a 3-year subscription renewal form, and on the plane you can sign up for one cent an issue—a savings of 24¢ over our regular newsstand price!
Everything sounds great, Henry, except for the subscription business. I tell you frankly, I don't like your magazine because it's **sneaky.** I mean, if you're so anxious to run so many photos of nude women, why don't you just run them and caption them: "Nude Women"? Why must you always sneak in nude statues and paintings all the time and pretend you are giving us features with **culture?**

All right, Abisch! That does it! Your one hour of kissing my daughter is up! Now go inside and wipe that lipstick off your mouth and sign this 3-year subscription renewal form—which gives you LIKE at our special "new enemies" rate of FREE—a savings of 25¢ over our regular newsstand price.
That sounds decent of you, Hen, but I don't think I can afford it. However, my mind might be changed with some further salesmanship, a better offer . . . and mainly more kissing!

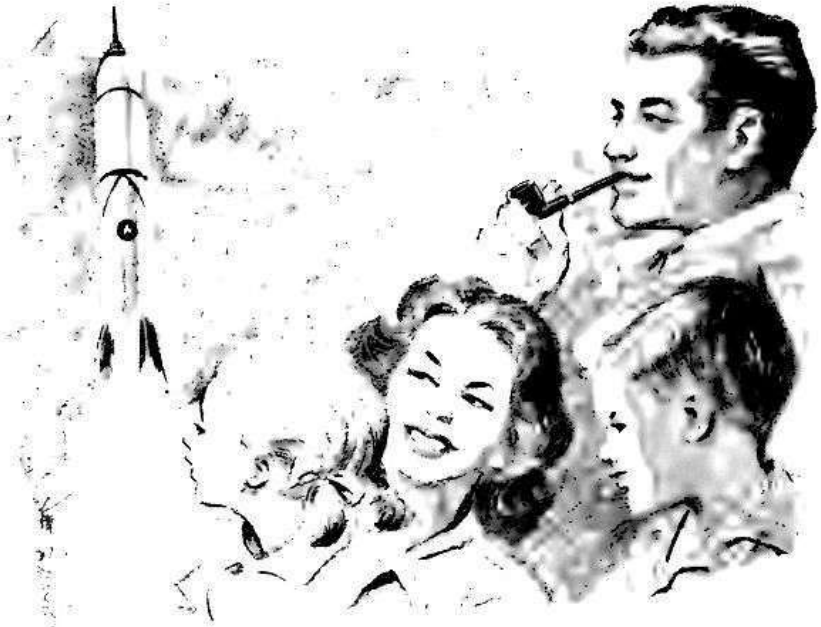
Well, Hank, you finally did it! You wore down my sales resistance. There's my signature! I've just re-subscribed to LIKE Magazine for another three years!
You got yourself a deal, Mr. Abisch! From now on, I'll pay you 50¢ for eac issue of LIKE you accept for the next three years . . . which is a savings of 50¢ an issue for me, since I was will ing to pay you $1.00 an issue all alon to get you to sign up! Now, beat it!

But, you may ask, why do "LIKE" and other big publications go to so much trouble to keep building their circulations? And why do 85% of their readers get these magazines by subscription at ridiculously low rates? The answer can usually be found in the full-page ads these magazines place in newspapers and advertising trade journals.

**Anthologists spend quiet evenings raiding good books.

GOING UP!!

Yes, sir . . . LIKE Magazine's Circulation is going up all the time!



And do you know WHY? Because LIKE readers are so wild about our magazine that our subscription promotion department is kept busy night and day corresponding with millions of eager subscribers.

The thing that makes us so happy is that our circulation keeps growing so "unexpectedly" and "spontaneously". Here we are, quietly putting together our great magazine every week, sometimes forgetting that our subscribers exist, when all of a sudden out of nowhere millions of people swamp us with subscriptions. We can't explain it. But it's wonderful.

GOOD NEWS FOR ADVERTISERS

As of this week, LIKE Magazine has signed up 10 million excited spontaneous subscribers. And so, because we have reached a milestone in circulation, we are eager to pass along the good news to all advertisers. Beginning with the April 13th issue, advertisers will no longer pay $42,000 for a full page. That was a nice fair rate when we only had 9,900,000 excited spontaneous readers. Now that we have 10,000,000 excited spontaneous readers, we are morally obligated to do the decent thing. So we're raising our rates to $52,000 for a full page ad in LIKE.

Good news? You bet! But you take it from us, it's going to get even better. You'll be paying a lot more before the year is over! Because next week, LIKE is hiring another 2500 people for our subscription-promotion department . . . to get after those 170,000,000 other Americans who still don't read LIKE. All this will cost an extra $12,000,000, a sum we intend to make up quickly by eliminating our entire staff of writers and photographers.

Remember this: WHEN YOU ADVERTISE IN "LIKE", YOU KNOW YOUR MESSAGE WILL BE READ (by our proof readers)!

Contact:

LIKE MAGAZINE ADVERTISING DEPT.
444 Avenue of the Leeches
New York 98, New York

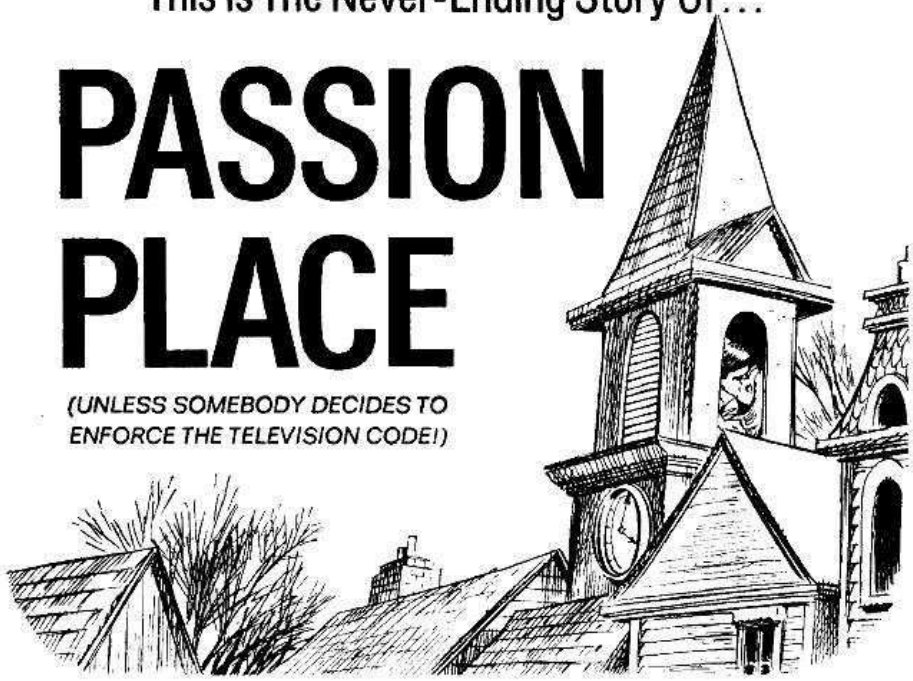
ONE HORSING-AROUND TOWN DEPT.

ONE OF THE NEW SHOWS BRIGHTENING THIS FINE '65 TV SEASON COMES ON TWICE A WEEK—AS IF ONCE A WEEK WOULDN'T BE BAD ENOUGH! IT'S AN INNOVATION IN FAMILY ENTERTAINMENT—IF YOU HAPPEN TO BE A MEMBER OF ELIZABETH TAYLOR'S FAMILY! ACTUALLY, IT'S A PRIME-TIME SOAP OPERA —ONLY SOMEBODY FORGOT TO USE THE SOAP—MAINLY ON THE WRITER'S MINDS! . EACH EPISODE BEGINS WITH THE NARRATOR SAYING . . .

This Is The Never-Ending Story Of . . .

PASSION PLACE

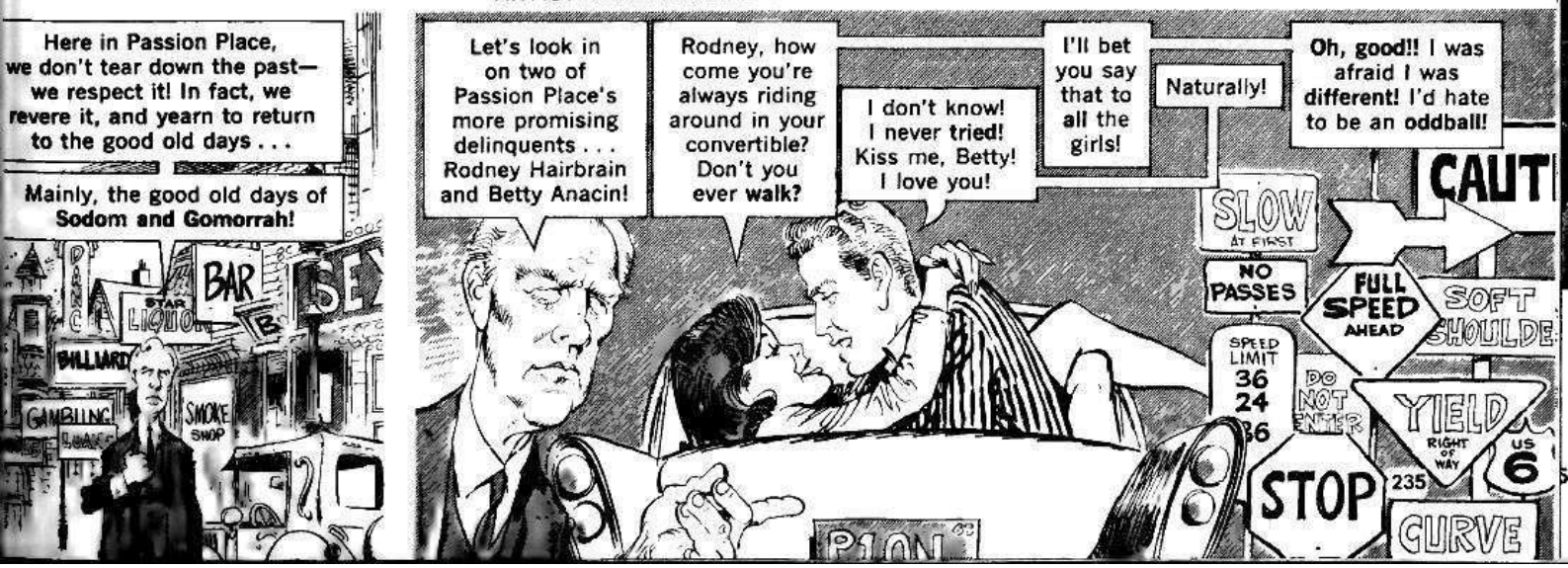
(UNLESS SOMEBODY DECIDES TO ENFORCE THE TELEVISION CODE!)



EDITOR'S NOTE: THE FOLLOWING IS MAD'S VERSION OF THIS DELIGHTFUL SHOW BASED ON THE FIRST TEN EPISODES. AFTER WATCHING THEM, WE QUIT. IN FACT, WE GAVE UP TELEVISION ENTIRELY, AND STARTED GOING OUT TO THE MOVIES AGAIN—WHERE WE COULD SEE GOOD, CLEAN, HEALTHY ENTERTAINMENT LIKE "THE CARPETBAGGERS" AND "YOUNGBLOOD HAWKE".

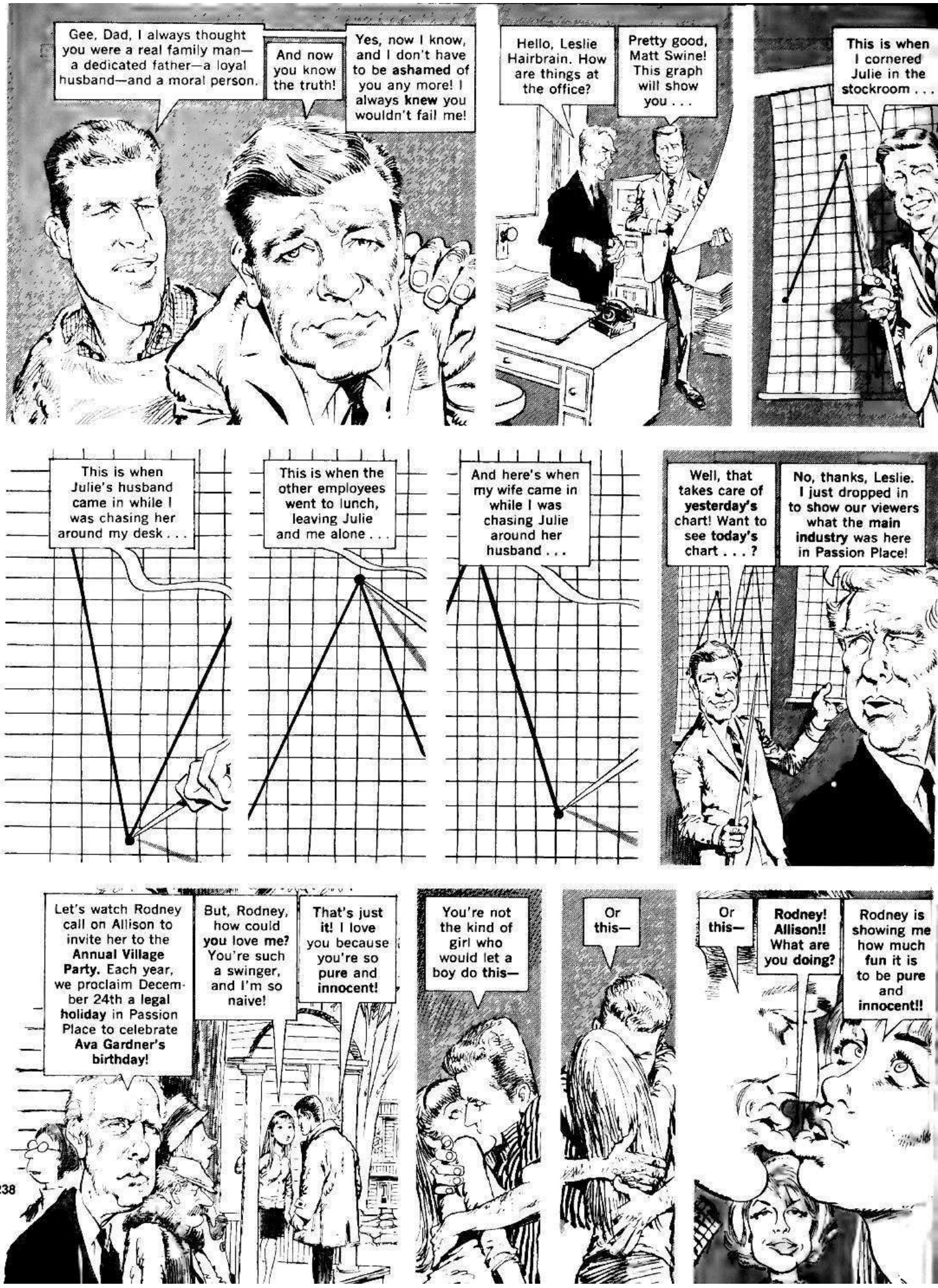
Hello! I'm Matt Swine, publisher of the Passion Place newspaper! Here in our quiet New England town, we have all kinds of people . . . young and old, rich and poor, happy and sad, Republican and Democrat! And they all live here together because they have one thing in common . . .
They're all making out!!

ARTIST: MORT DRUCKER WRITER: LARRY SIEGEL


Here in Passion Place, we don't tear down the past—we respect it! In fact, we revere it, and yearn to return to the good old days . . .
Mainly, the good old days of Sodom and Gomorrah!
BAR
BILLIARD
GAMBLING
SMOKE SHOP
Let's look in on two of Passion Place's more promising delinquents . . . Rodney Hairbrain and Betty Anacin!
Rodney, how come you're always riding around in your convertible? Don't you ever walk?
I don't know! I never tried! Kiss me, Betty! I love you!
I'll bet you say that to all the girls!
Naturally!
Oh, good!! I was afraid I was different! I'd hate to be an oddball!
SLOW
NO PASSES
FULL SPEED AHEAD
SOFT SHOULDE
YIELD
STOP
CURVE

Rodney, stop it! Passion Place is full of snoopy gossips who pry into other people's business! There's no privacy—not even here!
Aw, Betty—you're too sensitive!
Now let's meet Constance McFrenzie. She's the town "widow" who doesn't trust men and doesn't want anything to do with them! That's her in the tight, sexy skirt!
Hello, Constance McFrenzie. How's your daughter, Allison McFrenzie?
Hi, Matt Swine. My daughter, Allison McFrenzie is fine!
Although we've been friends for 20 years, we folks in soap operas always refer to each other by both names!
THE BOOK GALLERY
TRASH
Hmmm—"Tropic of Cancer", "Fanny Hill", "Frank Harris"! Why are you throwing all these books out, Connie?
I don't want that kind of book in my store!
Ohh? And why not?
I don't have a "Kids' Trade"!
SALE
SALE
Connie, don't you think Allison is old enough to be told the terrible secret about her father?
Matt, I warned you never to mention that! I get violent whenever you do!
Tut-tut, Connie! Remember, this is a family show—and we at ABC have turned over a new leaf this year. No violence! Just raw sex!!
Mommy, Mommy—Can I go out with Rodney Hairbrain?
Absolutely not! You're just a child! Go play with your dolls!
I can't!
Why not?
I had to send my Barbie Doll away! My Ken Doll got her into trouble! Remember, this is Passion Place!
What do you know about life? You're sheltered and innocent! You couldn't handle a playboy like Rodney. He's been making out since he was 6 years old. Why, he's played "Doctor" with so many girls, they made him an honorary member of the A.M.A.!
Oh, mother, stop treating me like a child! I've never had a date! I've never stayed up past 9 P.M. And I've never ever even been in Juvenile Court! Do you know what that can do to a girl's reputation in this town?

Now let's chat with Passion Place's new Doctor, Michael Rusty. He replaced old Doc Bricks, who died of an overdose of his own advice!
I know I'm going to like it here! My practice in New York wasn't rewarding enough!
You mean there were no challenges?
I mean there were no patients! New Yorkers are strange and cold! They resent all incompetents!
This pillory is where we put people who offend the town's strict moral code!
You mean those who do naughty things?
No, I mean those who don't!
We were necking! I swear we were necking!
It's no use trying to protect me! They caught us red-handed . . . playing "Scrabble"!
I'm worried about Betty Anacin, Matt. She came to see me after she broke up with Rodney Hairbrain. She has a real problem.
Don't worry. Here in Passion Place, when things look blackest for people, some fortunate coincidence always saves them.
What do you think will happen to Betty Anacin?
Oh . . . she'll probably get hit by a truck!
Thank God!!
TELEPHO
Incidentally, Matt . . . just what do you do for a living? You seem to be standing around all the time.
I'm a newspaper publisher, doctor. But I haven't put out an edition in 20 years. Who needs a newspaper in a town where everybody already knows everyone else's business??
Here is Leslie Hairbrain's office. His secretary is Julie Anacin. Being in a small town can stifle some people . . . but not Leslie and Julie. They both have outside interests . . .
HAIRBRAIN ENTERPRISES INC.
MEN AT WORK
And this is it!!
Leslie Hairbrain, I can't go on like this!
Why not?
It's time for my coffee break!
Dad!! And I thought when you say you have things to do at the office, you mean "business"!
Kid, I DO mean business! Monkey business!


Gee, Dad, I always thought you were a real family man—a dedicated father—a loyal husband—and a moral person.
And now you know the truth!
Yes, now I know, and I don't have to be **ashamed** of you any more! I always **knew** you wouldn't fail me!
Hello, Leslie Hairbrain. How are things at the office?
Pretty good, Matt Swine! This graph will show you . . .
This is when I cornered Julie in the stockroom . . .
This is when Julie's husband came in while I was chasing her around my desk . . .
This is when the other employees went to lunch, leaving Julie and me alone . . .
And here's when my wife came in while I was chasing Julie around her husband . . .
Well, that takes care of **yesterday's** chart! Want to see **today's** chart . . . ?
No, thanks, Leslie. I just dropped in to show our viewers what the **main industry** was here in Passion Place!
Let's watch Rodney call on Allison to invite her to the **Annual Village Party.** Each year, we proclaim December 24th a **legal holiday** in Passion Place to celebrate **Ava Gardner's birthday!**
But, Rodney, how could **you** love **me?** You're such a swinger, and I'm so naive!
That's just **it!** I love you because you're so **pure** and **innocent!**
You're not the kind of girl who would let a boy do **this—**
Or **this—**
Or **this—**
Rodney! Allison!! What are you doing?
Rodney is showing me how much **fun** it is to be **pure** and **innocent!!**

By the way, Rodney—how can you love me when you're in love with **Betty?** Or is it your **father** who's in love with Betty? No, **he** has a crush on my **mother**—er—No, that's **Dr. Rusty** who has a crush on my mother! But **she** loves **Matt Swine . . .** who's really in love with your **father**—Oh, I'm so **terribly mixed up!!**

Poor kid! All you have to do is **look out the window!** It's just as plain as day!

WHO'S WITH WHO THIS WEEK IN "PASSION PLACE"

LESLIE HAIRBRAIN (Wild)	CATHERINE HAIRBRAIN (Rich)	GEORGE ANACIN (Jealous)	JULIE ANACIN (Warm)	CONSTANCE McFRENZIE (Cold)	DOCTOR RUSTY (Steady)	MATT SWINE (Steadier)	LAURA BRICKS (Hungry)
RODNEY HAIRBRAIN (Wild & Rich)	MAYBE NEXT SEASON		BETTY ANACIN (Shame-Shame)	? ALLISON McFRENZIE (Fair & Mild)	LOOK INTO THIS		WATCH OUT, DOC!
TROUBLE!				COULD BE	JUST OLD FRIENDS (We Bet!)		EGO-MANIAC
WOW!							
NORMAN HAIRBRAIN (Kid Brother)			KEEP YOUR EYE ON THESE TWO	SHHHH! BIG SECRET!	THE PASSION PLACE NEWS RAG GAZETTE		THIS SPACE FOR RENT CHEAP

I've had **enough** of this lousy town! I'm going to **Las Vegas!**

But Las Vegas has wild women, all-night parties, gambling and sin! **Why** would you go **there?**

For **a rest!**

I'll just get my coat and . . . **HEY!**

Well, whaddya know! Another scandal for Passion Place!! There's a **man** hiding here in your closet!

Oh, don't mind him, Rodney! We **always** hide him in the closet! That's just my **FATHER!**

Your father!! But I thought . . . well, the rumors about you being . . . well, you know! We all thought you didn't have a father!!

That's what we **wanted** everyone to believe! Actually, my mother and father have been married and very much in love for **twenty years!**

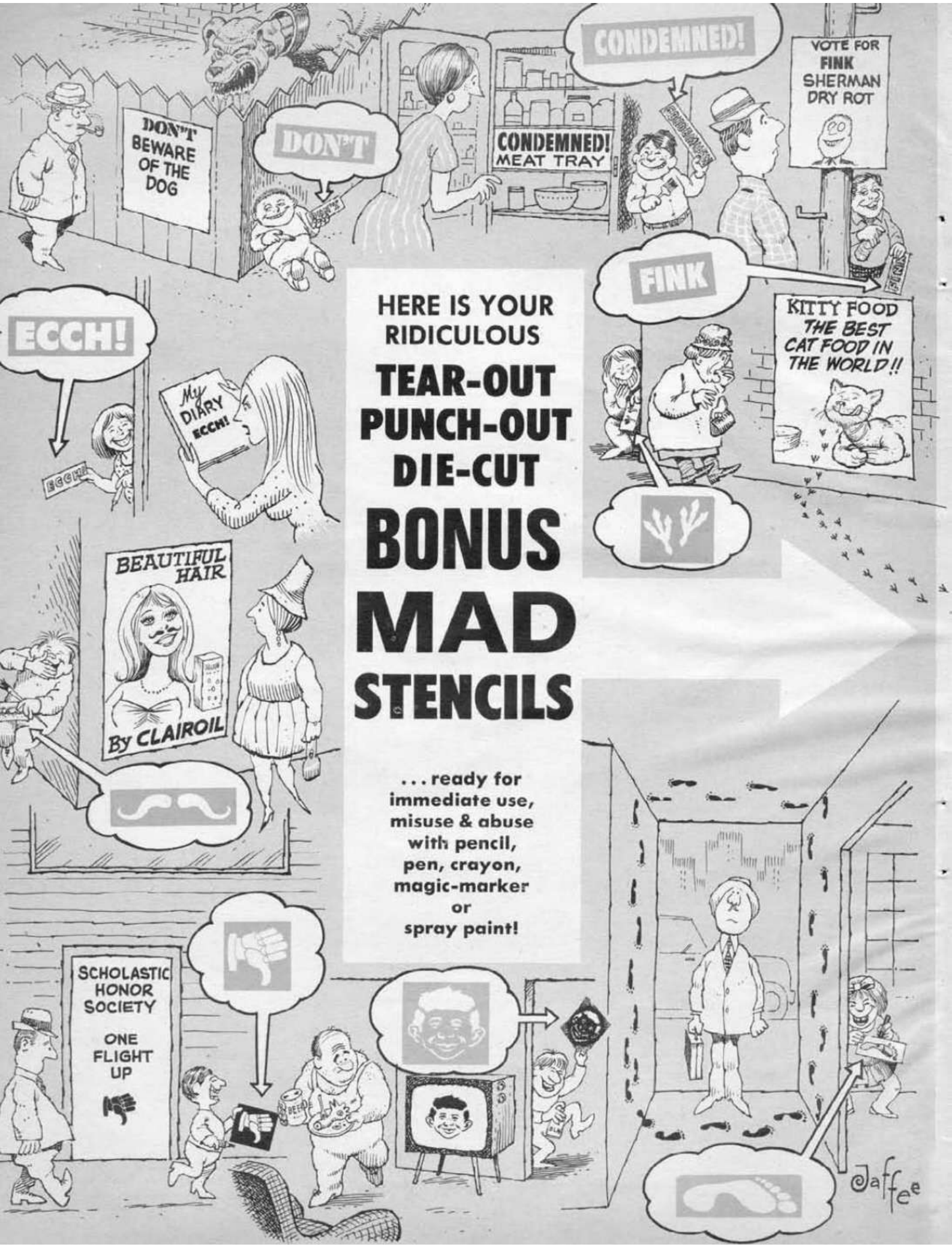
But when we moved here to Passion Place and mother opened the book store and saw what was **going on** in this town, we **hid** Daddy and **started** those ugly rumors—mainly because we wanted to be **accepted!** After all, **who** in this town would **patronize** a store run by a **happily married couple** with a **normal daughter?!**

Boy, that **tears it,** Allison! I can't **ever see** you again!

But—why not, Rodney?

You think I want my reputation here in Passion Place to be **ruined?!** Me—going with a **normal girl**—from a **normal family!? BOY!!!**

MORT DRUCKER

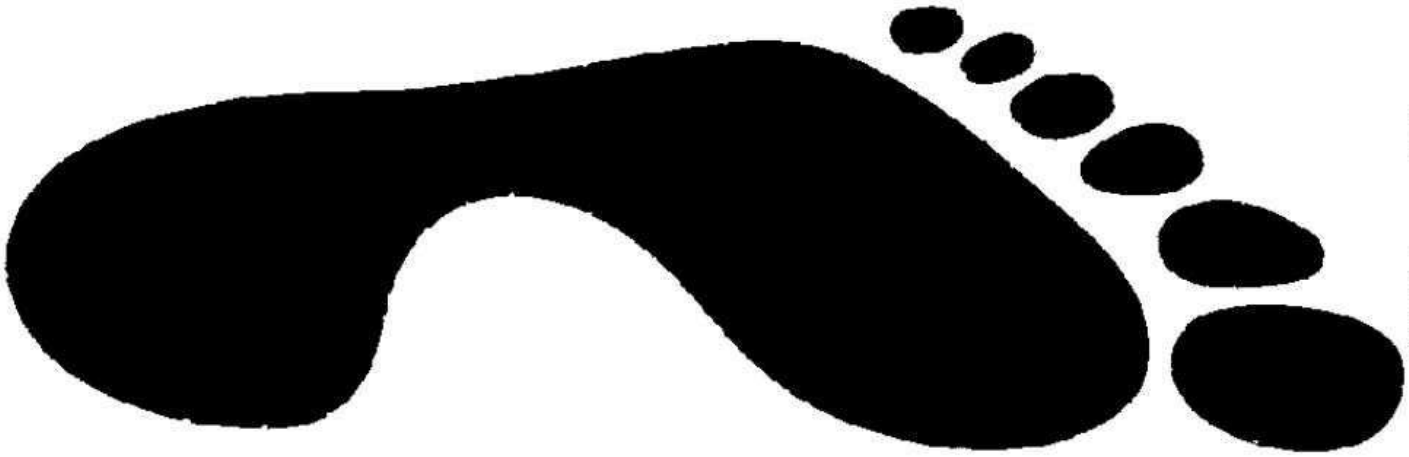

DON'T BEWARE OF THE DOG
DON'T
CONDEMNED!
CONDEMNED! MEAT TRAY
VOTE FOR FINK SHERMAN DRY ROT
FINK
KITTY FOOD THE BEST CAT FOOD IN THE WORLD!!
ECCH!
My DIARY ECCH!
BEAUTIFUL HAIR
By CLAIROIL
HERE IS YOUR RIDICULOUS
TEAR-OUT
PUNCH-OUT
DIE-CUT
BONUS
MAD
STENCILS
. . . ready for immediate use, misuse & abuse with pencil, pen, crayon, magic-marker or spray paint!
SCHOLASTIC HONOR SOCIETY
ONE FLIGHT UP
Jaffee

CONDEMNED!

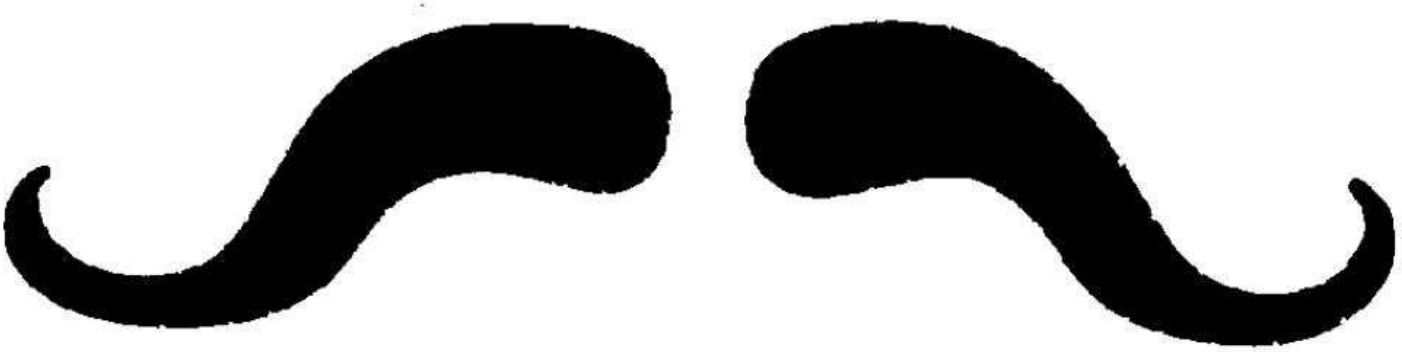
LOVE!

DON'T

ECCH!



CENSORED!



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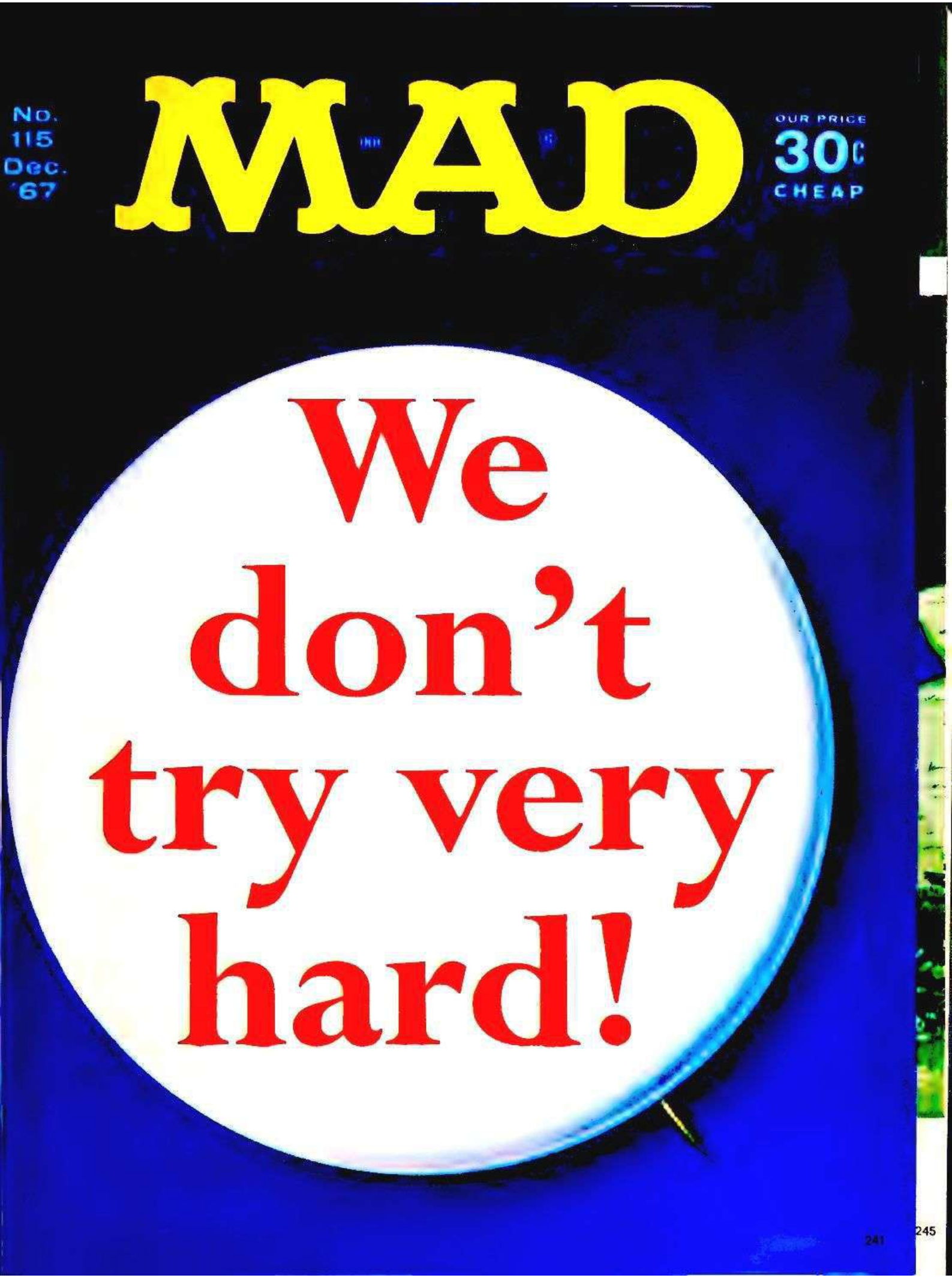

NO. 115 Dec. '67
MAD
OUR PRICE 30¢ CHEAP
We don't try very hard!

PRESENTING THE BILL—reproduced here, is one of a series of original oil paintings, "Practising Medicine For Fun and Profit", commissioned by Park-David.

Great Moments in Medicine

Once the crisis has passed . . . once the patient has regained his strength . . . once the family is relieved and grateful . . . that's the time when the physician experiences one of the great moments in medicine. In fact, the *greatest moment* in medicine! Mainly, the moment when he presents his bill! That's the time when all of the years of training and study and work seem worthwhile. And there's always the chance that the shock might mean more business for him!

Park-David scientists are proud of their place in the history of practicing medicine for fun and profit, helping to provide doctors with the materials that mean higher fees and bigger incomes. For example, our latest development . . . tranquilizer-impregnated bill paper . . . designed to eliminate the shock and hysteria that comes when the patient gets a look at your bill. Not only will he remain calm when he sees what you've charged . . . now he won't even *care!*

COPYRIGHT 1959—PARK-DAVID & COMPANY, WITH THE BLESSINGS OF THE AMA

PARK-DAVID

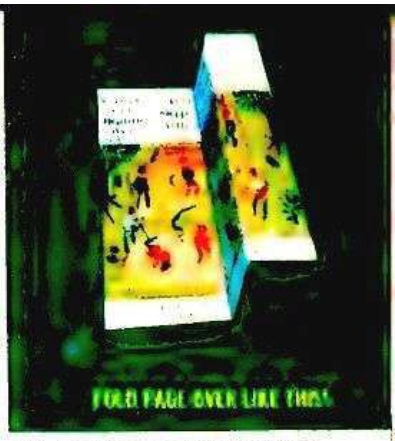
. . . Pioneers in bigger medical bills

WHAT DEDICATED GROUP DOES A LOT OF PLANTING, AND YET, NOTHING EVER COMES OF IT?

HERE WE GO WITH ANOTHER RIDICULOUS

MAD FOLD-IN

Spring is the time of year when our thoughts turn to the soil and "Spring Planting." And when it comes to planting, many people have "Green Thumbs." But there is one dedicated group of people who do a lot of planting, and yet nothing ever comes up. To find out who these people are, fold in the page as shown.



A▸ FOLD THIS SECTION OVER LEFT ◂B FOLD BACK SO "A" MEETS "B"

THE UNSUCCESSFUL AMATEUR GARDENER, IN SO MANY CASES, IS THE ONE WHO FAILS TO FIND OUT ABOUT SOIL CONDITIONS BEFORE A VEGETABLE OR FLOWER SEED IS PLANTED.

ARTIST & WRITER: AL JAFFEE

A▸ ◂B

Photography by *(hic)* Leshter Krauss 'n' "D.T.'s" by *(hic)* good ol' Bob Cl

After the most hair-raising adventure of my life, I took the pledge and swore off booze!

1 **"They were all around me!"** writes Sid Tippler, an ex-friend of Canadian Club. "I could see them so clearly—bats and mice and pink elephants and blue alligators and green snakes and a million cockroaches—all laughing, shrieking and dancing the cha-cha.

2 **"I started** my weekend as usual by hocking my trusty typewriter. That gave me all the loot I needed.

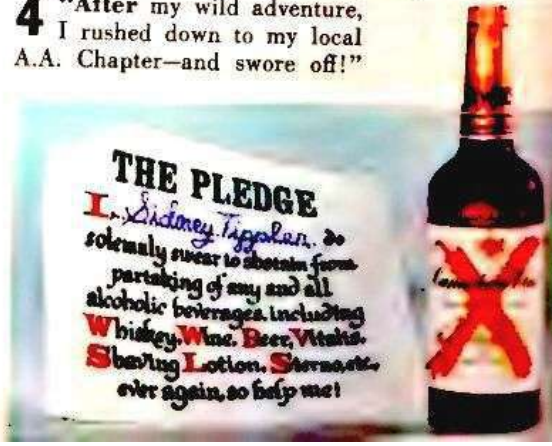
3 **"Back in my room,** I settled down to some serious boozing with the 4-day supply I'd bought.

4 **"After** my wild adventure, I rushed down to my local A.A. Chapter—and swore off!"

Do yourself a favor! Take the pledge now—today! Swear off . . .

Canadian Club

. . . or **Four Roses** or **Cutty Sark** or any other brand! They're all the same! Mainly, if you drink enough whiskey, you **could** end up like Sid Tippler—an Alcoholic with the "D.T.'s"!


THE PLEDGE
I, Sidney Tippler, do solemnly swear to abstain from partaking of any and all alcoholic beverages, including Whiskey, Wine, Beer, Vitalis, Shaving Lotion, Sterno, etc., ever again, so help me!

PRESENTED AS A PUBLIC SERVICE WARNING BY ALCOHOLICS ANONYMOUS—CHAPTERS EVERYWHERE

PHOTOGRAPHY BY LESTER "PLACEBO" KRAUSS

Millions of dollars in research went into the creation of this drug. But it was peanuts compared to the really expensive part—Advertising it! Those brochures in 83 glorious colors, including silver and gold, that we send every doctor cost us $7.83 each. You can see what this can run into when you consider the AMA has over 200,000 members and each one gets a brochure with a load of free samples.

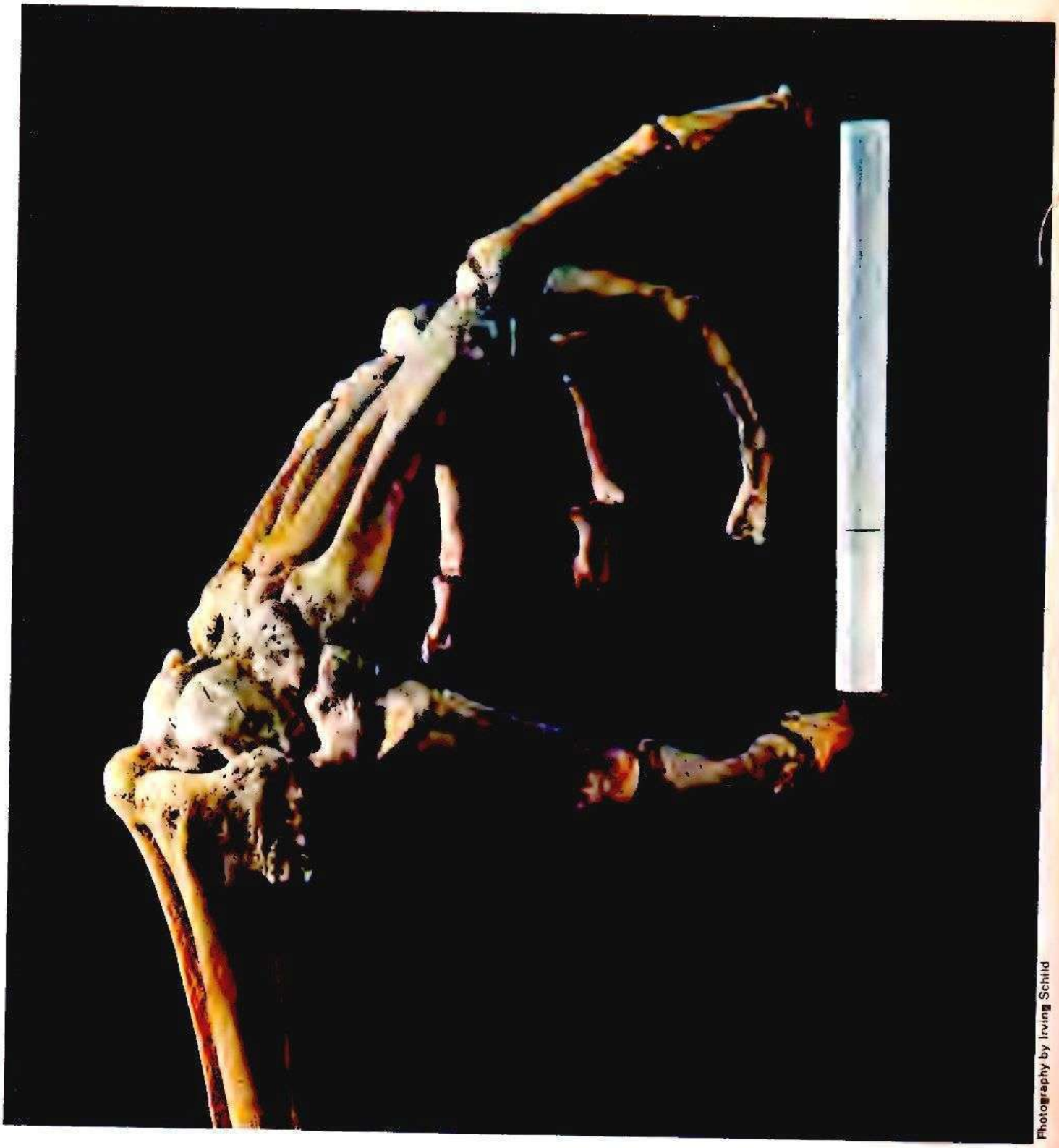
But it was all worth it. Believe it or not, 33 days after the drug appeared on the market, the original investment of $3,517,103 was completely recouped and we began to spoon in the pure gravy. And what is even more remarkable is that this fantastic record was compiled by a relatively unknown and untested drug. It sure shows you the effectiveness of our promotion, the faith doctors have in us, and the power of a well-placed article in Reader's Digest. Let's hope that there are no unpleasant "side-effects" to mar this heart-warming beginning.

We are proud of this dedicated and humanitarian role that we, the members of the Drug Manufacturers Association, play in every American citizen's life. Sure there are grumblers, malcontents and Congressional investigators who try to impugn our motives. They claim that we're not so much interested in saving lives as we are in making money. They claim that the wonderful capsule shown here could be sold for 1.3¢ instead of 89¢ and still allow a reasonable profit. So what! If the American public wants to pay 89¢ instead of 1.3¢ for a capsule, that's their privilege as a Free People, and no Un-American agitators should try to stop them. We don't want no "Commie-type Socialized Drug-Selling" here!

All right, all you 100%-Americans out there! Let's hear it for the 100%-American Drug Manufacturers Association!

This advertisement is sponsored by that dedicated bunch of swell guys, all members of the Drug Manufacturers Association, whose aim it is to keep coming up with newer drugs at higher prices.

MAD'S
Great Moments In Industry



Photography by Irving Schild

THE TOBACCO COMPANIES GO TO EVEN GREATER LENGTHS...WITH...

The 100 mm AND LONGER Cigarette

HEROINE WORSHIP DEPT.: THIS STORY IS THE USUAL SUPER TYPE STORY!... MAIN CHARACTER HAS SUPERHUMAN POWERS... RUNS AROUND IN VERY TIGHT-FITTING TIGHTS!... SAME OLD STUFF, YOU SAY? DULL, YOU SAY?... DON'T GO 'WAY, BOYS, CAUSE *THIS* CHARACTER IN TIGHT-FITTING TIGHTS IS A *WOMAN!* AND WE CALL HER THE...

WOMAN WONDER!

HEY! JOIN THE RUSH OR GET OUT OF THE WAY!... THE WOMAN WONDER IS IN TOWN!

RIGHT!... YOU HAVE HEARD OF THE WOMAN WONDER'S GREAT BEAUTY AND YOU ARE RUNNING *INTO* TOWN TO GET A GLIMPSE OF HER LOVELY PERSONAGE?

WRONG! WE HAVE HEARD OF THE WOMAN WONDER'S GREAT *POWER* AND WE ARE RUNNING *OUT* OF TOWN TO FIND A SAFER PLACE FOR US... LIKE SING-SING OR DEVIL'S ISLAND...

YALE

BAGLES

LLIB REDLE

WRITER: HARVEY KURTZMAN

ARTIST: BILL ELDER

DIANA BANANA, WHO IS IN REALITY THE WOMAN WONDER, AND STEVE ADORE, BOTH U.S. ARMY OFFICERS, SIT IN THE MOONLIGHT...

KISS

CRUNCH

AH, DEAREST! WHEN YOU CRUSH ME IN YOUR STRONG ARMS, I...I... I...MELT!

GIVE ME ANOTHER KISS!

CRUNCH!

COFFEE GROUNDS

GROUNDS FOR DIVORCE

OOH, DEAREST! WHEN YOU CRUSH ME SO HARD IN YOUR STRONG, SINEWY, HAIRY, MUSCULAR ARMS... I...I...I... I... BREAK!

GIVE ME ANOTHER KISS!

CRUNCH!

FAIR GROUNDS.

NOT SO HOT GROUNDS.

OWCH, DEAREST!... NOW YOU DID IT! YOU CRUSHED ME SO HARD IN YOUR STRONG MUSCULAR ARMS THAT SOMETHING BROKE!... HERE... IN THE SIDE OF MY CHEST... SOME-SOMETHING B-B-BROKE, SWEETHEART!
GIVE ME ANOTHER KISS!
BRIDAL PATH
LOVERS LANE
FRANKIE LANE
CITY PARK DUMP
BUSH 14
CRUNCH
T-RATIONS
...LOOK... MY PEANUT BRITTLE, HERE IN THE POCKET ON THE SIDE OF MY CHEST, BROKE!... WE'RE ALL OUT OF KISSES!... ONLY PEANUT BRITTLE I GOT IN MY POCKET!... OH WAIT! HERE'S A POST-CARD FOR YOU IN MY POCKET THAT I PICKED UP IN THE MAIL ROOM, SWEETHEART!
-To Diana Banana, alais the Woman Wonder— On the Island of Ko-Nee, a monstrous plot is hatching. Come at once and scramble this hard-boiled plot! signed-: Nivlem the Great. (spelled backwards is Melvin.
MERCIFUL MINERVA, IT'S FROM NIVLEM! HOPPING HERA, A POST-CARD FROM NIVLEM! ZUFFERIN' ZEUS FROM THE GREAT NIVLEM!
WHO THE HECK IS NIVLEM?
...ONLY ONE WAY TO FIND OUT! I MUST QUICKLY CHANGE INTO MY WOMAN WONDER COSTUME AND GO TO KO-NEE ISLAND!
RIGHT!... AND I SHALL STAY WITH YOU, SWEETHEART!
WRONG!
...FIRST I SHALL QUICKLY CHANGE INTO MY WOMAN WONDER COSTUME AND THEN... YOU SHALL STAY WITH ME!
LADIES HOME COMPANION
GOOD CONDUCT MEDAL
OH THAT STEVE ADORE IS A RASCAL! ... NOW! WHERE SHALL I CHANGE INTO MY WOMAN WONDER COSTUME! HAH! HERE'S A CONVENIENT PHONE BOOTH!
TELEPHONE
HEY!
TEPH
CAN'T A PERSON CHANGE INTO COSTUME IN A CONVENIENT PHONE BOOTH WITHOUT BEING INTERRUPTED?
OOPS! SUPERDUPER-MAN'S IN THAT PHONE BOOTH... I BETTER FIND ANOTHER!
ENSMPELEX
250

HA, STEVE! THERE YOU ARE!... I FINALLY CHANGED INTO MY WOMAN WONDER COSTUME!... I SURE HAD A HARD TIME FINDING A PRIVATE PLACE TO CHANGE!... I FINALLY FOUND A PRIVATE PLACE TO CHANGE! I FINALLY CHANGED INSIDE MY **PRIVATE ROBOT PLANE** INTO MY WOMAN WONDER COSTUME!

YUH YUH! ...INSIDE YOUR PLANE!

...YEAH!...I FINALLY CHANGED INSIDE MY **PRIVATE GLASS ROBOT PLANE!**

NOW LISTEN! I WANT YOU TO CLIMB INTO THE PLANE WITH ME...AND ONE THING YOU SHOULD REMEMBER... YOU **SHOULDN'T SLAM THE DOOR!**

YUH YUH!... INSIDE YOUR PRIVATE **TRANS-PARENT** GLASS ROBOT-PLANE! ...YUH YUH!

PULL THE HATCH SHUT... PULL THE WINDOWS UP AND PULL THE EYE-BALLS IN! THIS ROBOT PLANE OPERATES BY THOUGHT CONTROL AND I'M ABOUT TO THINK!... **I'M ABOUT TO THINK!...**

... HMM! CAN'T THINK OF ANYTHING TO THINK OF!

YUH YUH!

VBOOO

OH THAT RASCALLY STEVE ADORE! I TELL HIM TO COME BACK IN!...DOES HE LISTEN? NO! HE KEEPS ON GOING.. STRAIGHT DOWN!... JUST LET ME GET MY MUSCULAR ARMS ON HIM!...THIS MUST BE KO-NEE ISLAND!
...NOW LET ME SEE!...I'VE LANDED MY GLASS PLANE...
VDOOOOM
...I TURN OFF THE GLASS SWITCH...
...I LET DOWN THE GLASS FLAPS...
...I OPEN THE GLASS SAFETY BELT...
...SEEMS TO ME I FORGOT SOMETHING!
SLAM!
NOW I REMEMBER!
...I SHOULDN'T SLAM THE DOOR!
CRRASH
CLINKLE TINKLE
BY PLUTO! BY MICKEY MOUSE! THERE'S NOTHING ON THIS ISLAND BUT THAT CAVE UP AHEAD!... I WONDER IF I CAN GET ROOM AND BOARD IN THAT CAVE! I DOUBT IT THOUGH! I DON'T SEE ANY WOOD ON THIS ISLAND SO THEY COULDN'T HAVE BOARD!
PIZEN
HMMM!... THE POST-CARD FROM NIVLEM!... THIS CAVE! ... STEVE FALLING OUT OF THE PLANE!... THE CURRENT POLITICAL SITUATION...
...COULD THIS BE A TRAP?
HANDY FIX-IT CO. WE FIX LEAKY SEWERS, SPITOONS AND BASKETBALL GAMES!
MINK COATS FRESH FROM WASHINGTON D.C.
ENTER
ENTRANCE
THIS WAY IN
-SO COME ON IN, ALREADY.
L-BERIA
BY NEPTUNE'S TRIDENT AND BY JUPITER'S JUPE!... YOU ARE NIVLEM, NO DOUBT!
WHAT MONSTROUS PLOT ARE YOU UP TO? ...YOU ARE GOING TO BLOW UP THE U.S.A. WITH A HYDROGEN BOMB?
NOOOO!
...YOU ARE GOING TO SINK THE WHOLE AMERICAN CONTINENT UNDER THE OCEAN?
NOOO!
...YOU ARE GOING TO PULL THE WHOLE EARTH OFF ITS ORBIT AND SEND IT SPINNING INTO THE SUN?
NO! NO! NO!
HOW ARE YOU FIXED FOR BLADES?
BOM BIDDY BOM BIDDY
KO-NEE ISLE EXPRESS
BOM BIDDY BOM
252

WE GOT A MUCH WORSTER SCHEME! WE'RE GONNA SWIPE COKE BOTTLES AND SELL 'EM FOR DEPOSIT!
...BUT YOU, WOMAN WONDER, ARE THE ONLY BARRIER IN THE WAY OF OUR PLANS!... SO I BROUGHT YOU HERE!
SHOOT HER DOWN!
BY HERA! BY HIMA! LUCKILY I HAVE MY SPECIAL BRACELETS MADE OF THE HARDEST SUBSTANCE KNOWN WITH WHICH I QUICKLY CATCH AND BOUNCE AWAY THE BULLETS!
RAT-TAT TAT! POW POW
SPANG
SPANG
ZING
3 SHOTS FOR 5¢ WIN A DOLL!
WAIT A MINUTE! WAIT A MINUTE! ISN'T THIS STORY GETTING KIND OF RIDICULOUS?
MISS TOMATO PIE
LOOK!... GRANTED THESE BRACELETS ARE MADE OF SOME FANTASTICALLY HARD SUBSTANCE! GRANTED THAT YOU MIGHT EVEN BE ABLE TO CATCH BULLETS. (HEAVEN KNOWS HOW)!
WE ARE NOT A 3-D DRAWING!
...GRANTED ALL THIS, I MAINTAIN IT IS BOTH PHYSICALLY AND MATHEMATICALLY IMPOSSIBLE FOR YOU TO WITHSTAND THE IMPACT OF POINT-BLANK BULLETS WITHOUT GETTING KNOCKED OVER OR SHATTERING YOUR WRISTS!
...AND I QUIT THIS STORY UNTIL IT MAKES MORE SENSE!
NIVLEM! YOU ARE RIGHT! REASON WINS OVER ALL!...I THROW AWAY THESE RIDICUOUS BRACELETS!
WOMAN WONDER! I BOW TO YOU! I GIVE YOU MY PLEDGE THAT IN RETURN FOR YOUR GENTLEMANLY CONDUCT I SHALL NOT HURT YOU! ...I SHALL NOT HARM A HAIR ON YOUR FURSHLUGGINER HEAD!
I SHALL NOT HURT YOU!
...ONLY MY BOYS SHALL!
GET HER, MICKEY! ...GET HER, SPILLANE!
...WITH DISPATCH, MR. NIVLEM!
...AND WITH DISBRASS KNUCKLES, MR. NIVLEM!
POW
SPLAT
253

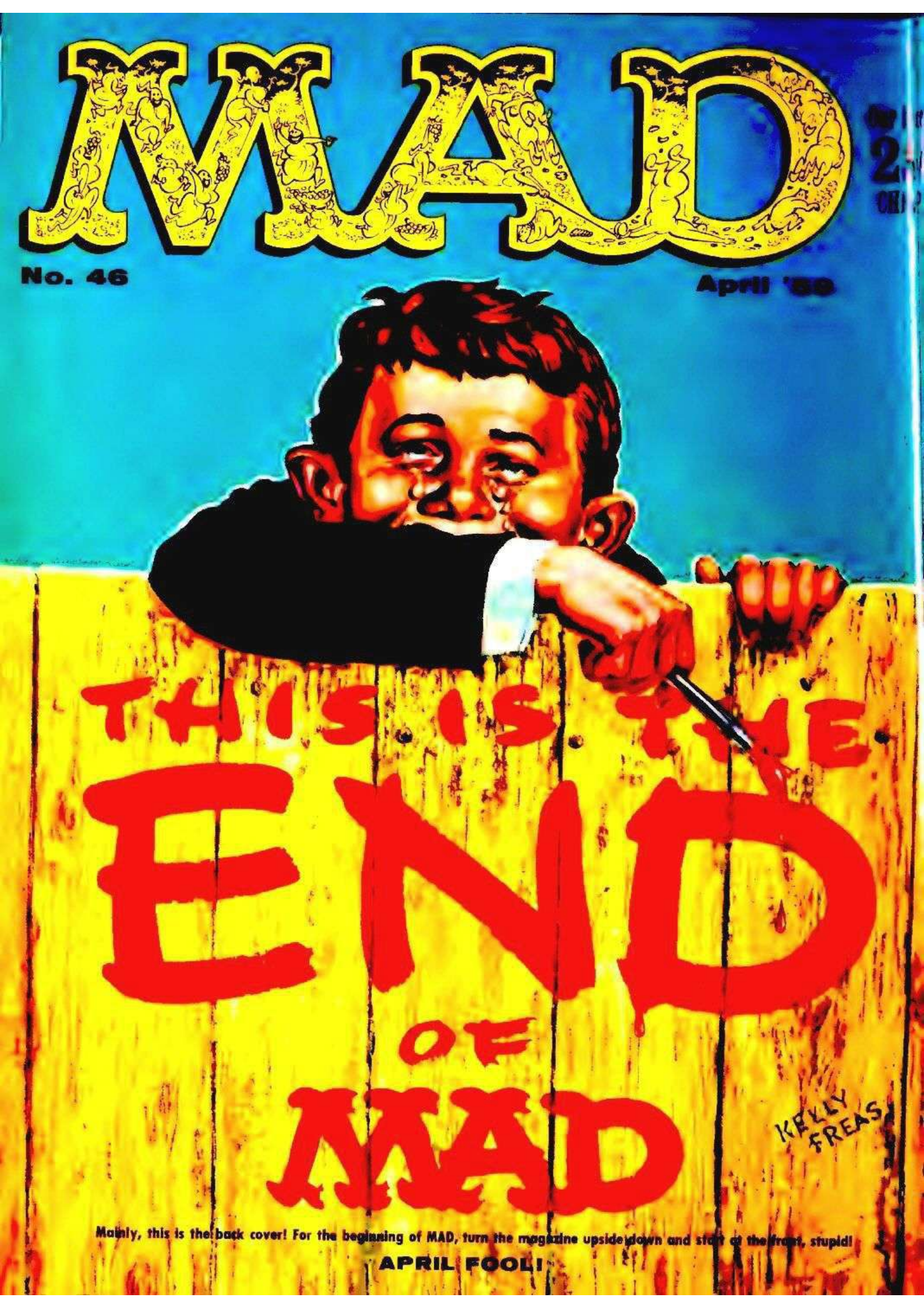
BY NEPTUNE'S WATER-WINGS! THEY'VE GOT ME TIED HAND AND FOOT! THERE'S ONLY ONE THING LEFT FOR ME TO DO!... BY QUIETLY VIBRATING MY MUSCLES I CAN SET UP PLENTY POWERFUL VIBRATIONS!
...VIBRATIONS THAT ARE GOOD FOR BREAKING ROPES... PARALYZING CROOKS... MASSAGING AND STIMULATING HAIR GROWTH ON THE SCALP... AND RELIEVING TIRED FEET!
YUH YUH! ONCET I SAW VIBRATIONS LIKE DAT IN MILLWAUKEE!
YUH YUH! ...DERE WUZ A GIRL IN DIS CARNIVAL SIDE SHOW...
HAH! NOW THAT I'VE GOT THEM PARALYZED MOMENTARILLY, WHAT SHALL I DO TO GET THEM OUT OF THE WAY?... TIE THEM TILL THE POLICE COME?... SLIGHTLY KNOCK THEM UNCONSCIOUS TILL THE POLICE COME?
...AWW NUTS!
...I'LL PLAY SAFE AN' JUST KILL 'EM!
BY NEPTUNE'S BEACH UMBRELLA ...I AM MUCH WEAKENED BY BATTLE AND I HAVE YET TO CAPTURE NIVLEM!
BUT BY NEPTUNE'S SUN-TAN LOTION, I STILL HAVE MY LASSOO LEFT...MY POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINIUM LASSOO THAT MAKES ANYBODY WHO IS LASSOOED, PARALYZED... PROVIDED I ALSO DO VIBRATIONS WHILE LASSOING!
HAHAHA! YOU POOR FOOL! IT IS USELESS TO TRY AND STRUGGLE TO BREAK THROUGH MY POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINIUM LASSOO! NOTHING CAN BREAK THROUGH MY LASSOO UNLESS I SO WILL IT!
I GOT NEWS FOR YOU, KID!
KILROY WASN'T HERE YET!
WOMAN WONDER! I STOLE YOUR POWERFUL MYSTIC PLATINIUM LASSOO A LONG TIME AGO AND HOCKED IT FOR PLENTY CASH TO BUY THIS CAVE SET-UP! THIS LASSOO IS A SICKLY REALISTIC PLASTIC LASSOO I SUBSTITUTED!

BY NEPTUNE'S BEACH LITTER BASKETS... MY SPECIAL BRACELETS ARE GONE!... MY MYSTIC LASSOO IS GONE!... AND I'M TOO WEAK TO VIBRATE!... WAIT! I'VE STILL GOT MY THOUGHT CONTROL TO CALL MY ROBOT-PLANE!
COME HERE ROBOT PLANE! COME HERE, BOY! HERE, PLANE BOY!
WAIT! WHAT AM I DOING? I FORGOT... WHEN I SLAMMED THE GLASS DOOR...
GO BACK, PLANE, BOY! GO BACK BOY!
...TOO LATE...
CRASH!
NIVLEM! I AM HELPLESS! ALL I HAVE LEFT TO SAVE MY LIFE WITH IS MY FEMININE CHARM AND BEAUTY!... I LIFT MY TEARFUL FACE TO YOU IN SUPPLICATION!
WOMAN WONDER! NOW THAT YOUR FACE IS LIFTED TO ME, SO TENDERLY IN TEARFUL SUPPLICATION, I CAN DO ONLY ONE THING...
SNIF!
...SMASH IT IN WITH ME HOB-NAILED BOOT!
CRUNCH
MUNCH
CRUNCH
I'VE BEEN PLANNING FOR YEARS TO BEAT YOU TO A BLOODY PULP!
FOR YEARS I HAVE WATCHED YOU BEAT ME AT SWIMMING... KNOCK ME DOWN AT BOXING... LAP ME AT ROLLER DERBY RACING AND PIN ME IN THUMB-WRESTLING! NOW, I GET EVEN!... NOW, I SEND YOU BACK IN THE KITCHEN WHERE YOU BELONG, SWEETHEART!
BY NEPTUNE'S BOARDWALK LOCKER-ROOMS! YOU'RE NOT NIVLEM!
PTONG
STEVE ADORE, WHO IS IN REALITY, NIVLEM... AND DIANA BANANA... ARE NOW MARRIED! DIANA BANANA IS NOW CONTENT WITH THE NORMAL FEMALE LIFE OF WORKING OVER A HOT STOVE!
DAILY RAG
AND STEVE CAN EVEN KNOCK HER DOWN IN BOXING!

MAD

No. 46

April '58



Mainly, this is the back cover! For the beginning of MAD, turn the magazine upside down and start at the front, stupid!

APRIL FOOL!